



Bonard Sculp



Bonard Sculp

995.a.13

12.e.

O D E S

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O F

P I N D A R,

With several other

Pieces in Prose and Verse,

Translated from the GREEK.

To which is added

A DISSERTATION

ON THE

OLYMPICK GAMES.

By GILBERT WEST, Esq. LL. D.

Res antiquæ Laudis et Artis

Ingreddior, sanctos ausus recludere Fontes. VIRG, Geo. L, ii.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at Tully's Head in Pallmall.

MDCCLIII.

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TO

The Right Honourable

WILLIAM PITT, Esq.

Paymaster General of his Majesty's Forces,

One of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council,

And to the Honourable

Sir GEORGE LYTTELTON, Bart.

One of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury,

THESE VOLUMES

Are inscribed by the Author ;

Who is desirous that the Friendship,

With which they have for many Years honoured him,

And the sincere Affection and high Esteem,

Which he hath conceived for them,

From a long and intimate Knowledge

of their Worth and Virtue,

May be known

Wherever the Publication of the ensuing Pieces

Shall make known the Name of

GILBERT WEST.

T O

The Hon. Wm. Pitt, Esq.

WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

Paymaster General of his Majesty's Forces,

One of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council,

And a Member of the Honourable

GEORGE THOMSON, ESQ.

One of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury,

THEIR LORDSHIPS

Are informed by the Author,

Who is desirous that the Libeller,

Whose which they have formerly known, should him,

And the former Affection and high Esteem,

Which he hath conceived for them,

From a long and intimate Knowledge

Of their Worth and Virtue,

May be known,

Whence the Publication of the following Tracts

Will make known the Name of

Charles West.

P R E F A C E.

OF all the great Writers of Antiquity, no one was ever more honoured and admired while living, as few have obtained a larger and fairer Portion of Fame after Death, than PINDAR. *Pausanias* tells us, that the Character of Poet was really and truly consecrated in his Person, by the God of Poets himself [1], who was pleased by an express Oracle to order the Inhabitants of *Delphi* to set apart for *Pindar* one half of the First-Fruit Offerings brought by the Religious to his Shrine; and to allow him a Place in his Temple; where, in an *Iron Chair* he was used to sit, and sing his *Hymns*, in Honour of that God. This *Chair* was remaining in the Time of [2] *Pausanias* (several hundred Years after) to whom it was shewn as a Relict not unworthy of the Sanctity and Magnificence of that holy Place. *Pan* [3] likewise, another *Musi-*

[1] Paus. in Boeot.
Iostratus in Icon.

[2] Paus. in Phoc.

[3] Phi-

cal Divinity, is reported to have skipped and jumped for Joy, while the *Nymphs* were dancing in Honour of the Birth of this *Prince* of *Lyrick* Poetry; and to have been afterwards so much delighted with his Compositions, as to have sung his *Odes* in the hearing even of the Poet himself [4]. Unhappily for us, and indeed for *Pindar*, those Parts of his Works, which procured him these extraordinary Testimonies from the Gods (or from Mortals rather, who by the Invention of these Fables meant only to express the high Opinion they entertained of this great Poet) are all lost: I mean his *Hymns* to the several Deities of the Heathen World. And even of those Writings, to which his less extravagant, but more serious and more lasting Glory is owing, only the least, and, according to some People, the worst Part is now remaining. These are his *Odes* inscribed to the *Conquerors* in the *Four sacred Games* of *Greece*. By these *Odes* therefore are we now left to judge of the Merit of *Pindar*, as they are the only living Evidences of his Character.

[4] Plut. in *Numa*.

I

AMONG

[5]
the 3^d
Kenne

P R E F A C E.

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AMONG the Moderns [5] those Men of Learning of the truest Taste and Judgment, who have read and considered the Writings of this Author in their original Language, have all agreed to confirm the great Character given of him by the Ancients. And to such who are still able to examine *Pindar* himself, I shall leave him to stand or fall by his own Merit; only bespeaking their Candour in my own Behalf, if they shall think it worth their while to peruse the following Translations of some of his Odes: which I here offer chiefly to the *English* Reader, to whom alone I desire to address a few Considerations, in order to prepare him to form a right Judgment, and indeed to have any Relish of the Compositions of this great *Lyrick Poet*, who notwithstanding must needs appear before him under great Disadvantages.

To begin with removing some Prejudices against this Author, that have arisen from certain Writings known by the Name of *Pindarick Odes*, I must insist that very few, which I re-

[5] See Abbé *Fraguier's* Character of *Pindar*, printed in the 3^d Vol. of *Memoires de l'Academie Royale*, &c. and *Kennet's* Life of *Pindar*, in the Lives of the *Greek Poets*.

member to have read under that Title, not excepting even those written by the admired Mr. *Cowley*, whose Wit and Fire first brought them into Reputation, have the least Resemblance to the *Manner* of the Author, whom they pretend to imitate, and from whom they derive their Name; or if any, 'tis such a Resemblance only as is expressed by the *Italian* Word *Caricatura*, a monstrous and distorted Likeness. This Observation has been already made by Mr. *Congreve* in his Preface to two admirable Odes, written professedly in Imitation of *Pindar*; and, I may add, so much in his true Manner and Spirit, that he ought by all means to be excepted out of the Number of those, who have brought this Author into Discredit by pretending to resemble him.

NEITHER has Mr. *Cowley*, though he drew from the Life, given a much truer Picture of *Pindar* in the Translations he made of two of his *Odes*. I say not this to detract from Mr. *Cowley*, whose Genius, perhaps, was not inferior to that of *Pindar* himself, or either of those other two great Poets, *Horace* and *Virgil*, whose Names have been bestowed upon him, but
chiefly

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chiefly to apologize for my having ventured to translate the same *Odes*; and to prepare the Reader for the wide Difference he will find between many Parts of *his* Translations and *mine*.

MR. *Cowley* and his Imitators (for all the *Pindarick* Writers since his Time have only mimick'd him, while they fancied they were imitating *Pindar*) have fallen themselves, and by their Examples have led the World into two Mistakes with regard to the Character of *Pindar*: both which are pointed out by Mr. *Congreve* in the Preface above-mentioned, and in the following Words:

“ THE Character of these late *Pindaricks* is
 “ a Bundle of rambling incoherent Thoughts,
 “ expressed in a like Parcel of irregular Stan-
 “ zas, which also consist of such another Com-
 “ plication of disproportioned, uncertain, and
 “ perplexed Verses and Rhimes. And I ap-
 “ peal to any Reader, if this is not the Con-
 “ dition in which these Titular Odes appeared.

“ ON the contrary (adds he) there is nothing
 “ more regular than the Odes of *Pindar*, both
 “ as to the exact Observation of the Measures
 “ and Numbers of his Stanzas and Verses, and the

“ perpetual Coherence of his Thoughts. For
 “ though his Digressions are frequent, and his
 “ Transitions sudden, yet is there ever some se-
 “ cret Connexion, which, though not always
 “ appearing to the Eye, never fails to com-
 “ municate itself to the Understanding of the
 “ Reader.”

UPON these two Points, namely, the *Regu-
 larity* of *Measure* in *Pindar's* Odes, and the
Connexion of his Thoughts, I shall beg Leave
 to make a few Observations.

THESE Odes were all composed to be sung
 by a *Chorus* either at the Entertainments given
 by the *Conquerors* (to whom they were inscribed)
 or their Friends, on account of their Victories,
 or at the solemn Sacrifices made to the Gods
 upon those Occasions. They consist generally
 of three Stanzas, of which the following Ac-
 count was communicated to me by a learned
 and ingenious Friend.

“ BESIDES what is said of the *Greek* Ode in
 “ the *Scholiast* upon *Pindar*, I find (says he) the
 “ following Passage in the *Scholia* on *He-
 “ phæstion*; it is the very last Paragraph of
 “ those *Scholia*.”

THE

THE Passage cited by him is in *Greek*, instead of which I shall insert the Translation of it in *English*.

You must know that the Ancients (in their Odes) framed two larger Stanzas, and one less; the first of the large Stanzas they called *Strophé*, singing it on their Festivals at the Altars of the Gods, and dancing at the same Time. The second they called *Antistrophé*, in which they inverted the Dance. The lesser Stanza was named the *Epode*, which they sung standing still. The *Strophé*, as they say, denoted the Motion of the higher Sphere, the *Antistrophé* that of the Planets, the *Epode* the fixed Station and Repose of the Earth.

“ FROM this Passage it appears evident that
 “ these Odes were accompanied with Dancing;
 “ and that they danced one Way while the
 “ *Strophé* was singing, and then danced back
 “ again while the *Antristrophé* was sung.
 “ Which shews why those two Parts consisted
 “ of the same Length and Measure; then when
 “ the Dancers were returned to the Place
 “ whence they set out, before they renewed the
 “ Dance they stood still, while the *Epode* was
 “ sung.

“ IF the same Persons both danced and sung,
 “ when we consider how much Breath is re-
 “ quired for a full Song, perhaps one may in-
 “ cline to think, that the *Strophé* and *Antistro-*
 “ *phé* partook something of the *Recitative*
 “ Manner, and that the *Epode* was the more
 “ compleat *Air*.

“ THERE is a Passage in the ancient *Gram-*
 “ *marian*, *Marius Victorinus*, which is much to
 “ the same Purpose as this above, though he
 “ he does not distinctly speak of Dancing.
 “ The Passage is this :

“ *PLERAQUE Lyricorum carminum, quæ versu,*
 “ *colisque et commatibus componuntur, ex Strophé,*
 “ *Antistrophé, et Epodo, ut Græci appellant, or-*
 “ *dinata subsistunt. Quorum ratio talis est. An-*
 “ *tiqui Deorum laudes carminibus comprehensas,*
 “ *circum Aras eorum euntes canebant. Cujus pri-*
 “ *mum ambitum, quem ingrediebantur ex parte*
 “ *dextrâ, Strophén vocabant ; reversionem autem*
 “ *sinistrorsum factam, completo priore orbe, An-*
 “ *tistrophén appellabant. Deinde in conspectu*
 “ *Deorum soliti consistere cantici, reliqua conseque-*
 “ *bantur, appellantes id Epodon.*

“ THE

“ THE Writers I have quoted speak only of
“ *Odes*, sung in the Temples; but *Demetrius*
“ *Triclinius*, upon the Measures of *Sophocles*,
“ says the same Thing upon the Odes of the
“ *Tragick Chorus*.

“ WHAT the *Scholiast* upon *Hephæstion*, cited
“ above, adds about the *Heavenly Motions*, &c.
“ is also said by *Victorinus*, and by *Demetrius*
“ *Triclinius*, and likewise by the *Scholiast* on
“ *Pindar*. Yet I consider this in no other
“ Light, than I do the fantastical Conceits with
“ which the Writers on Musick abound. *Pto-*
“ *lemy*, out of his three Books of *Harmonics*,
“ employs one almost entirely upon comparing
“ the Principles of Musick with the Motions
“ of the Planets, the Faculties of the Mind,
“ and other such ridiculous Imaginations. And
“ *Aristides Quintilianus*, supposed an older Au-
“ thor, is full of the same Fooleries. *Marius*
“ *Victorinus* has another Scheme also, viz. that
“ the dancing forwards and backwards was in-
“ vented by *Theseus*, in memory of the La-
“ byrinth out of which he escaped. But all
“ this is taking much unnecessary Pains to ac-
“ count why, when Dancers have gone as far
“ as

“ as they can one Way, they should return
 “ back again ; or at least not dance in the
 “ same Circle, ’till they are giddy.”

SUCH was the Structure of the *Greek Ode*, in which the *Strophé* and *Antistrophé*, i. e. the first and second Stanzas, contained always the same Number and the same kind of Verses. The *Epode* was of a different Length and Measure ; and if the Ode run out into any Length, it was always divided into *Triplets* of Stanzas, the two first being constantly of the same Length and Measure, and all the *Epodes* in like manner corresponding exactly with each other : from all which the Regularity of this kind of Compositions is sufficiently evident. There are indeed some Odes, which consist of *Strophés* and *Antistrophés* without any *Epode* ; and others which are made up of *Strophés* only, of different Lengths and Measures. But the greatest Number of *Pindar’s* Odes are of the first kind.

I HAVE in the Translation retained the Names of *Strophé* and *Antistrophé*, on purpose to imprint the more strongly on the Mind of the *English* Reader, the exact Regularity observed by *Pindar* in the Structure of his Odes ; and
 have

have even followed his Example in one, which in the Original consists only of two *Strophés*. And in my Translation of a *Tragedy of Euripides*, I have in like manner varied the *Measure* in Imitation of the Original, as far as the different Genius of the *Greek* and *English Versification* would allow.

ANOTHER Charge against *Pindar* relates to the supposed Wildness of his Imagination, his extravagant Digressions, and sudden Transitions, which leads me to consider the second Point, *viz.* the *Connexion of his Thoughts*. Upon which I shall say but little in this Place, having endeavoured to point out the *Connexion*, and account for many of the *Digressions* in my *Arguments* and Notes to the several Odes which I have translated. Here therefore I shall only observe in general, that whoever imagines the *Victories* and *Praises* of the *Conquerors* are the proper *Subjects* of the Odes inscribed to them, will find himself mistaken. These *Victories* indeed gave Occasion to these Songs of Triumph, and are therefore constantly taken notice of by the Poet, as are also any particular and remarkable Circumstances relating to *them*,

or

or to the Lives and Characters of the *Conquerors* themselves : but as such Circumstances could rarely furnish out Matter sufficient for an Ode of any Length, so would it have been an Indecency unknown to the Civil Equality and Freedom, as well as to the Simplicity of the Age in which *Pindar* lived, to have filled a Poem intended to be sung in Publick, and even at the Altars of the Gods, with the Praises of one Man only ; who, besides, was often no otherwise considerable, but as the Victory which gave Occasion to the Ode had made him. For these Reasons the Poet, in order to give his Poem its due Extent, was obliged to have Recourse to other Circumstances, arising either from the Family or Country of the *Conqueror*, from the *Games* in which he had come off victorious, or from the particular Deities who had any Relation to the Occasion, or in whose Temples the Ode was intended to be sung. All these and many other Particulars, which the reading the Odes of *Pindar* may suggest to an attentive Observer, gave Hints to the Poet, and led him into those frequent Digressions, and quick Transitions ; which it is no wonder should

should appear to us at this Distance of Time and Place both extravagant and unaccountable. Some of these are indicated in the Notes upon the ensuing Odes.

UPON the whole, I am persuaded that whoever will consider the Odes of *Pindar* with regard to the Manners and Customs of the Age in which they were written, the Occasions which gave Birth to them, and the Places in which they were intended to be recited, will find little Reason to censure *Pindar* for want of Order and Regularity in the Plans of his Compositions. On the contrary perhaps, he will be inclined to admire him for raising so many Beauties from such trivial Hints, and for kindling, as he sometimes does, so great a Flame from a single Spark, and with so little Fuel.

THERE is still another Prejudice against *Pindar*, which may rise in the Minds of those People, who are not thoroughly acquainted with ancient History, and who may therefore be apt to think meanly of *Odes*, inscribed to a Set of *Conquerors*, whom possibly they may look upon only as so many *Prize Fighters* and *Jockeys*. To obviate this Prejudice, I have prefixed to
my

my Translation of *Pindar's Odes* a *Dissertation* on the *Olympick Games*: in which the Reader will see what kind of Persons these *Conquerors* were, and what was the Nature of those famous *Games*; of which every one, who has but just looked into the History of *Greece*, must know enough to desire to be better acquainted with them. The Collection is as full as I have been able to make it, assisted by the Labours of a learned *Frenchman*, *Pierre du Faur*, who in his Book entitled *Agonisticon*, hath gathered almost every Thing that is mentioned in any of the *Greek* or *Latin* Writers relating to the *Grecian Games*, which he has thrown together in no very clear Order; as is observed by his Countryman *Monf. Burette*, who hath written several Pieces on the Subject of the *Gymnastick Exercises*, inserted in the 2^d Volume of *Memoires de l'Academie Royale*, &c. printed at *Amsterdam* 1719. In this *Dissertation* I have endeavoured to give a compleat History of the *Olympick Games*: of which kind there is not, that I know of, any Treatise now extant; those written upon this Subject by some of the *Ancients* being all lost, and not being supplied by any learned
Modern,

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Modern, at least not so fully as might have been done, and as so considerable an Article of the *Grecian Antiquities* seemed to demand. As I flatter myself that even the learned Reader will in this *Dissertation* meet with many Points, which have hitherto escaped his Notice, and much Light reflected from thence upon the *Odes* of *Pindar* in particular, as well as upon many Passages in other *Greek* Writers, I shall rather desire him to excuse those Errors and Defects which he may happen to discover in it, than apologize for the Length of it.

HAVING now removed the chief Prejudices and Objections which have been too long and too generally entertained against the Writings of *Pindar*, I need say but little of his real Character, as the principal Parts of it may be collected from the very Faults imputed to him; which are indeed no other than the *Excesses* of great and acknowledged Beauties, such as a poetical Imagination, a warm and enthusiastick Genius, a bold and figurative Expression, and a concise and sententious Stile. These are the characteristical Beauties of *Pindar*; and to these his greatest Blemishes, generally speaking, are
so

so near allied, that they have sometimes been mistaken for each other. I cannot however help observing, that he is so entirely free from any Thing like the far-fetched Thoughts, the witty Extravagances, and puerile *Concetti* of Mr. *Cowley* and the rest of his Imitators, that I cannot recollect so much as even a single *Antithesis* in all his Odes.

LONGINUS indeed confesses, that *Pindar's* Flame is sometimes extinguished, and that he now and then sinks unexpectedly and unaccountably; but he prefers him with all his Faults to a Poet, who keeps on in one constant Tenour of Mediocrity, and who, though he seldom falls very low, yet never rises to those astonishing Heights, which sometimes make the Head even of a great Poet giddy, and occasion those Slips which they at the same Time excuse.

BUT notwithstanding all that has or can be said in favour of *Pindar*, he must still appear, as I before observed, under great Disadvantages, especially to the *English* Reader. Much of this Fire which formerly warmed and dazzled all *Greece*, must necessarily be lost even in the best Translation.

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Translation. Besides, to say nothing of many Beauties peculiar to the *Greek*, which cannot be expressed in *English*, and perhaps not in any other Language, there are in these Odes so many References to secret History, so many Allusions to Persons, Things, and Places now altogether unknown, and which, were they known, would very little interest or affect the Reader, and withal, such a Mixture of Mythology and Antiquity, that I almost despair of their being relished by any, but those who have, if not a great deal of *Classical Learning*, yet somewhat at least of an *antique* and *Classical Taste*.

EVERY Reader, however, may still find in *Pindar* something to make amends for the Loss of those Beauties, which have been set at too great a Distance, and in some Places worn off and obliterated by Time; namely, a great deal of Good-sense, many wise Reflections, and many moral Sentences, together with a due Regard to Religion; and from hence he may be able to form to himself some Idea of *Pindar* as a *Man*, though he should be obliged to take his Character as a *Poet* from others.

BUT that he may not for this rely altogether upon my Opinion, I shall here produce the

VOL. I.

c

Testi-

Testimonies of two great Poets, whose excellent Writings are sufficient Evidences both of their Taste and Judgment. The first was long and universally admired, and is still as much regretted by the present Age: the latter, who wrote about seventeen hundred Years ago, was the Delight and Ornament of the politest and most learned Age of *Rome*. And though even to him, *Pindar*, who lived some Centuries before him, must have appeared under some of the Disadvantages above-mentioned, yet *he* had the Opportunity of seeing all his Works which were extant in his Time, and of which he hath given a sort of *Catalogue*, together with their several Characters: an Advantage which the *former* wanted, who must therefore be understood to speak only of those Odes which are now remaining. And indeed, he alludes to those only, in the following Passage of his *Temple of Fame*. *Pope's Works*, small Edit. Vol. III. p. 17. § 210.

Four Swans [6] sustain a Car of Silver bright,
With Heads advanc'd, and Pinions stretch'd for
Flight:

[6] *Four Swans sustain, &c.* *Pindar* being seated in Chariot, alludes to the *Horse-Races* he celebrated in the
Her

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Here; like some furious Prophet, *Pindar* rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
Across the Harp a careless Hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding Strings.
The figur'd *Games* of *Greece* the Column grace,
Neptune and *Jove* survey the rapid *Race*:
The Youths hang o'er their *Chariots* as they run;
The fiery *Steeds* seem starting from the Stone:
The *Champions* in distorted Postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

THE other Passage is from *Horace*, lib. iv.
Qde 2. viz.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.

which, for the Benefit of the *English* Reader, I
have thus translated.

He, who aspires to reach the tow'ring Height
Of matchless *Pindar's* Heaven-ascending Strain,
Shall sink, unequal to the arduous Flight,
Like him, who falling nam'd th' *Icarian* Main;
Presumptuous Youth! to tempt forbidden Skies!
And hope above the Clouds on *waxen* Plumes to rise!

Grecian Games. The Swans are Emblems of Poetry;
their soaring Posture intimates the Sublimity and Activity
of his Genius. *Neptune* presided over the *Isthmian*, and
Jupiter over the *Olympian Games*. This Note is of the same
Author.

Pindar, like some fierce Torrent swoll'n with
 Or sudden Cataracts of melting Snow, [Showr's,
 Which from the *Alps* its headlong Deluge pours,
 And foams and thunders o'er the Vales below,
 With desultory Fury borne along
 Rolls his impetuous, vast, unfathomable Song.

The *Delphick Laurel* ever sure to gain;
 Whether with lawless *Dithyrambick* Rage
 Wild and tumultuous flows the sounding Strain;
 Or in more ordered Verse sublimely sage
 To Gods and Sons of Gods his Lyre he strings,
 And of fierce *Centaur's* Gain, and dire *Chimera* sings.

Or whether *Pisa's Victors* be his Theme,
 The valiant *Champion* and the rapid *Steed*;
 Who from the Banks of *Alpheus*, sacred Stream,
 Triumphant bear *Olympia's Olive Meed*;
 And from their *Bard* receive the tunefull Boon,
 Richer than sculptur'd Brass, or imitating Stone.

Or whether with the Widow'd Mourner's Tear,
 He mingles soft his *Elegiack* Song;
 With *Dorian* Strains to deck th' untimely Bier
 Of some disastrous Bridegroom fair and young;
 Whose Virtues, in his deifying Lays,
 Through the black Gloom of Death with Star-like
 Radiance blaze.

When

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When to the Clouds, along th' Ætherial Plain,
His airy Way the *Theban* Swan pursues,
Strong rapid Gales his sounding Plumes sustain:
While wond'ring at his Flight my tim'rous Muse,
In short Excursions tires her feeble Wings,
And in sequester'd Shades, and flow'ry Gardens sings.

There, like the Bee, that from each od'rous Bloom,
Each fragrant Offspring of the dewy Field,
With painfull Art extracts the rich Perfume,
Solicitous her honied Dome to build,
Exerting all her Industry and Care,
She toils with humble Sweets her meaner Verse to rear.

THE Remainder of this Ode has no Relation
to the present Subject, and is therefore omitted.

THE following Collection of Poems (to borrow the Metaphor made use of by *Horace*) consists wholly of Sweets, drawn from the rich and flowery Fields of *Greece*. And if in these Translations any of the native Spirit and Fragrancy of the Originals shall appear to be transfused, I shall content myself with the humble Merit of the little laborious Insect above-mentioned. But I must not here omit acquainting the Reader, that among these, immediately after the Odes of *Pindar*, is inserted a Translation

Translation of an Ode of *Horace*, done by a Gentleman, the peculiar Excellency of whose Genius hath often revealed what his Modesty would have kept a Secret. And to this I might have trusted to inform the World, that the Translation I am now speaking of, though inserted amongst mine, was not done by me, were I not desirous of testifying the Pride and Pleasure I take in seeing in this, and some other Instances, his admirable Pieces blended, and joined with mine; an Evidence and Emblem at the same Time of that Friendship, which hath long subsisted between us, and which I shall always esteem a singular Felicity and Honour to myself.

THE Authors, from whom the other Pieces which compose these Volumes are translated, are so well known, that I need say nothing of them in this Place, neither shall I detain the Reader with any farther Account of the Translations themselves, than only to acquaint him, that I translated the *Dramatick Poem* of *Lucian* upon the *Gout*, when I was myself under an Attack of that incurable Distemper, which I mention by way of Excuse; and that all the other

Pieces,

P R E F A C E.

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Pieces, excepting only the *Hymn of Cleanthes*, and the *Dialogue of Plato*, were written many Years ago, at a Time when I read and wrote, like most other People, for Amusement only. If the Reader finds they give any to him I shall be very glad of it, for it is doing some Service to Human Society, to *amuse innocently*; and they know very little of Human Nature, who think it can bear to be always employed either in the Exercise of its Duties, or in high and important Meditations.



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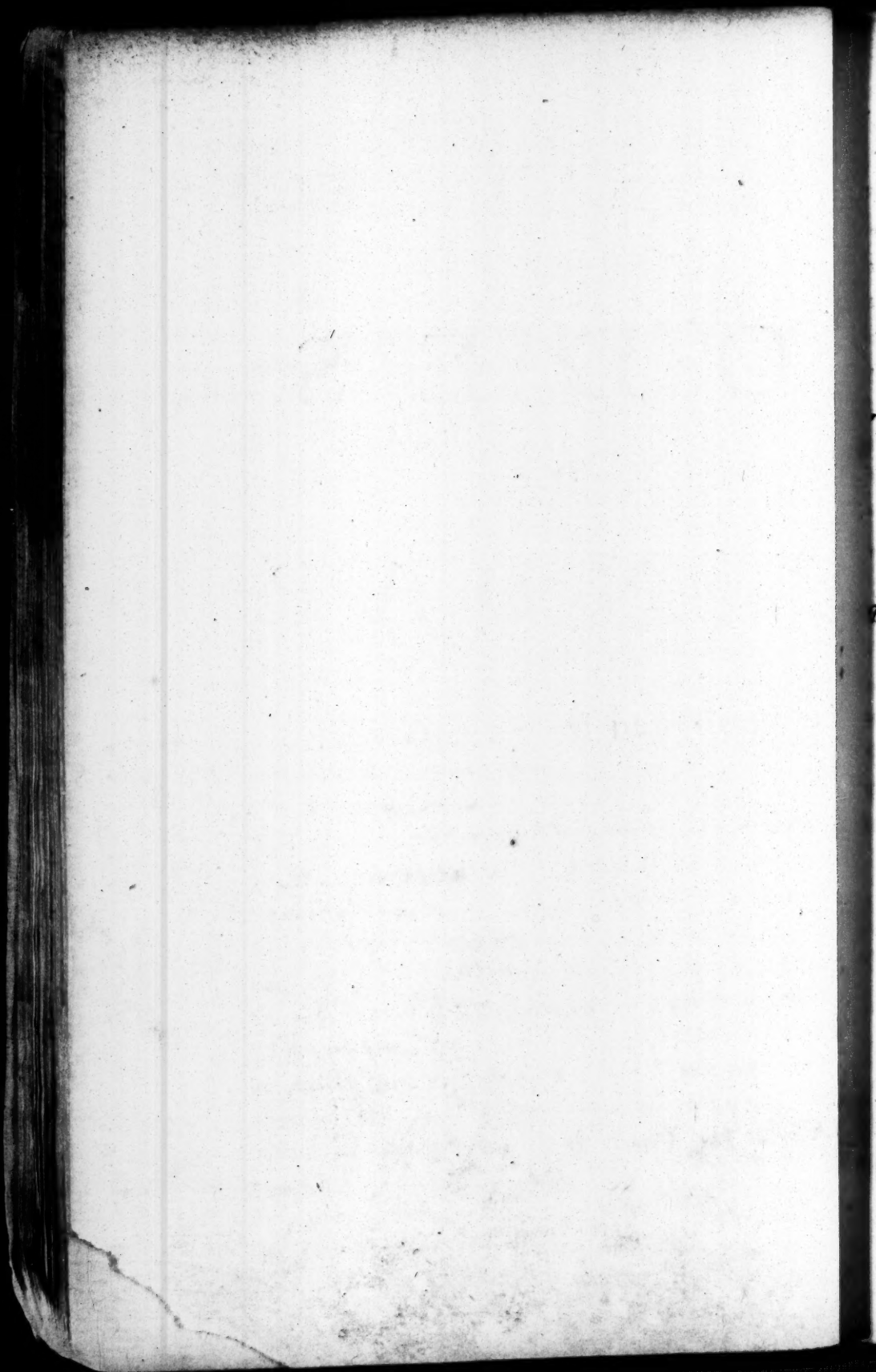
Translated from the Greek.

Olympiacæ miratus præmia palmæ.

VIRG. Geo. l. iii.

DES
VOL. I.

A



THE FIRST
OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to *Hiero* of *Syracuse*, who, in the Seventy third *Olympiad*, obtained the Victory in the Race of Single Horses.

A R G U M E N T.

The Subject of this Ode being a Victory obtained by Hiero in the Olympick Games, Pindar sets out with shewing the Superiority and Pre-eminence of those Games over all others; among which, he says, they hold the same Rank, as Water (which, according to the Opinion of Thales and other Philosophers, was the Original of all Things) among the Elements, and Gold among the Gifts of Fortune. Wherefore, continues he, O my Heart, if thou art inclined to sing of Games, it would be as absurd to think of any other but the Olympick Games, as to look for Stars in the Sky, when the Sun is shining in his meridian Glory; especially as all the Guests at Hiero's Table (among which Number it is not improbable that Pindar was one at this Time) are singing Odes upon that Subject. From the mention of Hiero, he falls into a short Panegyrick upon his Virtues, and then passes to what gave Occasion to this Ode, viz. his Olympick

A. 2

Victory;

Victory; under which Head he makes honourable mention of his Horse, Pherenicus (for that was his Name) who gained the Victory, and spread his Master's Glory as far as Pisa, or Olympia, the ancient Residence of Pelops the Son of Tantalus; into a long Account of whom he digresses; and ridiculing, as absurd and impious, the Story of his having been cut in Pieces by his Father Tantalus, boiled, and served up at an Entertainment given by him to the Gods, relates another Story, which he thought more to the Honour both of Pelops and the Gods. This Relation he concludes with the Account of Pelops vanquishing Oenomaus, King of Pisa, in the Chariot Race, and by that Victory gaining his Daughter Hippodamia, settling at Pisa, and being there honoured as a God. From this Relation the Poet falls again naturally into an Account of the Olympick Games, and after a short Reflexion upon the Felicity of those who gained the Olympick Crown, returns to the Praises of Hiero; with which, and some occasional Reflexions on the Prosperity of Hiero, to whom he wishes a Continuance of his good Fortune, and a long Reign, he closes his Ode.

STROPHE I.

CHIEF of Nature's Works divine,
 Water claims the highest Praise:
 Richest Offspring of the Mine,
 Gold, like Fire, whose flashing Rays

ODE I. OF PINDAR.

5

From afar conspicuous gleam
Through the Night's involving Cloud,
First in Lustre and Esteem,
Decks the Treasures of the Proud:
So among the Lists of Fame
Pisa's honour'd Games excell;
Then to *Pisa's* glorious Name
Tune, O Muse, thy sounding Shell.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Who along the desert Air
Seeks the faded starry Train,
When the Sun's meridian Carr
Round illumes th'Ætherial Plain?
Who a nobler Theme can chuse
Than *Olympia's* sacred Games?
What more apt to fire the Muse,
When her various Songs she frames?
Songs in Strains of Wisdom drest
Great *Saturnius* to record,
And by each rejoicing Guest
Sung at *Hiero's* feastful Board.

EPODE I.

In pastoral *Sicilia's* fruitful Soil
The righteous Sceptre of Imperial Pow'r
Great *Hiero* wielding, with illustrious Toil
Plucks ev'ry blooming Virtue's fairest Flow'r,

A 3

His

From

His Royal Splendour to adorn:
 Nor doth his skilful Hand refuse
 Acquaintance with the tunefull Muse,
 When [1] round the mirthfull Board the Harp is borne.

S T R O P H E II.

Down then from the glitt'ring Nail
 Take, O Muse, thy [2] *Dorian* Lyre;
 If the Love of [3] *Pisa's* Vale
 Pleasing Transports can inspire;
 Or the rapid-footed Steed
 Could with Joy thy Bosom move,
 When, unwhip'd, with native Speed
 O'er the dusty Course he drove;

[1] *Round the Board the Harp is borne.*] This, it seems, was a Custom among the Ancients: At their Entertainments a Harp was carried round the Table, and presented to every Guest, which if any one refused out of Ignorance or Unskillfulness, he was looked upon as illiterate or illbred.

[2] The Epithet *Dorian* is here given to the Lyre, to signify that this Ode was adapted to the *Dorian* Mood, the most solemn and pompous of the three Kinds of *Grecian* Musick: the other two were the *Lydian* and *Phrygian*.

[3] *Pisa's Vale*] *Pisa* (the same with *Olympia*) was a Town in the Territory of *Elis*, where the *Olympick* Games were held, often confounded, especially by the Poets, with *Elis*, though they were distant from each other about fifty Stades. The Name of *Hiero's* Horse was *Pherenicus*.

And where deck'd with Olives flows,

[4] *Alpheus*, thy immortal Flood,
On his Lord's triumphant Brows
The *Olympick* Wreath bestow'd :

ANTISTROPHE II.

Hiero's Royal Brows, whose Care
Tends the Courser's noble Breed;
Pleas'd to nurse the pregnant Mare,
Pleas'd to train the youthful Steed.

Now on that Heroick Land

His far beaming Glories beat,
Where with all his *Lydian* Band
Pelops fix'd his honour'd Seat :

[5] *Pelops*, by the God belov'd,
Whose strong Arms the Globe embrace ;
When by *Jove's* high Orders mov'd
Clotho blest'd the healing Vase.

[4] *Alpheus* was a River in *Elis*, upon whose Banks the Games were celebrated. The *Olympick* Crown was composed of Olive Branches, of which Plant there were large Groves at *Olympia*. *Alpheus* was there worshipped as a God.

[5] The fabulous Story of *Pelops* is this: *Tantalus*, the Father of *Pelops*, being in his Turn to make a Dinner for the Gods, and having nothing fit to give them, killed his Son *Pelops*, and after having cut him in Pieces and boiled him, set his Flesh upon the Table; but *Jupiter* discovering the impious Cheat, ordered *Mercury* to put the Members again into the Cauldron, whence, by the Power of the Fates, the Handmaids of *Jupiter*, *Pelops* came out alive again; but to supply the Loss

E P O D E II.

Forth from the Cauldron to new Life restor'd,
 Pleas'd with the Lustre of his Iv'ry Arm
 Young *Pelops* rose; so ancient Tales record,
 And oft these Tales unheeding Mortals charm;
 While gaudy Fiction deck'd with Art,
 And dress'd in ev'ry winning Grace,
 To Truth's unornamented Face
 Preferr'd, seduces oft the human Heart.

S T R O P H E III.

Add to these sweet Poesy,
 Smooth Inchantress of Mankind,
 Clad in whose false Majesty
 Fables easy Credit find.
 But e'er long the rolling Year
 The deceitful Tale explodes:
 Then, O Man, with holy Fear
 Touch the Characters of Gods.
 Of their Heav'nly Natures say
 Nought unseemly, nought profane,
 So shalt thou due Honour pay,
 So be free from guilty Stain.

of his Arm, devoured it seems by *Ceres* or *Thetis*, who were more hungry, or less cunning than *Jupiter*, the Fates bestowed upon him an Arm of Ivory. This Story *Pindar* with Justice ridicules, as reflecting upon the Gods, though perhaps that which he substitutes in its Place, may be liable to the same Objection. His Moral however is very good. *Clotho* was one of the three Destinies.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Diff'ring then from ancient Fame
 I thy Story will record:
 How the Gods invited came
 To thy Father's genial Board;
 In his Turn the holy Feast
 When on [6] *Sipylus* he spread;
 To the Tables of the Blest
 In his Turn with Honour led,
Neptune then thy lovely Face,
 Son of *Tantalus*, survey'd,
 And with amorous Embrace
 Far away the Prize convey'd.

E P O D E III.

To the high Palace of all-honour'd *Jove*
 With *Pelops* swift the golden Chariot rolls.
 There, like more ancient *Ganymede*, above
 For *Neptune* he prepares the nectar'd Bowls.
 But for her vanish'd Son in vain
 When long his tender Mother fought,
 And Tidings of his Fate were brought
 By none of all her much-inquiring Train;

[6] *Sipylus* was a Mountain, or, as some say, a Town in *Lydia*.

S T R O-

STROPHE IV.

O'er the envious Realm with Speed
 A malicious Rumour flew,
 That, his heav'nly Guests to feed,
 Thee thy impious Father flew:
 In a Cauldron's seething Flood
 That thy mangled Limbs were cast,
 Thence by each voracious God
 On the Board in Messes plac'd.
 But shall I the Blest abuse?
 With such Tales to stain her Song
 Far, far be it from my Muse!
 Vengeance waits th' unhallow'd Tongue.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Sure, if e'er to Man befall
 Honour from the Pow'rs divine,
 Who on high *Olympus* dwell,
Tantalus, the Lot was thine.
 But alas! his mortal Sense
 All too feeble to digest
 The Delights of Bliss immense,
 Sicken'd at the heav'nly Feast.
 Whence, his Folly to chastise,
 O'er his Head with Pride elate,
Jove, great Father of the Skies,
 [7] Hung a Rock's enormous Weight.

[7] There are many other different Accounts of the Punishment and the Crime of *Tantalus*, founded on no better Authority than this, *viz.*

EPODE

E P O D E IV.

Now vainly lab'ring with incessant Pains
 Th'impending Rock's expected Fall to shun,
 The fourth distressful Instance he remains
 Of wretched Man by impious Pride undone;
 Who to his mortal Guests convey'd
 Th'incorruptible Food of Gods,
 On which in their divine Abodes
 Himself erst feasting was immortal made.

S T R O P H E V.

Vain is he, who hopes to cheat
 The all-seeing Eyes of Heaven:
 From *Olympus*' blissfull Seat,
 For his Father's Theft, was driven,
Pelops, to reside once more
 With frail Man's swift-passing Race.
 Where (for now Youth's blowing Flow'r
 Deck'd with op'ning Pride his Face;
 And with manly Beauty sprung
 On each Cheek the downy Shade)
 Ever burning for the Young,
Hymen's Fires his Heart invade.

the Word of a Poet ; with which, for that Reason, I shall not trouble
 the Reader. The other three Persons here alluded to are *Sisyphus*,
Tityus, and *Ixion*. There are other Interpretations put upon this Pas-
 sage, which the Learned may see in the *Greek* Scholiast.

A N T I S.

ANTISTROPHE V.

- [8] Anxious then th' *Elean* Bride
 From her Royal Sire to gain,
 Near the Billow-beaten Side
 Of the foam besilver'd Main,
 Darkling and alone he stood,
 Invocating oft the Name
 Of the Trident-bearing God
 Strait the Trident-bearer came:
 " If the sweet Delights of Love,
 " Which from Beauty's Queen descend,
 " Can thy yielding Bosom move,
 " Mighty God, my Cause befriend.

E P O D E V.

- " With strong Prevention let thy Hand controll
 " The brazen Lance of *Pisa's* furious King;
 " And to the Honours of th' *Elean* Goal
 " Me with unrival'd Speed in Triumph bring.
 " Transfix'd by his unerring Spear,
 " Already thirteen Youths have dy'd,
 " Yet he persists with cruel Pride,
 " *Hippodamia's* Nuptials to deferr.

[8] *Hippodamia*, the Daughter of *Oenomaus* King of *Pisa*, who being extremely fond of his Daughter (the most beautifull Woman of her Time) and therefore unwilling to part with her, obliged every one who sought her in Marriage, to contend with him in the Chariot-Race; in which he doubted not of obtaining the Victory, as his Horses were noted for Strength and Swiftneſs. The Beauty of the Lady encouraged

STROPHE

STROPHE VI.

" In the Paths of dang'rous Fame
 " Trembling Cowards never tread:
 " Yet since all of mortal Frame
 " Must be number'd with the Dead,
 " Who in dark inglorious Shade
 " Would his uselefs Life consume,
 " And with deedlefs Years decay'd,
 " Sink unhonour'd to the Tomb?
 " I that shamefull Lot disdain;
 " I this doubtfull List will prove;
 " May my Vows from thee obtain
 " Conquest, and the Prize of Love."

ANTISTROPHE VI.

Thus he pray'd, and mov'd the God;
 Who, his bold Attempt to grace,
 On the favour'd Youth bestow'd
 Steeds unwearied in the Race;

many Lovers, Thirteen, as *Pindar* says, to enter the Lists, notwithstanding the terrible Consequences of their being vanquished; for *Oenomaus*, not contented with refusing his Daughter to these unsuccessful Lovers, killed them with his Spear, when he overtook them in the Race. *Peleus* however, depending on the Aid of *Neptune*, the Inventor, or Creator rather, of Horses, and encouraged by *Hippodamia* (who, according to *Apollodorus*, rode with him in the Chariot, and assisted him with her Advice) accepted the Conditions, and gained the Victory; though, it seems, he was more indebted to the Charioteer of *Oenomaus*, than to *Neptune*. The Charioteer was bribed; and his Master thrown out of Steeds,

Steeds, with winged Speed endued,
 Harness'd to a Golden Carr.
 So was *Pisa's* King subdu'd;
Pelops so obtain'd the Fair;
 From whose Womb a noble Brood,
 Six illustrious Brothers came,
 All with virtuous Minds endow'd,
 Leaders all of mighty Fame.

E P O D E VI.

[9] Now in the solemn Service of the Dead,
 Rank'd with immortal Gods, great *Pelops* shares;
 While to his Altar, on the wat'ry Bed
 Of *Alpheus* rais'd, from every Clime repairs
 The wond'ring Stranger, to behold
 The Glories of th' *Olympick* Plain;
 Where, the resplendent Wreath to gain,
 Contend the Swift, the Active, and the Bold.

the Chariot, which broke down, just as he had overtaken *Pelops*, and was going to transfix him with his Spear.

[9] Now in the solemn Service of the Dead,

Rank'd with immortal Gods, great *Pelops* shares;]

We learn from the younger Scholiasts of *Pindar*, that the young Men of *Peloponnesus* were accustomed, upon the Anniversary of the Funeral of *Pelops*, to slash themselves with Scourges; offering to him by that means a kind of Libation of their own Blood; to which Custom *Pindar* is here supposed to allude. The old Scholiast, however, seems to think that no more is signified here, than that *Pelops* died, was magnificently buried, and worshipped afterwards as a God. That he was

S T R O.

STROPHE VII.

[1] Happy He, whose glorious Brow
Pisa's honour'd Chaplets crown!
 Calm his Stream of Life shall flow,
 Shelter'd by his high Renown.
 That alone is Bliss supreme,
 Which, unknowing to decay,
 Still with ever-shining Beam
 Gladdens each succeeding Day.
 Then for happy *Hiero* weave
 Garlands of *Æolian* Strains;
 Him these Honours to receive
 The *Olympick* Law ordains.

ANTISTROPHE VII.

Nor more worthy of her Lay
 Can the Muse a Mortal find;
 Greater in Imperial Sway,
 Richer in a virtuous Mind;

worshipped by the *Eleans* with great Devotion, we are told both by *Pausanias* and the Scholiast; the last of whom informs us, that the People of *Elis* sacrificed to *Pelops* before *Jupiter*, alledging, for their so doing, the Authority of *Hercules*.

[1] *Happy He, &c.*] Of the Advantages accruing from an *Olympick* Victory I have spoken at large in the *Dissertation*, to which therefore I refer the Reader.

Heav'n,

Heav'n, O King, with tender care

Waits thy Wishes to fulfil.

Then e'er long will I prepare,

[2] Plac'd on *Chronium's* sunny Hill,

Thee in sweeter Verse to praise,

Following thy victorious Steeds;

If to prosper all thy Ways

Still thy Guardian God proceeds.

E P O D E VII.

Fate hath in various Stations rank'd Mankind:

In Royal Pow'r the long Gradations end.

By that Horizon prudently confin'd,

Let not thy Hopes to farther Views extend.

Long may'st thou wear the Regal Crown,

And may thy Bard his Wish receive,

[3] With thee, and such as thee to live,

Around his native *Greece* for Wisdom known.

[2] This Hill was near the *Stadium* at *Olympia*, so that from thence might be seen the Races, &c.

[3] *With thee, and such as thee to live.*] As *Pindar* is said to have conversed with *Hiero*, I think we may, from these Words, and some other Expressions up and down this Ode, particularly from his calling *Hiero* *Ξίφω* or *Hof* (l. 165. of the Original) form no improbable Conjecture, that *Pindar* was present at the Entertainment given by *Hiero* on occasion of his *Olympick* Victory. It is also probable from the 15th, 16th, and 17th Lines of the Original, that there were other Poets present besides *Pindar*; perhaps *Simonides* and *Bacchylides*, who, as well as our Poet, compos'd a Hymn upon this Occasion. There is at least a Fragment of an Ode, made by *Bacchylides*, cited by the Scholiast, in which

ODE I. OLYMPICK ODES 17

which this very Horse of *Hiero*, named *Pherenicus*, is celebrated for having gained a Victory in the *Olympick Games*. These Conjectures (for I would not put them off for any thing more than Conjectures) will give some Light to these two Passages, οἷα παίζομεν φίλαν ἀνδρες ἀμφὶ θανάτῳ τράπεζαν and ἀλλὰ Δωρίαν ἀπὸ φόρμιγ' αἰσάμεν λαμβάν'.

When round the mirthful Board the Harp is borne,

and

Down then from the glittering Nail

Take, O Muse, thy Dorian Lyre.

From which Passages we may collect, that the Guests of *Hiero* (and he among the rest, according to the Custom mentioned in *Note the first*) having either sung, or accompanied some Ode, whose Subject was taken, in all likelihood, from some Circumstance relating to the *Olympick Games*; and it being now come to *Pindar's* Turn to perform, he, after praising in general Terms the Subject of their Songs [the *Olympick Games*] the Skill and Wisdom of those, who had performed before him, the Magnificence, and other Royal Virtues, of *Hiero*, and particularly his Knowledge and Performance in Musick, calls, as it were in a Poetical Rapture, for his Harp (which we may suppose, agreeably to the Custom of those Times, hung in the Chamber near him) and entertains the Company with an Ode on the Founder of the *Olympick Games*; which he, with many others, derives from *Pelops* the Son of *Tantalus*, who is said to have celebrated them on the Occasion of the Funeral of *Oenomaus*. In this View there appears to be great Propriety and Beauty, not in the two above cited Passages only, but in many of the preceding Verses also of this Ode; but this I submit to the Judgment of the learned Reader.

Hiero, in this Ode, is more than once styled King; and yet we are left in the dark as to the City or People, over which he reigned at this Time: all we know is, that it could not be the City of *Syracuse*, notwithstanding he chose to denominate himself of that City when he entered himself a Candidate for the *Olympick Crown*, for he did not come to the Crown of *Syracuse* till after the Death of his Brother *Gelo*, which happened in the 75th *Olympiad*, many Years after the Date of the Victory here celebrated by *Pindar*. See *Pythian Ode I. Note 5*.

THE SECOND

OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to *Theron* King of *Agrigentum*, who came off Conqueror in the Race of Chariots drawn by Four Horses, in the Seventy seventh Olympiad.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet, in answer to the Question, What God, what Hero, and what Mortal he should sing (with which Words this Ode immediately begins) having named Jupiter and Hercules, not only as the first of Gods and Heroes, but as they were peculiarly related to his Subject; the one being the Protector, and the other the Founder of the Olympick Games; falls directly into the Praises of Theron: by this Method artfully insinuating, that Theron held the same Rank among all Mortals, as the Two former did among the Gods and Heroes. In enumerating the many Excellencies of Theron, the Poet, having made mention of the Nobility of his Family (a Topick seldom or never omitted by Pindar) takes occasion to lay before him the various Accidents and Vicissitudes of human Life, by Instances drawn from the History of his own Ancestors, the Founders of Agrigentum; who, it seems, underwent many Difficulties, before they could build,

build, and settle themselves in that City; where afterwards, indeed, they made a very considerable Figure, and were rewarded for their past Sufferings with Wealth and Honour; according to which Method of proceeding, the Poet (alluding to some Misfortunes that had befallen Theron) beseeches Jupiter to deal with their Posterity, by recompensing their former Afflictions with a Series of Peace and Happiness for the future; in the Enjoyment of which they would soon lose the Memory of whatever they had suffered in Times past: the constant Effect of Prosperity being to make Men forget their past Adversity; which is the only Reparation that can be made to them for the Miseries they have undergone. The Truth of this Position he makes appear from the History of the same Family; by the farther Instances of Semele, Ino, and Therfander; and lastly, of Theron himself, whose former Cares and Troubles, he insinuates, are repaid by his present Happiness and Victory in the Olympick Games: For his Success in which, the Poet however intimates, that Theron was no less indebted to his Riches, than to his Virtue, since he was enabled by the one, as well as disposed by the other, to undergo the Trouble and Expence that was necessary to qualify him for a Candidate for the Olympick Crown in particular, and, in general, for the Performance of any great and worthy Action: for the Words are general. From whence he takes occasion to tell him, that the Man who possesses these Treasures, viz. Riches and Virtue, that is, the Means and the Inclination of doing good and great Actions, has the farther Satisfaction of knowing, that he

B 2

shall

shall be rewarded for it hereafter; and go among the Heroes into the Fortunate Islands (the Paradise of the Ancients) which he here describes; some of whose Inhabitants are likewise mentioned by way of inciting Theron to an Imitation of their Actions; as Peleus, Cadmus, and Achilles. Here the Poet, finding himself, as well from the Abundance of Matter, as from the Fertility of his own Genius, in danger of wandering too far from his Subject, recalls his Muse, and returns to the Praise of Theron; whose Beneficence and Generosity, he tells us, were not to be equalled: With which, and with some Reflections upon the Enemies and Maligners of Theron, he concludes.

S T R O P H E I.

YE choral Hymns, harmonious Lays,
Sweet Rulers of the Lyrick String,
What God? what Hero's godlike Praise?

What Mortal shall we sing?

With *Jove*, with [4] *Pisa's* Guardian God,
Begin, O Muse, th' *Olympick* Ode.

Alcides, *Jove's* Heroick Son,

The second Honours claims;

Who, off'ring up the Spoils from *Augeas* won,
Establish'd to his Sire th' *Olympick* Games;

Where bright in Wreaths of Conquest *Theron* shone.

[4] *Pisa* and *Olympia* have by many been mistaken for the same Place; however, *Olympia* stood in the Territory of *Pisa*, and not far distant from it.

Then of victorious *Theron* sing!
 Of *Theron* hospitable, just, and great!
 Fam'd [5] *Agrigentum's* honour'd King,
 The Prop and Bulwark of her tow'ring State;
 A righteous Prince! whose flow'ring Virtues grace
 The venerable Stem of his illustrious Race:

ANTISTROPHE I.

A Race, long exercis'd in Woes,
 Ere, smiling o'er her kindred Flood,
 The Mansion of their wish'd Repose,
 Their sacred City flood;
 And through amaz'd *Sicilia* shone
 The Lustre of their fair Renown.
 Thence, as the milder Fates decreed,
 In destin'd Order born,
 Auspicious Hours with smoother Pace succeed;
 While Pow'r and Wealth the noble Line adorn,
 And Public Favour, Virtue's richest Meed.

[5] *Agrigentum* (in Greek *Agragas*) was a Town in *Sicily*, situated upon a River of the same Name, which I therefore call her Kindred Flood. The Poet a little after gives it the Epithet of Sacred; an Epithet but ill accounted for, in my Opinion, by the Commentators upon this Author, for which Reason I shall not trouble the Reader with what they say upon it, nor with the different Histories they give of the Ancestors of *Theron*, who built that City. The Reader will understand from the Poet himself, that they went through many Difficulties, &c. which is sufficient: the same may be said with regard to *Theron*; the Particulars of whose History are very imperfectly related.

O Son of [6] *Rhea*, God supreme!
 Whose kingly Hands th' *Olympian* Sceptre wield!
 Rever'd on *Alpheus*' sacred Stream!
 And honour'd most in *Pisa*'s lifted Field!
 Propitious listen to my soothing Strain!
 And to the worthy Sons their Father's Rights maintain!

E P O D E I.

Peace on their future Life, and Wealth bestow;
 And bid their present Moments calmly flow.
 The Deed once done no Pow'r can abrogate,
 Not the great Sire of all Things, Time, nor Fate.
 But sweet Oblivion of disastrous Care,
 And Good succeeding, may the Wrong repair.
 Lost in the Brightness of returning Day,
 The gloomy Terrors of the Night decay;
 When *Jove* commands the Sun of Joy to rise,
 And opens into Smiles the Cloud-invelop'd Skies.

S T R O P H E II.

[7] Thy hapless Daughters' various Fate
 This moral Truth, O *Cadmus*, shows;
 Who vested now with Godlike State
 On heav'nly Thrones repose;

[6] *Rhea* was the Wife of *Saturn*, and Mother of *Jupiter*. *Alpheus* was a River of *Elis*, upon whose Banks was the *Olympick Stadium*, in which the Games were performed.

[7] *Theron* was descended from *Cadmus*: the Instances therefore of *Semele* and *Ino*, Daughters to *Cadmus*, are extremely proper and well

And

And yet Affliction's thorny Road
In bitter Anguish once they trod.
But Bliss superior hath eras'd

The Mem'ry of their Woe;
While *Semele*, on high *Olympus* plac'd,
To heav'nly Zephyrs bids her Tresses flow,
Once by devouring Lightnings all defac'd.

There with immortal Charms improv'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n's serene Abodes

She dwells, by Virgin *Pallas* lov'd,
Lov'd by *Saturnius*, Father of the Gods;
Lov'd by her youthful Son, whose Brows divine,
In twisting Ivy bound, with Joy eternal shine.

chosen by the Poet, as they tend not only to illustrate the Truth he would inculcate by these Examples, but to do Honour to *Theron*, by shewing that he was related to Deities.

The Story of these Goddesses is as follows. *Juno*, having discovered that her Husband *Jupiter* was in love with *Semele*, the Daughter of *Cadmus*, disguised herself in the Shape of an old Woman, and under that Appearance prevailed with the young Lady, not a little proud of so great a Lover, to insist upon his granting her Request, whatever it should be, as giving her at once an undeniable Evidence, both of his Divinity and his Love; having obtained that Promise, she was to require him, in the next Place, to visit her with all those Emblems and Appurtenances of divine Majesty, wherewith he was wont to go to the Bed of *Juno*. The first Part of her Petition being obtained, the second, it seems, could not be refused, to the great Grief of *Jupiter*, who was thus ensnared, by the Artifices of *Juno*, by his own Fondness, and the Vanity and Curiosity of *Semele*, to destroy his Mistress. He came attended with his Thunders and his Lightnings, in whose Flames poor *Semele* perished. *Jupiter* however did all he could to repair the fatal Error; for he not only saved the Life of her young Infant *Bacchus*,

ANTISTROPHE II.

To *Ino*, Goddess of the Main,
 The Fates an equal Lot decree,
 Rank'd with old Ocean's *Nereid* Train,
 Bright Daughters of the Sea.
 Deep in the pearly Realms below,
 Immortal Happiness to know,
 But here our Day's appointed End
 To Mortals is unknown;
 Whether Distress our Period shall attend,
 And in tumultuous Storms our Sun go down,
 Or to the Shades in peaceful Calms descend.

but bestowed both upon him and her celestial Honours and immortal Life. The Scholiast tells us, that *Semele* was always painted with remarkably long Hair; a Circumstance which I mention only for the sake of observing, that I doubt not but many Expressions, and perhaps whole Passages in *Pindar*, which to us appear either impertinent or obscure, were, at the Time he wrote them, not only very intelligible, but very apposite and beautiful Allusions to some Custom, some History, some Particularity in the Life or Person of those he mentions; or perhaps to some noted Picture or Statue, as in the present Passage relating to *Semele*, and others that I shall take notice of in the Course of these Observations. *Atamas*, the Husband of *Ino*, the other Daughter of *Cadmus*, being, by the Instigation likewise of *Juno*, struck by the Furies with Madness, and having seized upon one of his Children, which his Wife, whom he then took for a Lioness, held in her Arms, she in a Fright fled away with the other, and cast him and herself headlong into the Sea, where *Neptune*, taking Pity of her, converted them both into Deities of the Sea.

For

For various flows the Tide of Life,
 Obnoxious still to Fortune's veering Gale;
 Now rough with Anguish, Care, and Strife,
 O'erwhelming Waves the shatter'd Bark assail:
 Now glide serene and smooth the limpid Streams;
 And on the Surface play *Apollo's* golden Beams.

E P O D E II.

Thus, Fate, O *Theron*, that with Bliss divine
 And Glory once enrich'd thy ancient Line,
 Again reversing ev'ry gracious Deed,
 Woe to thy wretched Sires and Shame decreed;
 What Time, encount'ring on the *Phocian* Plain,
 By luckless *Oedipus* was *Laius* slain.
 To Parricide by Fortune blindly led,
 His Father's precious Life the Hero shed;
 Doom'd to fulfill the Oracles of Heav'n,
 To *Thebes*' ill destin'd [8] King by *Pythian Phæbus* giv'n.

[8] *Laius* King of *Thebes*, enquiring of the *Delpick* or *Pythian* Oracle about Children, was told that he should have a Son, but that he was destined to die by the Hands of that Son: For this Reason, as soon as *Oedipus* was born, he gave him to a Shepherd to be murdered; who, in Execution of those Orders, left him in the Fields where he might be starved to Death; but being found there by another Shepherd, and by him presented to the Wife of *Polybus* King of *Corinth*, she bred him up for her own Child. But when he grew up, and came to understand that he was not the Son of *Polybus*, he went in search of his own Father, met him by Accident in *Phocis*, and in a Tumult slew him, without knowing him indeed to be his Father; but not without incurring the Displeasure of the Gods by so horrid a Parricide, though he was predestined to it by their own Decree. *Erinnys* the Goddess of Venge-

S T R O.

STROPHE III.

But with a fierce avenging Eye
Erinnys the foul Murder view'd,
 And bade his warring Offspring die,
 By mutual Rage subdu'd.
 Pierc'd by his Brother's hateful Steel
 Thus haughty *Polynices* fell.

[9] *Thersander*, born to calmer Days,
 Surviv'd his falling Sire,
 In youthful Games to win immortal Praise;
 Renown in martial Combats to acquire,
 And high in Pow'r th' *Adrastian* House to raise.
 Forth from this venerable Root

[1] *Ænesidamus* and his *Theron* spring;
 For whom I touch my *Dorian* Flute,
 For whom triumphant strike my sounding String.
 Due to his Glory is th' *Aonian* Strain,
 Whose Virtue gain'd the Prize in fam'd *Olympia's* Plain.

ance observed the Murder, as the Poet expresses it, and, to revenge it, stirred up that Discord between his two Sons *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, that they slew each other in Battle.

[9] *Thersander* was the Son of *Polynices* by *Argia* the Daughter of *Adrastus*, whence Mention is here made of the *Adrastian* House, which he is said to have raised, because he afterwards revenged upon the *Thebans*, the Injuries and Disgrace that his Grandfather *Adrastus* had suffered before *Thebes*, when he came to the Assistance of *Polynices*. *Thersander* was one of those Heroes, who went to the War of *Troy*.

[1] *Ænesidamus* was the Father of *Theron*.

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE III.

Alone in fam'd *Olympia's* Sand
 The Victor's Chaplet *Theron* wore;
 But with him on the *Isthmian* Strand,
 On sweet *Castalia's* Shore,
 The verdant Crowns, the proud Reward
 Of Victory his [2] Brother shar'd,
 Copartner in immortal Praise,
 As warm'd with equal Zeal
 The light-foot Courser's gen'rous Breed to raise,
 And whirl around the Goal the fervid Wheel.
 The painful Strife *Olympia's* Wreath repays:
 But Wealth with nobler Virtue join'd
 The Means and fair Occasions must procure;
 In Glory's Chace must aid the Mind,
 Expence, and Toil, and Danger to endure;
 With mingling Rays they feed each other's Flame,
 And shine the brightest Lamp in all the Sphere of Fame.

EPODE III.

The happy Mortal, who these Treasures shares,
 Well knows what Fate attends his gen'rous Cares;
 Knows, that beyond the Verge of Life and Light,
 In the sad Regions of infernal Night,

[2] *Xenocrates*. The *Isthmian* Games were celebrated at the *Isthmus* of *Corinth*, whence they took their Name; and the *Pythian* Games were celebrated upon the Banks of the River *Castalia*. The *Isthmian* Crown was composed either of Parsley, or the Branches of the Pine-

The fierce, impracticable, churlish Mind
 Avenging Gods and penal Woes shall find;
 Where strict inquiring Justice shall bewray
 The Crimes committed in the Realms of Day.
 The impartial Judge the rigid Law declares,
 No more to be revers'd by Penitence or Pray'rs.

S T R O P H E IV.

But in the happy Fields of Light,
 Where *Phæbus* with an equal Ray
 Illuminates the balmy Night,
 And gilds the cloudless Day,
 In peaceful, unmolested Joy,
 The Good their smiling Hours employ.
 Them no uneasy Wants constrain
 To vex th' ungrateful Soil;
 To tempt the Dangers of the billowy Main,
 And break their Strength with unabating Toil,
 A frail disastrous Being to maintain.
 But in their joyous calm Abodes,
 The Recompence of Justice they receive;
 And in the Fellowship of Gods
 Without a Tear eternal Ages live.
 While banish'd by the Fates from Joy and Rest,
 Intolerable Woes the impious Soul infest.

Tree; (for they were both used at different times) and the *Pythias*
 Crown was made of Laurel.

A N T I-

ANTISTROPHE IV.

But they who, in true Virtue strong,

[3] The third Purgation can endure;

And keep their Minds from fraudulent Wrong,

And Guilt's Contagion pure;

They through the starry Paths of *Jove*

To *Saturn's* blissful Seat remove;

Where fragrant Breezes, vernal Airs,

Sweet Children of the Main,

Purge the blest Island from corroding Cares,

And fan the Bosom of each verdant Plain:

Whose fertile Soil immortal Fruitage bears;

Trees, from whose flaming Branches flow

Array'd in golden Bloom refulgent Beams;

And Flow'rs of golden Hue, that blow

On the fresh Borders of their Parent Streams.

These by the Blest in solemn Triumph worn,

Their unpolluted Hands and clust'ring Locks adorn.

[3] *Pindar* in this follows the Opinion of *Pythagoras*, who held the Transmigration of the Soul; according to which Doctrine, the several Bodies, into which the Soul passes successively, were so many Purgatories, that served to purify and refine it by Degrees, till it was at last rendered fit to enter into the *Fortunate Islands*, the Paradise of the Ancients, as I said before; about which nothing can be written but Conjectures, with which it is not necessary to trouble the Reader. The Greek Words imply a State of Probation in the other World as well as this; concerning which, therefore, and this Doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls, the Reader may consult the Sixth Book of *Virgil*; and the Third Book of *Ælian's V. Hist.* l. 18. for the History of these *Fortunate Islands*, as also the Fourth Book of the *Odysse*. &c. I must ob-

E P O D E.

E P O D E IV.

Such is the righteous Will, the high Behest
 Of *Rhadamanthus*, Ruler of the Blest;
 The just Assessor of the Throne divine,
 On which, high rais'd above all Gods, recline,
 Link'd in the Golden Bands of wedded Love,
 The great Progenitors of Thund'ring *Jove*.
 There, in the Number of the Blest enroll'd,
 Live *Cadmus*, *Peleus*, Heroes fam'd of old;
 And young *Achilles*, to those Isles remov'd,
 Soon as, by *Thetis* won, relenting *Jove* approv'd:

S T R O P H E V.

Achilles, whose resistless Might
Troy's stable Pillar overthrew,
 The valiant *Hector*, firm in Fight,
 And hardy *Cygnus* slew,
 And *Memnon*, Offspring of the Morn,
 In torrid *Æthiopia* born——
 Yet in my well-stor'd Breast remain
 Materials to supply

With copious Argument my Moral Strain,
 [4] Whose mystick Sense the Wise alone descry,
 Still to the Vulgar sounding harsh and vain.

serve, that *Saturn* and his Wife *Rhea*, the Progenitors of *Jupiter*, are, according to the Heathen Mythology, very properly made to preside in these Islands, since, under their Government upon Earth, the World enjoyed that State of Innocence, which the Poets signify by the Golden Age.

[4] From this Passage it is evident, that *Pindar* had fallen under the He

ODE II. OF PINDAR.

31

He only, in whose ample Breast
 Nature hath true inherent Genius pour'd,
 The Praise of Wisdom may contest;
 Not they who, with loquacious Learning stor'd,
 Like Crows and chatt'ring Jays, with clam'rous Cries
 Pursue the Bird of *Jove*, that sails along the Skies.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Come on! thy brightest Shafts prepare,
 And bend, O Muse, thy sounding Bow;
 Say, through what Paths of liquid Air
 Our Arrows shall we throw?

As if of some Criticks or Rivals, who, proud of their Learning, had objected to him the want of it, and had censured him, in all likelihood, for his frequent using of Moral Sentences, Historical Allusions, and figurative Expressions; which, together with the many and long Digressions, and the sudden Transition from one Point to another, so observable in all his Compositions, rendered them, as they pretended, intricate and obscure. All this Charge *Pindar*, like a Poet of Spirit, answers with a thorough Contempt of his Adversaries; whom, notwithstanding all their boasted Learning, he ranks with the Vulgar; and, conscious of the Superiority of Genius over Art (which I suppose is here chiefly meant by Learning) compares himself, with a noble Arrogance, to an Eagle sailing along the Sky, and pursued by a Parcel of Crows and Jays, who follow him at a Distance with great Noise and Clamour, but can neither reach nor obstruct his Flight: A proper Image of the Impotence and Malice of Criticks and Pedants in all times, though it must be confessed, there are few Poets to be found, that can answer the other Part of the Comparison. The Scholiast tells us, that the learned Persons hinted at by *Pindar* in this Passage, were *Bacchylides* and *Simonides*.

On

On *Agrigentum* fix thine Eye,
 Thither let all thy Quiver fly.
 And thou, O *Agrigentum*, hear,
 While with religious Dread,
 And taught the Laws of Justice to revere,
 To heav'nly Vengeance I devote my Head,
 If aught to Truth repugnant now I swear,
 Swear, that no State, revolving o'er
 The long Memorials of recorded Days,
 Can shew in all her boasted Store
 A Name to parallel thy *Theron's* Praise;
 One to the Acts of Friendship so inclin'd,
 So fam'd for bounteous Deeds, and Love of Human Kind.

E P O D E V.

[5] Yet hath obstreperous Envy sought to drown
 The goodly Musick of his sweet Renown;
 While by some frantick Spirits borne along
 To mad Attempts of Violence and Wrong,
 She turn'd against him Faction's raging Flood,
 And strove with evil Deeds to conquer Good.

[5] By these frantick Spirits the Poet means *Capys* and *Hippocrates*,
 two Kinsmen of *Theron*, from whom they had received many Obligations;
 but not being able to endure the Lustre of his Glory and Power,
 they made War upon him; and met with the due Reward of their Treachery and Malice. *Theron* fought with them near *Himera*,
 and overthrew them.

But

But who can number ev'ry fandy Grain
Wash'd by *Sicilia's* hoarse-resounding Main?
Or who can *Theron's* gen'rous Works exprefs,
And tell how many Hearts his bounteous Virtues blefs!



THE THIRD
OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is likewise inscribed to *Theron* King of *Agrigentum*, upon the Occasion of another Victory obtained by him in the Chariot-Race at *Olympia*; the Date of which is unknown.

A R G U M E N T.

The Scholiast acquaints us, that as Theron was celebrating the Theoxenia, (a Festival instituted by Castor and Pollux in Honour of all the Gods) he received the News of a Victory obtained by his Chariot in the Olympick Games: From this Circumstance the Poet takes Occasion to address this Ode to those two Deities and their Sister Helena, in whose Temple, the same Scholiast informs us, some People with greatest Probability conjectured, it was sung, at a solemn Sacrifice there offered by Theron to those Deities, and to Hercules also, as may be inferred from a Passage in the third Strophe of the Translation. But there is another, and a more poetical Propriety in Pindar's invoking these Divinities, that is suggested in the Ode itself: for, after mentioning the Occasion of his composing it, namely, the Olympick Victory of Theron, and saying that a triumphal

Song

Song was a Tribute due to that Person, upon whom the Hellanodick, or Judge of the Games, bestowed the sacred Olive, according to the Institution of their first Founder Hercules, he proceeds to relate the fabulous, but legendary Story, of that Hero's having brought that Plant originally from Scythia, the Country of the Hyperboreans, to Olympia; having planted it there near the Temple of Jupiter, and ordered that the Victors in those Games should, for the future, be crowned with the Branches of this sacred Tree. To this he adds, that Hercules, upon his being removed to Heaven, appointed the Twin-Brothers, Castor and Pollux, to celebrate the Olympick Games, and execute the Office of bestowing the Olive-Crown upon those who obtained the Victory; and now, continues Pindar, he comes a propitious Guest to this Sacrifice of Theron, in Company with the two Sons of Leda, who, to reward the Piety and Zeal of Theron and his Family, have given them Success and Glory; to the utmost Limits of which he insinuates that Theron is arrived, and so concludes with affirming, that it would be in vain for any Man, wise or unwise, to attempt to surpass him.

To THERON King of *Agrigentum*.

STROPHE I.

WHILE to the Fame of [1] *Agragas* I sing,
 For *Theron* wake th' *Olympick* String,
 And with *Aonian* Garlands grace
 His Steeds unwearied in the Race,
 O may the hospitable Twins of *Jove*,
 And bright-hair'd [2] *Helena* the Song approve!
 For this the Muse bestow'd her Aid,
 As in new Measures I essay'd
 To harmonize the tuneful Words,
 And set to *Dorian* Airs my sounding Chords.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo! the conqu'ring Steeds, [3] whose tossing Heads
Olympia's verdant Wreath bespreads,
 The Muse-imparted Tribute claim,
 Due, *Theron*, to thy glorious Name;

[1] *Agragas*] The Greek Name for *Agrigentum*.

[2] *Helena* was Sister to *Castor* and *Pollux*, and worshipped together with them, as appears from this Passage. *Castor* and *Pollux* are here styled *hospitable* upon account of their having instituted the *Theoxenia*, which properly implies a Festival, or Feast, to which all the Gods were invited.

[3] *Whose tossing Heads, &c.*] That the victorious Horses, as well as the Charioteer, and the Owner of the Chariot, were honoured with an *Olympick* Crown, I have already observed in the *Dissertation*: If we suppose the victorious Horses of *Theron* to have made part of the Trium-

And

And bid me temper in their Master's Praise
The Flute, the warbling Lyre, and melting Lays,

Lo! *Pifa* too the Song requires!

Elean Pifa, that inspires

The glowing Bard with eager Care

[4] His Heav'n-directed Present to prepare:

E P O D E I.

The Present offer'd to his virtuous Fame,

On whose ennobled Brows,

The righteous Umpire of the sacred Game,

[5] Th' *Ætolian* Judge bestows

The darksome Olive, studious to fulfill

The mighty Founder's Will.

phal Procession, that upon this Occasion marched to the Temple of *Castor* and *Pollux*, who, as the Scholiast tells us from *Aristarchus*, were held in great Honour at *Agrigentum*; we shall see, what I have more than once observed, that *Pindar* takes many Hints from the Circumstances of the several Countries, Temples, Solemnities, &c. in which his Odes were to be sung. The not attending to this has probably been the Cause not only of over-looking many Beauties in this great Poet, but of charging him also with many Improprieties and Extravagances he is by no means guilty of.

[4] *His heav'n-directed Present, &c.*] The poetical Presents made to the *Olympick* Conquerors are by *Pindar* styled *heav'n-directed* [*θεομωγοι*] because, says the younger Scholiast, the Victories, which gave Occasion to them, proceed from the Direction and Appointment of Heaven.

[5] *Th' Ætolian Judge*] One *Oxylus* an *Ætolian* having conducted the *Heraclidæ*, when they returned into *Peloponnesus*, received from them, by way of Recompence, the Government of the *Eleans*, who from him were afterwards called *Ætolians*, as the younger Scholiast informs us. *Th' Ætolian Judge* therefore, in this Place denotes the

38 OLYMPICK ODES ODE III.

Who this fair Ensign of *Olympick* Toil
From distant *Scythia's* fruitful Soil,
And [6] *Hyperborean Ister's* woody Shore,
With fair Entreaties gain'd, to *Grecian Elis* bore.

S T R O P H E II.

The blameless Servants of the * *Delphick* God * *Apollo*,
With Joy the valued Gift bestow'd ;
Mov'd by the friendly Chief to grant,
On Terms of Peace, the sacred Plant ;

Hellanodick, or President of the *Olympick* Games, who was always chosen from among the *Eleans*, as I have shewn at large in the *Dissertation*.

[6] *Hyperborean Ister*.] Concerning the Situation and Country of the *Hyperboreans*, there are so many inconsistent Fables among the Ancients, that the modern Geographers have given over all Hopes of reconciling them. *Pindar* here places them about the Fountains or Springs of the *Danube*, a River, in his Time, almost as little known as the *Hyperboreans* ; whom, in his Tenth *Pythian* Ode, he describes as a most happy People, subject neither to Diseases nor old Age : in short, this Country was an ideal Region, existing only in the Imagination of the Poets, who for that Reason were at Liberty to place it in what Climate, and fill it with what People and Plants they thought proper. It is therefore to no Purpose to inquire whether the Olive will grow in any Country about the *Danube* ; since there are so many other Circumstances relating to the *Hyperboreans*, that will not suit with any People or any Climate of the known World. The Olive, from whence the *Olympick* Crowns were taken, was had in great Veneration by the *Eleans*, who adopted and sanctified the Tradition here mentioned by *Pindar*, as far as relates to the transplanting the Olive from the Country of the *Hyperboreans* ; for the *Hercules*, to whom this is attributed, seems by *Pausanias's* Account, to have been the *Idæan Hercules* ; who was much more ancient than the *Theban Hercules* to whom *Pindar* here ascribes the Honour of this Exploit,

Destin'd

Destin'd at once to shade *Jove's* honour'd Shrine
 And crown Heroick Worth with Wreaths Divine.
 For now full-orb'd the wand'ring Moon
 In plenitude of Brightness shone,
 And on the spacious Eye of Night
 Pour'd all the Radiance of her golden Light:

* *Apollo.*

ANTISTROPHE II.

Now on *Jove's* Altars blaz'd the hallow'd Flames,
 And now were fix'd the mighty Games,
 Again, when e'er the circling Sun
 Four times his annual Course had run,
 Their Period to renew, and shine again
 On *Alpheus'* craggy Shores and *Pisa's* Plain:
 But subject all the Region lay
 To the fierce Sun's insulting Ray,
 While upon *Pelops'* burning Vale
 No Shade arose his Fury to repell.

EPODE II.

Then traversing the Hills, whose jutting Base
 Indents *Arcadia's* Meads,
 To where the Virgin Goddess of the Chace
 Impells her foaming Steeds,
 To *Scythian Ister* he directs his Way,
 Doom'd by his Father to obey
 The rigid Pleasures of *Mycenæ's* King,
 And thence the rapid Hind to bring,

C 4

Whom,

Whom, sacred Present for the *Orthian* Maid,
With Horns of branching Gold, *Tajgeta* array'd.

S T R O P H E III.

There as the longsome Chace the Chief pursu'd,
The spacious *Scythian* Plains he view'd;
A Land beyond the chilling Blast,
And Northern Caves of *Boreas* cast:
There too the Groves of Olive he survey'd,
And gaz'd with Rapture on the pleasing Shade,
Thence by the wond'ring Hero borne
The Goals of *Elis* to adorn.
And now to *Theron's* sacred Feast
With *Leda's* Twins he comes, propitious Guest!

A N T I S T R O P H E III.

To *Leda's* Twins (when Heav'n's divine Abodes
He fought, and mingled with the Gods)
He gave th' illustrious Games to hold,
And crown the Swift, the Strong, and Bold.
Then, Muse, to *Theron* and his House proclaim
The joyous Tidings of Success and Fame,
By *Leda's* Twins bestow'd to grace,
Emmenides, thy pious Race,
Who mindful of Heav'n's high Behests
With strictest Zeal observe their Holy Feasts.

E P O D E III.

As Water's vital Streams all Things surpass,
 As Gold's all-worship'd Ore
 Holds amid Fortune's Stores the highest Class;
 So to that distant Shore,
 To where the Pillars of *Alcides* rise,
 Fame's utmost Boundaries,
Theron pursuing his successful Way,
 Hath deck'd with Glory's brightest Ray
 His Lineal Virtues.—Farther to attain,
 Wise, and Unwise, with me despair: th' Attempt were vain.



THE

THE FIFTH

OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to *Psaumis* of *Camarina* (a Town in *Sicily*) who, in the Eighty second *Olympiad*, obtained Three Victories; one in the Race of Chariots drawn by Four Horses; a second in the Race of the *Apené*, or Chariot drawn by Mules, and a third in the Race of Single Horses.

Some People (it seems) have doubted, whether this Ode be *Pindar's*, for certain Reasons, which together with the Arguments on the other Side, the learned Reader may find in the *Oxford* Edition and others of this Author; where it is clearly proved to be genuine. But besides the Reasons there given for doubting if this Ode be *Pindar's*, there is another (though not mentioned, as I know of, by any one) which may have helped to bias People in their Judgment upon this Question. I shall therefore beg leave to consider it a little, because what I shall say upon that Head, will tend to illustrate both the Meaning and the Method of *Pindar* in this Ode. In the *Greek* Editions of this Author there are Two Odes (of which this is the second) inscribed to the same *Psaumis*, and dated both in the same *Olympiad*. But they differ from each

each other in several Particulars, as well in the Matter as the Manner. In the Second Ode, Notice is taken of Three Victories obtained by *Psaumis*; in the First, of only One, *viz.* that obtained by him in the Race of Chariots drawn by Four Horses: In the Second, not only the City of *Camarina*, but the Lake of the same Name, many Rivers adjoining to it, and some Circumstances relating to the present State, and the rebuilding of that City (which had been destroyed by the *Syracusians* some Years before) are mentioned; whereas in the First, *Camarina* is barely named, as the Country of the Conqueror, and as it were out of Form: From all which I conclude, that these two Odes were composed to be sung at different Times, and in different Places. The First at *Olympia*, immediately upon *Psaumis's* being proclaimed Conqueror in the Chariot-Race, and before he obtained his other two Victories. This may with great Probability be inferred as well from no mention being there made of those two Victories, as from the Prayer which the Poet subjoins immediately to his Account of the First, *viz.* that Heaven would in like Manner be favourable to the rest of the Victor's Wishes; which Prayer, though it be in general Words, and one frequently used by *Pindar* in other of his Odes, yet has a peculiar Beauty and Propriety, if taken to relate to the other Two Exercises, in which *Psaumis* was still

still to contend; and in which he afterwards came off victorious. That it was the Custom for a Conqueror, at the Time of his being proclaimed, to be attended by a Chorus, who sung a Song of Triumph in Honour of his Victory, I have observed in the *Dissertation* prefixed to these Odes. In the Second, there are so many Marks of its having been made to be sung at the triumphal Entry of *Psaumis* into his own Country, and those so evident, that, after this Hint given, the Reader cannot help observing them, as he goes through the Ode. I shall therefore say nothing more of them in this Place; but that they tend, by shewing for what Occasion this Ode was calculated, to confirm what I said relating to the other; and jointly with that to prove, that there is no reason to conclude from there being two Odes inscribed to the same Person, and dated in the same *Olympiad*, that the latter is not *Pindar's*, especially as it appears, both in the Style and Spirit, altogether worthy of him.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet begins with addressing himself to Camarina, a Sea Nymph, from whom the City and Lake were both named, to bespeak a favourable Reception of his Ode, a Present which he tells her was made to her by Psaumis, who rendered her City illustrious at the Olympick Games; where having ob-

tained

tained Three Victories, he consecrated his Fame to Camarina, by ordering the Herald, when he proclaimed him Conqueror, to style him of that City. This he did at Olympia; but now, continues Pindar, upon his coming home, he is more particular, and inserts in his triumphal Song the Names of the principal Places and Rivers belonging to Camarina: from whence the Poet takes occasion to speak of the rebuilding of that City, which was done about this Time, and of the State of Glory, to which, out of her low and miserable Condition, she was now brought by the means of Psaumis, and by the Lustre cast on her by his Victories; Victories (says he) not to be obtained without much Labour and Expence, the usual Attendants of great and glorious Actions; but the Man who succeeded in such like Undertakings, was jure to be rewarded with the Love and Approbation of his Country. The Poet then addresses himself to Jupiter in a Prayer, beseeching him to adorn the City and State of Camarina with Virtue and Glory; and to grant to the Victor Psaumis a joyful and contented Old Age, and the Happiness of dying before his Children: after which he concludes with an Exhortation to Psaumis to be contented with his Condition; which he insinuates was as happy as that of a Mortal could be, and it was to no Purpose for him to wish to be a God.

STROPHE.

FAIR Camarina, Daughter of the Main,
With gracious Smiles this Choral Song receive,
Sweet Fruit of virtuous Toils; whose noble Strain
Shall to th' Olympick Wreath new Lustre give:

This

This *Psaumis*, whom on *Alpheus*' Shore
 With unabating Speed
 The harness'd Mules to Conquest bore,
 This Gift to Thee decreed;
 Thee, *Camarina*, whose well-peopled Tow'rs
 Thy *Psaumis* render'd great in Fame,
 When to the [1] Twelve *Olympian* Pow'rs
 He fed with Victims the triumphal Flame.
 When, the double Altars round,
 Slaughter'd Bulls bestrew'd the Ground;
 When, on [2] Five selected Days,
Jove survey'd the Lists of Praise;
 While along the dusty Course
Psaumis urg'd his straining Horse,
 Or beneath the social Yoke
 Made the well-match'd Courfers smoke;
 Or around th' *Elean* Goal
 Taught his Mule-drawn Carr to roll.
 Then did the Victor dedicate his Fame
 To Thee, [3] and bade the Herald's Voice proclaim
 Thy new-establish'd Walls, and *Acron*'s honour'd Name.

[1] It was usual for the Conqueror to offer a Sacrifice on each of the six Altars, which were consecrated by *Hercules* to Twelve Gods, who were worshipped, Two at each Altar, as I have already observed in the *Dissertation*.

[2] The Games began on the Eleventh Day of the Month, and ended on the Sixteenth.

[3] *Camarina* was the Country of *Psaumis*, and *Acron* was his Father, both of which were constantly specified in every Proclamation of Victory, together with the Name of the Conqueror.

A N T I-

ANTISTROPHE.

But now return'd from where the pleasant Seat

[4] Once of *Oenomaus* and *Pelops* stood,

[5] Thee, *Civick Pallas*, and thy chaste Retreat,

He bids me sing, and fair *Oanus*' Flood,

And *Camarina*'s sleeping Wave,

And those sequestred Shores,

Through which the thirsty Town to lave

Smooth flow the watry Stores

[6] Of fishy *Hipparis*, profoundest Stream,

Adown whose Wood-envelop'd Tide

The solid Pile, and lofty Beam,

Materials for the future Palace, glide.

Thus by War's rude Tempests torn,

Plung'd in Misery and Scorn,

Once again, with Pow'r array'd,

Camarina lifts her Head,

Gayly bright'ning in the Blaze,

Psaumis, of thy hard-earn'd Praise.

[4] *Oenomaus*, and after him *Pelops*, was King of *Elis*; so that by this Periphrasis the Poet means no more than that *Psaumis* being returned from *Elis*, &c.

[5] *Minerva* was reckoned to preside over all Cities, and had therefore a Temple built to her in the Citadel, as at *Athens*, *Sparta*, and here at *Camarina*, whence she was styled *πολις ἑὸς Ἀθάνα*, *Urbis Præses*, or *Custos Minerva*, which I have translated *Civick Pallas*.

[6] This River was of great Service to the Citizens of *Camarina*, as it not only supplied them with Water and Fish in Abundance, but with a sort of Mud, which they used in making of Bricks; and with Timber for rebuilding their Town. This it seems was cut in the Woods
Trouble,

Trouble, Care, Expence attend
 Him, who labours to ascend
 Where, approaching to the Skies,
 Virtue holds the sacred Prize,
 That tempts him to atchieve the dangerous Deed:
 But, if his well-concerted Toils succeed,
 His Country's just Applause shall be his glorious Meed.

E P O D E

O *Jove!* Protector of Mankind!
 O Cloud-enthroned King of Gods!
 Who on the *Cronian* Mount reclin'd,
 With Honour crown'ft the wide-stream'd Floods
 Of *Alpheus*, and the solemn Gloom
 Of *Ida's* Cave! to thee I come
 Thy Suppliant, to soft *Lydian* Reeds,
 Sweet breathing forth my tuneful Pray'r,
 That, grac'd with noble, valiant Deeds,
 This State may prove thy Guardian Care;
 And Thou, on whose victorious Brow
Olympia bound the sacred Bough,
 Thou whom *Neptunian* Steeds delight,
 With Age, Content, and Quiet crown'd,
 Calm may'ft thou sink to endless Night,
 Thy Children, *Psaumis*, weeping round.

that grew upon the Banks of this River, into which it was thrown,
 and by the Stream conveyed to *Camarina*, without the Trouble of load-
 ing it in Boats or Barges.

And

[9] And since the Gods have giv'n thee Fame and Wealth,
Join'd with that Prime of Earthly Treasures, Health,
Enjoy the Blessings they to Man assign,
Nor fondly sigh for Happiness divine.

ed:

eed.

[9] The Thought contained in these four last Lines is so like one
that shall be mentioned in the Notes upon the next Ode, that I think it
proper to refer the Reader thither, for a fuller Illustration of it.

1 Flood

as thrown,
ble of load-

And

VOL. I

D

THE

THE SEVENTH

OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to *Diagoras*, the Son of *Damagetus*, of *Rhodes*, who, in the Seventy ninth *Olympiad*, obtained the Victory in the Exercise of the *Cæstus*.

This Ode was in such Esteem among the Ancients, that it was deposited in a Temple of *Minerva*, written in Letters of Gold.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet begins this noble Song of Triumph with a Simile, by which he endeavours to shew his great Esteem for those who obtain the Victory in the Olympick and other Games; as also the Value of the Present, that he makes them upon that Occasion; a Present always acceptable, because Fame and Praise is that which delights all Mortals; wherefore the Muse, says he, is perpetually looking about for proper Objects to bestow it upon; and seeing the great Actions of *Diagoras*, takes up a Resolution of celebrating Him, the Isle of *Rhodes* his Country, and his Father *Damagetus* (according to the Form observed by the Herald in proclaiming the Conquerors, which I mentioned in the Notes upon the last Ode) *Damagetus*, and consequently *Diagoras*, being descended from *Tlepolemus*, who led over a Colony of Grecians from

Argos

Argos to Rhodes, where he settled, and obtained the Dominion of that Island. From Tlepolemus, therefore, Pindar declares he will deduce his Song; which he addresses to all the Rhodians in common with Diagoras, who were descended from Tlepolemus, or from those Grecians that came over with him; that is, almost all the People of Rhodes, who indeed are as much (if not more) interested in the greatest Part of this Ode, as Diagoras the Conqueror. Pindar accordingly relates the Occasion of Tlepolemus's coming to Rhodes, which he tells us was in Obedience to an Oracle, that commanded him to seek out that Island; which, instead of telling us its Name, Pindar, in a more poetical Manner, characterises by relating of it some Legendary Stories (if I may so speak) that were peculiar to the Isle of Rhodes; such as the Golden Shower, and the Occasion of Apollo's chusing that Island for himself; both which Stories he relates at large with such a Flame of Poetry, as shews his Imagination to have been extremely heated and elevated with his Subjects. Neither does he seem to cool in the short Account that he gives, in the next Place, of the Passion of Apollo for the Nymph Rhodos, from whom the Island received its Name, and from whom were descended its original Inhabitants (whom just before the Poet therefore called the Sons of Apollo) and particularly the three Brothers, Camirus, Lindus, and Jalyfus; who divided that Country into three Kingdoms, and built the three principal Cities, which retained their Names. In this Island Tlepolemus (says the Poet, returning to the Story of that Hero) found

Rest, and a Period to all his Misfortunes, and at length grew into such Esteem with the Rhodians, that they worshipped him as a God, appointing Sacrifices to him, and instituting Games in his Honour. The Mention of those Games naturally brings back the Poet to Diagoras, and gives him Occasion, from the Two Victories obtained by Diagoras in those Games, to enumerate all the Prizes won by that famous Conqueror in all the Games of Greece: after which Enumeration he begs of Jupiter, in a solemn Prayer, to grant Diagoras the Love of his Country, and the Admiration of all the World, as a Reward for the many Virtues for which he and his Family had always been distinguished, and for which their Country had so often triumphed: and then, as if he had been a Witness of the extravagant Transports of the Rhodians (to which, not the Festival only occasioned by the triumphal Entry of their Countryman, and the Glory reflected upon them by his Victories, but much more the flattering and extraordinary Eulogiums bestowed upon the whole Nation in this Ode, might have given Birth) the Poet on a sudden changes his Hand, and checks their Pride by a moral Reflection on the Vicissitude of Fortune, with which he exhorts them to Moderation, and so concludes.

HEROICK STANZAS.

I.

AS when a Father in the golden Vase,
The Pride and Glory of his wealthy Stores,
Bent his lov'd Daughter's nuptial Torch to grace,
The Vineyard's purple Dews profusely pours;

II. The

II.

Then to his Lips the foaming Chalice rears,
 With Blessings hallow'd and auspicious Vows,
 And mingling with the Draught transporting Tears,
 On the young Bridegroom the rich Gift bestows;

III.

The precious Earnest of Esteem sincere,
 Of friendly Union and connubial Love:
 The bridal Train the sacred Pledge revere,
 And round the Youth in sprightly Measures move.

IV.

He to his Home the valu'd Present bears,
 The Grace and Ornament of future Feasts;
 Where, as his Father's Bounty he declares,
 Wonder shall seize the gratulating Guests.

V.

Thus on the Valiant, on the Swift, and Strong,
Castalia's genuine Nectar I bestow;
 And pouring forth the Muse-descended Song,
 Bid to their Praises the rich Numbers flow.

VI.

Grateful to them resounds th' harmonick Ode,
 The Gift of Friendship and the Pledge of Fame.
 Happy the Mortal, whom th' *Aonian* God
 Cheers with the Musick of a glorious Name!

VII.

The Muse her piercing Glances throws around,
 And quick discovers ev'ry worthy Deed:
 And now she wakes the Lyre's enchanting Sound,
 Now fills with various Strains the vocal Reed:

VIII.

But here each Instrument of Song divine,
 The vocal Reed and Lyre's enchanting String
 She tunes, and bids their Harmony combine
 Thee, and thy *Rhodes*, *Diagoras*, to sing;

IX.

Thee and thy Country [1] native of the Flood,
 Which from bright *Rhodos* draws her honour'd Name,
 Fair Nymph, whose Charms subdu'd the *Delphick* God,
 Fair blooming Daughter of the *Cyprian* Dame:

[1] This, and the other Particulars mentioned in this Stanza, will be farther explained by *Pindar* himself, in the Sequel of this Ode, of which he hath given us a kind of Summary, or short Contents, so that I shall detain the Reader no longer than to tell him, that there are different Genealogies of the Nymph *Rhodos*, whom *Pindar* makes the Daughter of *Venus*, and Consort of the Sun; for which latter, those who would allegorize all the Fables of the Ancients, give for a Reason, that there is no Day in the Year so cloudy, that the Sun does not shine upon that Island,

X. To

X.

To sing thy Triumphs in th' *Olympick* Sand,
 Where *Alpheus* saw thy [2] Giant-Temples crown'd;
 Fam'd *Pythia* too proclaim'd thy conqu'ring Hand,
 Where sweet [3] *Castalia's* mystick Currents found.

XI.

Nor *Damagetus* will I pass unsung,
 Thy Sire, the Friend of Justice and of Truth;
 From noble Ancestors whose Lineage sprung,
 The Chiefs who led to *Rhodes* the *Argive* Youth.

XII.

There near to *Asia's* wide-extended Strand,
 Where jutting [4] *Embolus* the Waves divides,
 [5] In three Divisions they possess'd the Land,
 Enthron'd amid the hoarse-resounding Tides.

[2] The Epithet of Giant belongs very justly to *Diagoras*, who was Six Feet Five Inches high, as shall be shewn in the last Note upon this Ode.

[3] *Castalia* is a River that runs at the Foot of Mount *Parnassus*, sacred to the Muses, whose Murmurs were esteemed to be oraculous. Upon the Banks of this River the *Pythian* Games were celebrated.

[4] The Name of a Temple, or rather of a Promontory in *Lycia*, so called from its running out into the Sea, like the Head or Beak of a Ship.

[5] Before *Tlepolemus*, the Son of *Hercules*, led a Colony of *Grecians* to *Rhodes*, that Island was inhabited by the Children of the Sun, or *Apollo*, and the Nymph *Rhodos*, as we learn in this very Ode; so that there were two sorts of Inhabitants of two different Races in this Island, both of which the Poet has the Address to interest in this Song

XIII.

To their Descendants will I tune my Lyre,
 The Offspring of *Alcides* bold and strong,
 And from *Tlepolemus*, their common Sire,
 Deduce the national historick Song.

XIV.

Tlepolemus of great *Alcides* came,
 The Fruits of fair *Astydamêia*'s Love,
Jove-born *Amyntor* got the *Argive* Dame:
 So either Lineage is deriv'd from *Jove*.

XV.

But wrapt in Error is the human Mind,
 And human Bliss is ever insecure:
 Know we what Fortune yet remains behind?
 Know we how long the present shall endure?

of Triumph, by taking occasion from the Oracle delivered to *Tlepolemus*, to insert several Stories in Honour of the Old *Rhodians*, at the same Time that he seems to apply himself more particularly to the Descendants of *Tlepolemus*, and the *Argives*, who indeed were more nearly concerned, as they were originally of the same Race and Country with the Conqueror *Diagoras*. It will be necessary, for the better understanding the Order and Connection of the several Parts of this Ode, for the Reader to carry in his Memory this Distinction of the Two Races of Inhabitants, that at different Times compos'd the People of *Rhodes*. The Division of that Island into Three Districts seems to have been as old as the building of the Three Cities, *Lindus*, *Jalysus*, and *Camirus*, said by *Pindar* to have been built by the three Brothers, whose Names they bore: but *D. Siculus* makes *Tlepolemus* the Author of that Division, and the Founder of those three Cities. The History of *Tlepolemus*, (as far as it relates to the present Ode) is so fully told by *Pindar* himself, that it is needless to add any thing to it.

XVI. For

XVI.

For lo! the * Founder of the *Rhodian* State,
 Who from *Saturnian Jove* his Being drew,
 While his fell Bosom swell'd with vengeful Hate,
 The Bastard-brother of *Alcmena* flew.

XVII.

With his rude Mace, in fair *Tiryntha's* Walls,
Tlepolemus inflicts the horrid Wound :
 Ev'n at his Mother's Door *Licymnius* falls,
 Yet warm from her Embrace, and bites the Ground.

XVIII.

Passion may oft the wisest Heart surprize:
 Conscious and trembling for the murd'rous Deed,
 To *Delphi's* Oracle the Hero flies,
 Sollicitous to learn what Heav'n decreed.

XIX.

Him bright-hair'd *Phæbus*, from his od'rous Fane,
 Bade set his flying Sails from *Lerna's* Shore,
 And, in the Bosom of the Eastern Main,
 [6] That Sea-girt Region hasten to explore;

* *Tlepolemus.*

[6] *That Sea-girt Region bade him strait explore;*

That blissful Island, where a wond'rous Cloud

Once rain'd, at Jove's Command, a golden Show'r.]

From the Mention of this Golden Shower, *Pindar* starts into a particular Relation of that and some other Fables, if not invented, yet improved by him, in Honour of the *Rhodians*. These Fables, I say, were improved in all likelihood, if not invented by *Pindar*; for although

XX. That

XX.

That blifsful Island, where a wond'rous Cloud
 Once rain'd, at *Jove's* Command, a Golden Show'r;
 What Time, affifted by the *Lemnian* God,
 The King of Heav'n brought forth the Virgin Pow'r.

XXI.

By *Vulcan's* Art the Father's teeming Head
 Was open'd wide, and forth impetuous sprung,
 And shouted fierce and loud, the Warrior Maid:
 Old Mother Earth and Heav'n affrighted rung.

XXII.

Then *Hyperion's* Son, pure Fount of Day,
 Did to his Children the ftrange Tale reveal:
 He warn'd them ftrait the Sacrifice to flay,
 And worship the young Pow'r with earlieft Zeal.

that Part of the Story, in which we are told that the *Rhodians* were by their Father the Sun acquainted with the Birth of *Minerva*, and ordered to sacrifice to her immediately, be, as *Diod. Siculus* informs us, mentioned by the Historians, who treat of the Antiquities of *Rhodes*, and that Circumftance of the *Rhodians* forgetting in their Hurry to put Fire under their Victims, be, as the fame Author tells us, authenticated by a peculiar Ceremony used in his Time in *Rhodes* in their facred Myfteries, viz. the laying the Victim upon the Altar before the Fire is laid on; yet he feems to have had no better Authority for the Golden Shower, than a figurative Expreflion used by *Homer*, to denote the flourishing State of *Rhodes* in the Time of *Tlepolemus*. Il. 2.

Καί σφιν Διὰ πείσιον πλάττον καλέχευε Κρονίων.

Jove poured down upon them immense Riches. In like Manner, what he fays of *Minerva's* having upon this Occasion bestowed upon the *Rho-*

XXIII. So

XXIII.

So would they sooth the mighty Father's Mind,
 Pleas'd with the Honours to his Daughter paid;
 And so propitious ever would they find
Minerva, warlike, formidable Maid,

XXIV.

On staid Precaution, vigilant and wise,
 True Virtue, and true Happiness depend;
 But oft Oblivion's dark'ning Clouds arise,
 And from the destin'd Scope our Purpose bend.

XXV.

The *Rhodians*, mindful of their Sire's Behest,
 Strait in the Citadel an Altar rear'd;
 But with imperfect Rites the Pow'r address'd,
 And without Fire their Sacrifice prepar'd.

XXVI.

Yet *Jove* approving o'er th' Assembly spread
 A yellow Cloud, that drop'd with golden Dews;
 While in their op'ning Hearts the blue-ey'd Maid
 Deign'd her Celestial Science to infuse.

XXVII.

Thence in all Arts the Sons of *Rhodes* excel,
 Tho' best their forming Hands the Chissel guide;
 This in each Street the breathing Marbles tell,
 The Stranger's Wonder, and the City's Pride.

dians the Knowledge of all Kinds of Arts, particularly Statuary, is no
 other than a poetical Compliment to them upon their known Excel-
 lence in that Art, which from them was called the *Rhodian* Art.

XXVIII. Great



XXVIII.

[7] Great Praise the Works of *Rhodian* Artists find,
 Yet to their heav'nly Mistress much they owe;
 Since Art and Learning cultivate the Mind,
 And make the Seeds of Genius quicker grow.

XXIX.

[8] Some say, that when by Lot th' immortal Gods
 With *Jove* these earthly Regions did divide,
 All undiscover'd lay *Phæbean Rhodes*,
 Whelm'd deep beneath the salt *Carpathian* Tide;

[7] The Words of the Original in this Place are so obscure, that the Commentators are not agreed upon the Sense of them. The Interpretation I have put upon them is agreeable to the old Scholiast, and is rendered by *Horace*, the constant Imitator of this Author, in the following Verses,

*Doctrina sed vim promovet instam,
 Reliquæ cultus pectora roborant.*

[8] This Fable of *Apollo's* chusing for his Portion the Island of *Rhodes*, even while it yet lay at the Bottom of the Sea, was probably an Invention of *Pindar* himself, founded upon an old Tradition which *Diod. Siculus* relates, viz. That the *Telcbines*, the first Inhabitants of *Rhodes*, foreseeing an Inundation, forsook the Island, and were dispersed and scattered abroad. When the Flood came, it rose so high, that, besides destroying those that remained in the Island, all the flat and champion Part of the Country (with Showers that poured down continually) was like a standing Pool of Water: Some few that fled to the higher Ground were preserved, amongst whom were the Sons of *Jupiter*. But *Sol* (as the Story is) falling in Love with *Rhoda*, called the Island after her Name *Rhodes*, and cleared the Island of the Inundation: But the Truth (continues he) couched in the Fable is this: In the first Generation of all Things, when the Island lay in Mud and Dirt, the Sun dried up the Moisture, and made the Land productive of living Creatures;

XXX. That,

XXX.

That, absent on his Course, the God of Day
 By all the heav'nly Synod was forgot,
 Who, his incessant Labours to repay,
 Nor Land nor Sea to *Phæbus* did allot;

XXXI.

That *Jove* reminded would again renew
 Th' unjust Partition, but the God deny'd;
 And said, Beneath yon hoary Surge I view
 An Isle emerging thro' the briny Tide:

whence sprang the Seven *Heliades*, so called from the Sun [in Greek *Helios*] and other Men, the original Inhabitants. And hence it is that they account the Island to be consecrated to the Sun, and the *Rhodians* in After-times constantly worshipped the Sun above all other Gods, as the Parent from whence they first sprang.

By comparing this Account given us by *Diodorus*, with the pompous Fable formed upon it by *Pindar*, one may see how much of the Mythology of the *Greeks* was owing to the Invention of their Poets. That of *Pindar* in the Passage before us is truly great and noble. *Apollo's* discovering the Island while it lay as yet buried under the Waters of the Sea, and his foretelling the flourishing Condition to which it should afterwards arrive, are Circumstances every way suiting the Character of the Source of Light, and the great Seer of Heaven; as his demanding that Island for his Portion, preferable to any other Region that might fall to his Share in a new Allotment of the Kingdoms of the Earth offered him by *Jupiter*; and his requiring the Fates to ratify the Donation of it to him by an Oath, always deemed inviolable, are Strokes of the finest Flattery; so much the more pleasing to the *Rhodians*, as they corresponded exactly with the particular Worship paid by them to *Apollo*, and the Belief of their being his chosen and peculiar People.

XXXII.

A Region pregnant with the fertile Seed
 Of Plants, and Herbs, and Fruits, and foodful Grain;
 Each verdant Hill unnumber'd Flocks shall feed;
 Unnumber'd Men possess each flow'ry Plain.

XXXIII.

Then strait to *Lachesis* he gave Command,
 Who binds in Golden Cauls her Jetty Hair;
 He bade the fatal Sister stretch her Hand,
 And by the *Stygian* Rivers bade her swear;

XXXIV.

Swear to confirm the Thunderer's Decree,
 Which to his Rule that fruitful Island gave,
 When from the ouzy Bottom of the Sea
 Her Head she rear'd above the *Lycian* Wave.

XXXV.

The fatal Sister swore, nor swore in vain;
 Nor did the Tongue of *Delphi's* Prophet err;
 Up-sprung the blooming Island through the Main;
 And *Jove* on *Phæbus* did the Boon confer.

XXXVI.

In this fam'd Isle, the radiant Sire of Light,
 The God whose Reins the fiery Steeds obey,
 Fair *Rhodos* saw, and, kindling at the Sight,
 Seiz'd, and by Force enjoy'd the beauteous Prey:

XXXVII.

From whose divine Embraces sprung a Race
 Of Mortals, wisest of all Human-kind;
 Seven Sons, endow'd with ev'ry noble Grace;
 The noble Graces of a sapient Mind.

XXXVIII.

Of these *Ialysus* and *Lindus* came,
 Who with *Camirus* shar'd the *Rhodian* Lands;
 Apart they reign'd, and sacred to his Name
 Apart each Brother's Royal City stands.

XXXIX.

[9] Here a secure Retreat from all his Woes

**Astydameia's* hapless Offspring found;

**Tlepolemus,*

Here, like a God in undisturb'd Repose,

And like a God with heav'nly Honours crown'd,

[9] *Tlepolemus* becoming King of the *Rhodians* led a Body of them to the Siege of *Troy*, where he was slain by *Sarpedon*. But the *Rhodians* out of Regard to his Memory, as their King and the Founder of their State, brought his Bones back with them to *Rhodes*; where they also erected a Temple to him, and appointed an anniversary Celebration of Games in his Honour, the Prize in which was a Chaplet of white Poplar. The Mention of these Games brings *Pindar* back again to the Hero of this Ode, *Diagoras*; a List of whose Victories he here gives us, beginning with the Two obtained by him in his own Country, *Rhodes*, and ending with those, which he had gained at *Megara*, which were so many, says *Pindar*, that there was no other Name, but that of *Diagoras*, to be seen upon the Column, upon which, according to the Custom of that City, the Names of the Conquerors were engraved. He had before mentioned his *Pythian* and *Olympick* Victories. The

XL. His

XL.

His Priests and blazing Altars he surveys,
 And Hecatombs, that feed the od'rous Flame;
 With Games, Memorial of his deathless Praise;
 Where twice, *Diagoras*, unmatch'd in Fame,

XLI.

Twice on thy Head the livid Poplar shone,
 Mix'd with the darksome Pine, that binds the Brows
 Of *Isthmian* Victors, and the *Nemean* Crown,
 And ev'ry Palm that *Attica* bestows.

XLII.

Diagoras th' *Arcadian* Vase obtain'd;
Argos to him adjudg'd her Brazen Shield;
 His mighty Hands the *Theban* Tripod gain'd,
 And bore the Prize from each *Bæotian* Field.

XLIII.

Six Times in rough *Ægina* he prevail'd;
 As oft *Pellene's* Robe of Honour won;
 And still at *Megara* in vain assail'd,
 He with his Name hath fill'd the Victor's Stone.

Vase, the Brazen Shield, the Tripod, and the Robe, were all Prizes
 bestowed upon the Conquerors in the several Games here mentioned by
Pindar.

XLIV. O

XLIV.

[1] O Thou, who, high on *Atabyrius* thron'd,
 See'st from his Summits all this happy Isle,
 By thy Protection be my Labours crown'd ;
 Vouchsafe, *Saturnius*, on my Verse to smile !

XLV.

And grant to him, whose Virtue is my Theme,
 Whose valiant Heart th' *Olympick* Wreaths proclaim,
 At Home his Country's Favour and Esteem,
 Abroad, eternal, universal Fame.

XLVI.

For well to thee *Diagoras* is known ;
 Ne'er to Injustice have his Paths declin'd ;
 Nor from his Sires degenerates the Son ;
 Whose Precepts and Examples fire his Mind.

XLVII.

[2] Then from Obscurity preserve a Race,
 Who to their Country Joy and Glory give ;
 Their Country, that in them views ev'ry Grace,
 Which from their great Forefathers they receive.

[1] *Atabyrius* was a Mountain in *Rhodes*, on the Top of which was
 Temple of *Jupiter*.

[2] *Diagoras* himself lived to see this Prayer of his Poet accom-
 plished in the Glory of his Children. His Three Sons having, like
 him, obtained the *Olympick* Crown ; whose Statues together with that
 of their Father were erected at *Olympia* in the sacred Grove of *Jupiter*.
 The Statue of *Diagoras* was Six Feet and Five Inches high, as the

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XLVIII.

XL.

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XLIV. O

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 Nor from his Sires degenerates the Son ;
 Whose Precepts and Examples fire his Mind.

XLVII.

[2] Then from Obscurity preserve a Race,
 Who to their Country Joy and Glory give ;
 Their Country, that in them views ev'ry Grace,
 Which from their great Forefathers they receive.

[1] *Atabyrius* was a Mountain in *Rhodes*, on the Top of which was a Temple of *Jupiter*.

[2] *Diagoras* himself lived to see this Prayer of his Poet accomplished in the Glory of his Children. His Three Sons having, like him, obtained the *Olympick* Crown ; whose Statues together with that of their Father were erected at *Olympia* in the sacred Grove of *Jupiter*. The Statue of *Diagoras* was Six Feet and Five Inches high, as the

XLVIII.

Yet as the Gales of Fortune various blow,
 To-day tempestuous, and To-morrow fair,
 Due Bounds, ye *Rhodians*, let your Transports know ;
 Perhaps To-morrow comes a Storm of Care.

younger Scholiast of *Pindar* tells us : and, as the old Scholiast informs us, this was the very Height of *Diagoras* himself; so exact were the *Grecian* Statuaries. Next to *Diagoras* was placed also the Statue of his Grandson *Pisidorus*, the Son of *Callipatira*, who with his Brother, or Cousin-German, *Encles*, also had been honoured with the *Olympick* Crown.

Mr. *Bayle* in his Dictionary has an Article upon this *Diagoras*, in which he relates from *Pausanias* a famous Story of him, viz. That *Diagoras* having attended his Two Sons *Damagetus* and *Acusilaus* to the *Olympick* Games, and both the young Men having been proclaimed Conquerors, he was carried on the Shoulders of his Two victorious Sons through the midst of that great Assembly of the *Greeks*, who showered down Flowers upon him as he passed along, congratulating him upon the Glory of his Sons. Some Authors (adds Mr. *Bayle*) say, he was so transported upon this Occasion, that he died of Joy. But this Account he rejects as false, for Reasons which may be seen at large in the Notes upon this Article. *Tully* and *Plutarch*, alluding to this Story of *Diagoras*, add, that a *Spartan* coming up to him said, "Now die, *Diagoras*, for thou canst not climb to Heaven." Which Mr. *Bayle* paraphrases in this Manner: "You are arrived, *Diagoras*, at the highest Pitch of Glory you can aspire to, for you must not flatter yourself, that if you lived longer you should ascend to Heaven." "Die then, that you may not run the Risk of a Fall." Which is certainly the meaning of this famous Saying of the *Spartan*. *Pindar* concludes his Ode to *Pisaumis*, with an Exhortation founded upon a Way of Reasoning so like this of the *Spartan's*, that I am inclined to think one may have been borrowed from the other.

In the *Greek* Notes upon the Title of this Ode, this Story of *Di-*

goras

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goras is related with this Difference from *Pausanias* : the Persons there said to have taken *Diagoras* upon their Shoulders, seem not to have been the Sons of *Diagoras*, but his Grand-children, the Sons of one of his Sons, who by the same Author are represented as having gained each of them an *Olympick* Crown upon the same Day with their Father. Of this Mr. *Bayle* takes no Notice, though he has extracted several Particulars concerning *Diagoras* out of this very Ode,



E 2

THE

THE ELEVENTH
OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to *Agefidamus* of *Locris*, who, in the Seventy fourth *Olympiad*, obtained the Victory in the Exercise of the *Cæstus*, and in the Class of Boys.

The preceding Ode in the Original is inscribed to the same Person; and in that we learn, that *Pindar* had for a long time promised *Agefidamus* an Ode upon his Victory; which he at length paid him, acknowledging himself to blame for having been so long in his Debt. To make him some amends for having delayed *Payment* so long, he sent him by way of *Interest* together with the preceding Ode, which is of some length, the short one that is here translated, and which in the *Greek* Title is for that reason styled τὸν  or *Interest*.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet, by two Comparisons, with which he begins his Ode, insinuates how acceptable to successful Merit those Songs of Triumph are, which give Stability and Duration to their Fame: then declaring that these Songs are due to the Olympick Conquerors, he proceeds to celebrate the Victory of Agefidamus, and the Praises of the Locrians, his Countrymen, whom he commends for their having been always reputed

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brave, wise, and hospitable Nation ; from whence he insinuates, that their Virtues being hereditary and innate, there was no more likelihood of their departing from them, than there was of the Fox and the Lion's changing their Natures.

S T R O P H E.

TO wind-bound Mariners most welcome blow
 The breezy Zephyrs thro' the whistling Shrouds:
 Most welcome to the thirsty Mountains flow
 Soft Show'rs, the pearly Daughters of the Clouds;
 And when on virtuous Toils the Gods bestow
 Success, most welcome sound mellifluous Odes,
 Whose Numbers ratify the Voice of Fame,
 And to illustrious Worth insure a lasting Name.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

Such Fame, superior to the hostile Dart
 Of canker'd Envy, *Pisa's* Chiefs attends.
 Fain would my Muse th' immortal Boon impart,
 Th' immortal Boon which from high Heav'n descends.
 And now inspir'd by Heav'n thy valiant Heart,
Agessidamus, she to Fame commends:
 Now adds the Ornament of tuneful Praise,
 And decks thy Olive-Crown with sweetly-sounding Lays.

E P O D E.

But while thy bold Atchievements I rehearse,
 Thy youthful Victory in *Pisa's* Sand,
 With thee partaking in the friendly Verse
 Not unregarded shall thy [1] *Locris* stand.

[1] *Locris*] There were three Colonies of *Locrians*, one of which

Then haste, ye Muses, join the Choral Band
 Of festive Youths upon the *Locrian* Plain;
 To an unciviliz'd and savage Land
 Think not I now invite your Virgin Train,
 Where barb'rous Ignorance and foul Disdain
 Of social Virtue's hospitable Lore
 Prompts the unmanner'd and inhuman Swain
 To drive the Stranger from his churlish Door.
 A Nation shall ye find, renown'd of yore
 For martial Valour and for worthy Deeds;
 Rich in a vast and unexhausted Store
 Of innate Wisdom, [2] whose prolifick Seeds
 Spring in each Age. So Nature's Laws require:
 And the great Laws of Nature ne'er expire.
 Unchang'd the Lion's valiant Race remains, ,
 And all his Father's Wiles the youthful Fox retains.

was in *Italy*, called, from their western Situation, the *Epizephyrian Locrians*, the People here celebrated by *Pindar*.

[2] The Thought contained in these three Verses is rather hinted, than expressed in the Original: But how beautiful, or rather how excusable soever such a Conciseness may appear in the *Greek* Language; I was afraid the literal Translation of this Passage would seem too harsh and abrupt to an *English* Reader, and for that Reason have endeavoured to draw out and open the Sense of *Pindar*, in this and the two following Verses: a Liberty which a Translator of this Author must sometimes take with him, if he would render his Translation intelligible, or at least palatable to the generality of Readers.

THE TWELFTH.

OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to *Ergoteles* the Son of *Philanor* of *Himera*, who, in the Seventy seventh *Olympiad*, gained the Prize in the Foot-Race called *Dolichos* or the Long Course.

A R G U M E N T.

Ergoteles was originally of *Crete*, but being driven from thence by the Fury of a prevailing Faction, he retired to *Himera*, a Town of *Sicily*, where he was honourably received, and admitted to the Freedom of the City; after which he had the Happiness to obtain, what the Greeks esteemed the highest Pitch of Glory, the *Olympick Crown*. *Pausanias* says he gained two *Olympick Crowns*; and the same Number in each of the other three Sacred Games, the *Pythian*, *Isthmian*, and *Nemean*. From these remarkable *Vicissitudes* of Fortune in the Life of *Ergoteles*, *Pindar* takes Occasion to address himself to that powerful Directress of all human Affairs, imploring her Protection for *Himera*, the adopted Country of *Ergoteles*. Then, after describing in general Terms the universal Influence of that Deity upon all the Actions of Mankind, the Uncertainty of Events, and the Vanity of Hope, ever fluctuating in Ignorance and Error, he assigns a Reason for that Vanity, viz. That the Gods have

not given to mortal Men any certain Evidence of their future Fortunes, which often happen to be the very Reverse both of their Hopes and Fears. Thus, says he, it happened to Ergoteles, whose very Misfortunes were to him the Occasion of Happiness and Glory; since, had he not been banished from his Country, he had probably passed his Life in Obscurity, and wasted in domestick Broils and Quarrels that Strength and Activity, which his more peaceful Situation at Himera enabled him to improve, and employ for the obtaining the Olympick Crown.

This Ode, one of the shortest, is, at the same time, in its Order and Connection, the clearest and most compact of any to be met with in Pindar,

S T R O P H E.

[1] **D**AUGHTER of Eleutherian Jove,
To thee my Supplications I prefer!
For potent Himera my Suit I move;
Protectress Fortune, hear!

[1] After the Victory obtained at Plataea by the Grecians over Mardonius, the General of Xerxes, the Greeks, to commemorate their Delivery from that terrible Attack upon their Liberty, erected a Temple to Jupiter, called upon that Occasion Eleutherios, or the Guardian of Liberty. Why Pindar styles Fortune the Daughter of Eleutherian Jupiter, I cannot guess, unless it be to insinuate, that Liberty is the true Source of Prosperity. Some say, that by making Fortune the Daughter of Jupiter, Pindar means to let us know, that what we Mortals, ignorant of the true Causes of all Events, style Fortune, is really and truly the directing Providence of Heaven. I could easily admit of this Interpretation, had the Poet called Fortune simply the

Thy

Thy Deity along the pathless Main
 In her wild Course the rapid Vessel guides;
 Rules the fierce Conflict on th' embattled Plain,
 And in deliberating States presides.

Daughter of *Jupiter*; but I am apt to believe, that by adding the *Epithet Eleutherian* to *Jupiter*, he alluded to some particular Circumstance in the Worship or Mythology of that Goddess, unknown to us; to some Altar, or perhaps Statue, erected to her in the Temple of *Eleutherian Jove*; as such kinds of Allusions are frequently to be met with in this Poet. And indeed, upon farther Reflection, I cannot help supposing that the People of *Himera*, in imitation of the *Grecians*, who erected a Temple to *Eleutherian Jupiter*, as is said above, erected also a Temple to Fortune at *Himera*, in Memory of the famous Victory obtained by *Gelo* over the *Carthaginians*; who, by Virtue of an Alliance with the *Persians*, attacked at the same time the *Greeks* settled in *Sicily*, and were entirely routed, and all cut to Pieces, near this very City of *Himera*. See *Diod. Sic. l. II.* and the Notes on the first *Pyth. Ode*. In this Victory Fortune had certainly as great a Hand, as in any almost that was ever known; since it was chiefly owing to a lucky Circumstance, and the happy Success of a Stratagem of *Gelo*; the *Carthaginian* Army being vastly superior to his. I say, I cannot help thinking it probable, that the People of *Himera* erected upon this Occasion a Temple, or at least a Statue, to Fortune, whom they might style the Daughter of *Eleutherian Jove*, to denote the particular *Deliverance* they intended thereby to commemorate; a Deliverance from the same Danger and the same Enemy, as threatened their Allies and Brethren in *Greece*. Upon this Supposition Fortune is very properly styled the Daughter of *Eleutherian Jupiter*, as importing the directing Providence of that supreme Deity, who delivered the *Greeks* from Slavery, according to the allegorical Interpretation above-mentioned. Whether the four following Verses, *Thy Deity along the pathless Main, &c.* may not contain some Allusions to some remarkable Events of those Times, I will not determine. It is plain, however, from *Pindar's* first *Pyth. Ode*, that there was a Naval Victory obtained over the *Carthaginians*, per-

Toss'd

Toss'd by thy uncertain Gale
 On the Seas of Error sail
 Human Hopes, now mounting high
 On the swelling Surge of Joy;
 Now with unexpected Woe
 Sinking to the Depths below.

ANTISTROPHE.

For sure Prefage of Things to come
 None yet on Mortals have the Gods bestow'd;
 Nor of Futurity's impervious Gloom
 Can Wisdom pierce the Cloud.
 Oft our most sanguine Views th' Event deceives,
 And veils in sudden Grief the smiling Ray:
 Oft, when with Woe the mournful Bosom heaves,
 Caught in a Storm of Anguish and Dismay,
 Pass some fleeting Moments by,
 All at once the Tempests fly:
 Instant shifts the clouded Scene;
 Heav'n renews its Smiles serene;
 And on Joy's untroubled Tides
 Smooth to Port the Vessel glides.

E P O D E.

* Son of *Philaror*! in the secret Shade

* *Ergoteletu*,

Thus had thy Speed unknown to Fame decay'd;

haps no less extraordinary than that gained by *Gelo* at Land; a *Rudder*,
 however, is an Emblem commonly given to Fortune upon Medals, &c.

Thus,

Thus, like the † crested Bird of *Mars*, at home
 Engag'd in foul domestick Jars,
 And wasted with intestine Wars,
 Inglorious hadst thou spent thy vig'rous Bloom;
 Had not Sedition's Civil Broils
 Expell'd thee from thy native *Crete*,
 And driv'n thee with more glorious Toils
 Th' *Olympick* Crown in *Pisa's* Plain to meet.
 With Olive now, with *Pythian* Laurels grac'd,
 And the dark Chaplets of the *Isthmian* Pine,
 [2] In *Himera's* adopted City plac'd,
 To all, *Ergoteles*, thy Honours shine,
 And raise her Lustre by imparting Thine.

† The Cock.

[2] In *Himera's* adopted City.] *Ergoteles*, as I said before, was originally of *Crete*. But flying from thence, he was honourably entertained at *Himera*, and admitted to the Freedom of the City; in return for which Favour he caused himself, upon his obtaining the *Olympick* Crown, to be styled of *Himera*; signifying, that he had now chosen that City for his Country. For this Reason I have ventured to call *Himera* his adopted City.



T H E

THE FOURTEENTH OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to *Asopichus*, the Son of *Cleodemus* of *Orchomenus*; who, in the Seventy sixth *Olympiad*, gained the Victory in the simple Foot-Race, and in the Class of Boys.

ARGUMENT.

Orchomenus, a City of *Bœotia*, and the Country of the Victor *Asopichus*, being under the Protection of the Graces, her Tutelary Deities, to them *Pindar* addresses this Ode; which was probably sung in the very Temple of those Goddesses, at a Sacrifice offered by *Asopichus* on occasion of his Victory. The Poet begins this Invocation with styling the Graces Queens of *Orchomenus*, and Guardians of the Children of *Minyas*, the first King of that City; whose fertile Territories, he says, were by Lot assigned to their Protection. Then, after describing in general the Properties and Operations of these Deities, both in Earth and Heaven, he proceeds to call upon each of them by Name to assist at the singing of this Ode; which was made, he tells them, to celebrate the Victory of *Asopichus*, in the Glory of which *Orchomenus* had her Share. Then addressing himself to *Echo*, a Nymph that formerly resided on the Banks of *Cephisus*, a River of that Country, he charges her to repair to the Mansion of *Proserpine*,

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serpine, and impart to Cleodemus, the Father of Asopichus (who from hence appears to have been dead at that Time) the happy News of his Son's Victory, and so concludes.

MONOSTROPHAICK.

STROPHE I.

YE Pow'rs, o'er all the flow'ry Meads,
Where deep *Cephisus* rolls his lucid Tide,
Allotted to preside,
And haunt the Plains renown'd for beauteous Steeds,
Queens of *Orchomenus* the fair,
And sacred Guardians of the ancient Line
Of *Minyas* divine,
Hear, O ye Graces, and regard my Pray'r!
All that's sweet and pleasing here
Mortals from your Hands receive:
Splendor ye and Fame confer,
Genius, Wit, and Beauty give.
Nor, without your shining Train,
Ever on th'Ætherial Plain
In harmonious Measures move
The Celestial Choirs above;
When the figur'd Dance they lead,
Or the Nectar'd Banquet spread.

But

But with Thrones immortal grac'd,

[1] And by *Pythian Phæbus* plac'd,

Ord'ring thro' the blest Abodes

All the splendid Works of Gods,

Sit the Sisters in a Ring,

Round the golden-shafted King :

And with reverential Love

Worshipping th' *Olympian* Throne,

The Majestick Brow of *Jove*

With unfading Honours crown.

STROPHE II.

Aglæa, graceful Virgin, hear!

And thou, *Euphrosyna*, whose Ear

Delighted listens to the warbled Strain !

Bright Daughters of *Olympian Jove*,

The Best, the Greatest Pow'r above ;

[2] With your illustrious Presence deign

[1] *By Pythian Phæbus plac'd,*] *Pindar*, in this Passage, alludes to some Statues of these Goddesses placed in the Temple of *Delpbi*, near the Statue of *Apollo*. *Apollo* in some Pictures was represented as holding the Graces in his Right Hand, and his Bow and Arrows in his Left ; to signify, says *Macrobius*, that the Divinity is more inclined to save, than to destroy. The Allegory contained in this beautiful Passage of *Pindar*, is as noble and sublime, as any to be met with in all Antiquity.

[2] From this Passage, and some Expressions up and down this Ode, I conclude it was sung in the Temple of the Graces (as I said in the Argument) at the Time when *Asopichus*, having entered *Orchomenus* in Triumph, was come to return Thanks to those Goddesses, by whose Assistance, as *Pindar* says in this very Ode, he and his Country *Orchomenus* had obtained the Honour of an *Olympick* Victory. I look upon this Ode,

To

To grace our Choral Song!
 Whose Notes to Victory's glad Sound
 In wanton Measures lightly bound.

Thalia, come along!

Come, tuneful Maid! for lo! my String
 With meditated Skill prepares
 In softly soothing *Lydian* Airs

Asopichus to sing;

Asopichus, whose Speed by thee sustain'd
 The Wreath for his *Orchomenus* obtain'd.

[3] Go then, sportive *Echo*, go
 To the fable Dome below,
Proserpine's black Dome, repair,
 There to *Cleodemus* bear
 Tidings of immortal Fame:
 Tell, how in the rapid Game

therefore, as a kind of Hymn or Thanksgiving Song; in which Light if we consider it, we shall not be surprized to find so little mention made of *Asopichus*, on the Occasion of whose Victory it was composed. The not knowing, or not reflecting upon such Circumstances as these, as well as a thousand others, of Places, Times, and Persons, has, I am persuaded, caused *Pindar* to be charged more than he ought to have been, with Obscurity, digressing too long, and wandering too far from his Subject. I will not undertake to justify him in every Point. He had a great and a warm Imagination, but it must be allowed at the same Time, that he was a Man of Sense.

[3] *Echo* was a Nymph, that had her Residence on the Banks of *Cephisus*, a River that ran by *Orchomenus*. *Pindar*, therefore, could not have chosen a properer Person to send to *Cleodemus* with the Tidings of his Son's Victory, than her; who being in the Neighbourhood of *Orchomenus*, had heard and repeated them a thousand times.

O'er

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O'er *Pisa's* Vale his Son victorious fled ;

Tell, for thou saw'st him bear away

[4.] The winged Honours of the Day ;

And deck with Wreaths of Fame his youthful Head.

[4.] *The winged Honours &c.*] The Words in the Original are Εσεφάνωσε κυδμήων ἀέθλων πτεροῖσι χαίταν, *coronaverit inclitorum certaminum alis casariem*. The Scholiasts, and from them all the Annotators, say, that πτεροῖσι (which literally signifies *Wings*) is used in this Place figuratively to denote the *Olympick* Crowns ; whose Property, say they, it is to elevate, like Wings, and raise the Glory of the Conqueror. But this, in my Opinion, is a Figure too bold and extravagant even for *Pindar* himself. I rather think the Word πτεροῖσι, *Wings*, should be here taken in its literal Signification ; as I imagine from this Passage and one in *Plutarch*, which I have considered in another Place, that to the *Olympick* Crowns, &c. were superadded some Emblematical Ornaments, to distinguish perhaps the Victors in the several kinds of Exercises ; or to denote in general their Constancy and Perseverance. Wings were the usual Emblem of Swiftnefs, and might therefore have been very properly worn by the Conquerors in the Foot-Race, of which Number was this *Asopichus*, to whom *Pindar* inscribed the present Ode.

The Epithet *youthful*, in the next Verse, is used with great Propriety, since it appears by the *Greek* Inscription or Title of this Ode, that *Asopichus* was a Boy ; and that he obtained the Victory in the Class of Boys (a Circumstance not taken notice of by any of the Annotators or Scholiasts) is evident for this Reason, *viz.* Had he gained the Victory in the Class of Men, his Name would have been found in the Register of *Olympick* Conquerors, from whom the several *Olympiads* were denominated ; whereas to that *Olympiad*, in which he is said to have gained the Victory, is annexed the Name of *Dandes Argivus*. See *Chron. Olymp.* prefixed to the *Oxford* Edit. of *Pindar*.



THE FIRST

PYTHIAN ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to *Hiero* of *Ætna*, King of *Syracuse*, who, in the Twenty ninth *Pythiad* (which answers to the Seventy eighth *Olympiad*) gained the Victory in the Chariot-Race.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet, addressing himself in the first Place to his Harp, launches out immediately into a Description of the wonderful Effects produced in Heaven by the enchanting Harmony of that divine Instrument, when played upon by Apollo, and accompanied by the Muses: These Effects, says he, are to celestial Minds Delight and Rapture, but the contrary to the Wicked, who cannot bear, without Horror, this heavenly Musick. Having mentioned the Wicked, he falls into an Account of the Punishment of Typhœus, an impious Giant; who, having presumed to defy Jupiter, was by him cast into Tartarus, and then chained under Mount Ætna, whose fiery Eruptions he ascribes to this Giant, whom he therefore styles Vulcanian Monster. The Description of these Eruptions of Mount Ætna he closes with a short Prayer to Jupiter, who had a Temple upon that Mountain, and from thence passes to, what indeed is more properly the Subject of this Ode, the Pythian Victory of Hiero. This Part of the Poem is connected

nected with what went before by the means of Ætna, a City built by Hiero, and named after the Mountain in whose Neighbourhood it stood. Hiero had ordered himself to be styled of Ætna by the Herald who proclaimed his Victory in the Pythian Games; from which glorious Beginning, says Pindar, the happy City presages to herself all kinds of Glory and Felicity for the future. Then addressing himself to Apollo, the Patron of the Pythian Games, he beseeches him to make the Citizens of Ætna great and happy; all human Excellencies being the Gifts of Heaven. To Hiero, in like manner, he wishes Felicity and Prosperity for the future, not to be disturbed by the Return or Remembrance of any past Afflictions. The Toils indeed and Troubles which Hiero had undergone, before he and his Brother Gelo obtained the Sovereignty of Syracuse, having been crowned with Success, will doubtless, says Pindar, recur often to his Memory with great Delight: And then taking notice of the Condition of Hiero, who, it seems, being at that Time troubled with the Stone, was carried about in the Army in a Litter, or Chariot, he compares him to Philoctetes: This Hero having been wounded in the Foot by one of Hercules's Arrows, staid in Lemnos to get cured of his Wound; but it being decreed by the Fates, that Troy should not be taken without those Arrows, of which Philoctetes had the Possession, the Greeks fetched him from Lemnos, lame and wounded as he was, and carried him to the Siege. As Hiero resembled Philoctetes in one Point, may he also, adds the Poet, resemble him in another, and recover his Health by the Assistance of Divinity

Divinity. Then addressing himself to Dinomenes, the Son of Hiero, whom that Prince intended to make King of Ætna, he enters into an Account of the Colony, which Hiero had settled in that City: The People of this Colony, being originally descended from Sparta, were, at their own Request, governed by the Laws of that famous Commonwealth. To this Account Pindar subjoins a Prayer to Jupiter, imploring him to grant that both the King and People of Ætna may, by answerable Deeds, maintain the Glory and Splendor of their Race; and that Hiero, and his Son Dinomenes, taught to govern by the Precepts of his Father, may be able to dispose their Minds to Peace and Unity. For this Purpose, continues he, do thou, O Jupiter, prevent the Carthaginians and the Tuscans from invading Sicily any more, by recalling to their Minds the great Losses they had lately sustained from the Valour of Hiero and his Brothers; into a more particular Detail of whose Courage and Virtue, Pindar insinuates he would gladly enter, was he not afraid of being too prolix and tedious; a Fault which is apt to breed in the Reader Satietie and Disgust; and though, continues he, excessive Fame produces often the same Effects in envious Minds, yet do not thou, O Hiero! upon that Consideration, omit doing any great or good Action; it being far better to be envied than to be pitied. With this, and some Precepts useful to all Kings in general, and others more peculiarly adapted to the Temper of Hiero, whom, as he was somewhat inclined to Avarice, he encourages to Acts of Generosity and Munificence, from the Consideration of the Fame accruing to Princes of that Character,

rather, and the Infamy redounding to Tyrants, he concludes, winding up all with observing, that the First of all human Blessings consists in being virtuous; the Second in being praised; and that he, who has the Happiness to enjoy both these at the same Time, is arrived at the highest Point of earthly Felicity.

DECADE I.

[1] **H**AIL, golden Lyre! whose Heav'n-invented String
To Phœbus, and the black-hair'd Nine belongs;
Who in sweet Chorus round their tuneful King
Mix with thy founding Chords their sacred Songs.

[1] *Hail golden Lyre!* Several Reasons may be assigned for Pindar's addressing himself to the Harp; as first, the Harp belonged in a peculiar Manner to Apollo, the Inventor of that Instrument, as is intimated in the following Verses. Secondly, the Pythian Games, in which Hiero obtained the Victory here celebrated by Pindar, were consecrated to that God. Thirdly, Hiero himself was not unskilled in that Instrument, as may be collected from what Pindar says of him in his First Olympian Ode, *Antistrophe 1.* Besides which, the Scholiast furnishes us with another Reason from the Historian Artemon, who says, that Hiero had promised Pindar to make him a Present of a Golden Harp, of which Promise the Poet intending cunningly to remind him, chose, in addressing himself to the Harp, to make use of the Epithet *Golden.* But this Account, as the same Scholiast intimates, is rather ingenious than true; since the Pythian Games being consecrated to Apollo, made it extremely proper in Pindar to begin an Ode, occasioned by a Victory in those Games, with praising that Instrument, of which their Patron was the Inventor, as was before observed. And as to the Epithet *Golden,* it is so frequently used by the Poets in a figurative Sense, to express the Excellence and Value of the Thing to which it is joined, that it cannot be concluded that it ought in this Place to be taken literally.

The Dance, gay Queen of Pleasure, Thee attends;
 Thy jocund Strains her list'ning Feet inspire:
 And each melodious Tongue its Voice suspends
 'Till Thou, great Leader of the heav'nly Quire,
 With wanton Art preluding giv'st the Sign---
 Swells the full Concert then with Harmony divine.

D E C A D E II.

Then, of their streaming Lightnings all disarm'd,
 The smouldring Thunderbolts of *Jove* expire:
 Then, by the Musick of thy Numbers charm'd,
 The * Birds fierce Monarch drops his vengeful Ire;
 [2] Perch'd on the Sceptre of th' *Olympian* King,
 The thrilling Darts of Harmony he feels;
 And indolently hangs his rapid Wing,
 While gentle Sleep his closing Eyelid seals;

* The Eagle.

[2] *Perch'd on the Sceptre.*] If *Pindar* did not take this Circumstance of the Eagle's perching on the Sceptre of *Jupiter* from some Statue or Picture of that God, we may venture to affirm that *Phidias*, in all probability, borrowed it from *Pindar*, since, in the Description which *Pausanias* has given us of the famous Statue of *Jupiter* at *Olympia*, made by that eminent Statuary, we find an Eagle represented sitting upon his Sceptre. Poets, Painters, and Statuaries often took Hints from one another, and *Phidias* in particular is said to have acknowledged that he borrowed the Idea of the Majestick Countenance of *Jupiter*, so remarkable in that inimitable Statue, from a Passage in *Homer*; which makes it reasonable to suppose that he copied this Circumstance of the Eagle from *Pindar*, a Poet no less famous in *Lyric* Poetry, than *Homer* in *Epick*.

And o'er his heaving Limbs in loose Array
To ev'ry balmy Gale the ruffling Feathers play.

D E C A D E III.

Ev'n *Mars*, stern God of Violence and War,
Sooths with thy lulling Strains his furious Breast,
And driving from his Heart each bloody Care,
His pointed Lance consigns to peaceful Rest.
Nor less enraptur'd each immortal Mind
Owns the soft Influence of enchanting Song,
When, in melodious Symphony combin'd,
Thy Son, *Latona*, and the tuneful Throng
Of Muses, skill'd in Wisdom's deepest Lore,
The subtle Pow'rs of Verse and Harmony explore.

D E C A D E IV.

But they, on Earth, or the devouring Main,
Whom righteous *Jove* with Detestation views,
With envious Horror hear the heav'nly Strain,
Exil'd from Praise, from Virtue, and the Muse.
[3] Such is *Typhæus*, impious Foe of Gods,
Whose hundred headed Form *Cilicia's* Cave
Once foster'd in her infamous Abodes ;
'Till daring with presumptuous Arms to brave

[3] *Such is Typhæus, &c.* I shall not trouble the Reader with the many different Accounts of this Fabulous Giant, who (with the Hittorian *Artemon*, and *Pindar's* Scholiast, who derives his Name from *τυφω*, signifying to burn) I take to be an allegorical Personage, invented by the Poets to denote the unknown Cause of those fiery Eruptions, which

The

The Might of Thund'ring *Jove*, subdued he fell,
Plung'd in the horrid Dungeons of profoundest Hell.

proceeded from several Mountains in different Parts of the Earth; each of which, says *Artemon*, is supposed to be set on Fire by *Typhæus*. According to which Notion he is, a little lower, styled by *Pindar* a *Vulcanian Monster*,

who to the Clouds

The fiercest, hottest Inundations throws.

Thucydides, at the End of his third Book, makes mention of three Eruptions of Mount *Ætna*, the last of which he says happened in the third Year of the 88th *Olymp.* the former about fifty Years before, that is, in the last Year of the 76th, or first Year of the 77th *Olymp.* Of the Date of the first Eruption he makes no mention. Probably no more was known in his Time about it, than that it was the first, and the only one, besides the two abovementioned, that had happened from the Time of the *Greeks* first settling in *Sicily*, as he expressly tells us. This Ode was composed in the 78th *Olymp.* about four or five Years after the second Eruption mentioned by *Thucydides*. The City of *Ætna*, founded on the Ruins of *Catana*, was built by *Hiero* in the 76th *Olymp.* and stood in the Neighbourhood of Mount *Ætna*, from which it derived its Name. From all these Considerations it appears, with how much Propriety *Pindar* hath here introduced a Description of the fiery Eruptions of that burning Mountain; one of which having happened so lately as four or five Years before the writing this Ode, could not but be very fresh in the Memories of the Inhabitants of the City of *Ætna*, whose Territories, and even the Town itself, were in great Danger of being laid waste and destroyed by the Torrents of Fire, which issued from the neighbouring Mountain, or by the Earthquakes, that usually attended those Eruptions. With the same Propriety therefore he closes his Description with a Prayer to *Jupiter*, who had a Temple on Mount *Ætna*, imploring his Favour and Protection. The other Beauties of this fine Passage are so visible and striking, that I need not point them out to the judicious Reader. I shall only observe, that *Pindar* is the first Poet, that has given us a Description of these fiery Eruptions of Mount

DECADE V.

Now under sulph'rous *Cuma's* Sea-bound Coast,
 And vast *Sicilia* lies his shaggy Breast;
 By snowy *Ætna*, Nurse of endless Frost,
 The pillar'd Prop of Heav'n, for ever press'd:
 Forth from whose nitrous Caverns issuing rise
 Pure liquid Fountains of tempestuous Fire,
 And veil in ruddy Mists the Noon-day Skies,
 While wrapt in Smoke the eddying Flames aspire,
 Or gleaming thro' the Night with hideous Roar
 Far o'er the red'ning Main huge rocky Fragments pour.

DECADE VI.

But he, *Vulcanian* Monster, to the Clouds
 The fiercest, hottest Inundations throws,
 While with the Burthen of incumbent Woods,
 And *Ætna's* gloomy Cliffs o'erwhelm'd he glows.
 There on his flinty Bed out-stretch'd he lies,
 Whose pointed Rock his tossing Carcase wounds:
 There with Dismay he strikes beholding Eyes,
 Or frights the distant Ear with horrid Sounds.
 O save us from thy Wrath, *Sicilian Jove*!
 Thou, that here reign'st, ador'd in *Ætna's* sacred Grove!

Ætna; which from *Homer's* having taken no notice of so extraordinary
 a Phenomenon, is supposed not to have burnt before his Time.

DECADE

DECADE VII.

Ætna, fair Forehead of this fruitful Land!

Whose borrow'd Name adorns the Royal Town,
Rais'd by illustrious *Hiero's* gen'rous Hand,

And render'd glorious with his high Renown.

By *Pythian* Heralds were her Praises sung,

When *Hiero* triumph'd in the dusty Course,

When sweet *Castalia* with Applauses rung,

And glorious Laurels crown'd the conqu'ring Horse,

The happy City for her future Days

Prefages hence Increase of Victory and Praise.

DECADE VIII.

Thus when the Mariners to prosp'rous Winds,

The Port forsaking, spread their swelling Sails;

The fair Departure cheers their jocund Minds

With pleasing Hopes of favourable Gales,

While o'er the dang'rous Defarts of the Main,

To their lov'd Country they pursue their Way.

Ev'n so, *Apollo*, thou, whom *Lycia's* Plain,

Whom *Delus*, and *Castalia's* Springs obey,

These Hopes regard, and *Ætna's* Glory raise

With valiant Sons, triumphant Steeds, and heav'nly Lays!

DECADE IX.

For human Virtue from the Gods proceeds;

They the wise Mind bestow'd, and smooth'd the

With Elocution, and for mighty Deeds [Tongue

The nervous Arm with manly Vigour strung.

All these are *Hiero's* : these to Rival Lays
 Call forth the Bard: Arise then, Muse, and speed
 To this Contention; strive in *Hiero's* Praise,
 Nor fear thy Efforts shall his Worth exceed;
 [4] Within the Lines of Truth secure to throw,
 Thy Dart shall still surpass each vain attempting Foe.

D E C A D E X.

So may succeeding Ages, as they roll,
 Great *Hiero* still in Wealth and Bliss maintain,
 [5] And joyous Health recalling, on his Soul
 Oblivion pour of Life-consuming Pain.

[4] The Metaphor here made use of by *Pindar* is borrowed from one of the five Exercises of the *Pentatblon*, viz. Darting, in which he who threw his Dart farthest, within certain Lines, or Limits, was deemed the Conqueror; as he, whose Dart wandered beyond those Lines, lost the Victory. See *Differ.*

[5] The Works of the greatest Part of the *Sicilian* Historians being lost, the Accounts we have of *Hiero*, and the Affairs of *Sicily* in his Time, are so short and defective, that we must content ourselves with what Lights the Scholiast of *Pindar* furnishes us with for the Illustration of this and some other Passages in this Ode. *Pindar* has inscribed no less than four Odes to *Hiero*, viz. the first *Olympick* Ode, and first, second, and third *Pythian* Odes. In each of which however are many Passages not sufficiently cleared up by the Scholiast: For Instance, in the first *Olympick* Ode, written upon Occasion of a Victory obtained by *Hiero* in the Seventy third *Olymp.* (if the Date be right) *Hiero* is styled *King*, and yet it is certain that he did not succeed to the Throne of *Syracuse*, till after the Death of his Brother *Gelo*, which happened in the 75th *Olymp.* It should seem therefore from what *Pindar* says, that he was King of some other City of *Sicily*, while his Brother reigned in *Syracuse*; but of this we have no Account, neither from History, nor

Yet

Yet may thy Memory with sweet Delight
 The various Dangers, and the Toils recount,
 Which in intestine Wars and bloody Fight
 Thy patient Virtue, *Hiero*, did surmount;
 What Time, by Heav'n above all *Grecians* crown'd,
 The Prize of sov'reign Sway with thee thy * Brother found.

* *Gelo.*

from the Scholiast. In the same Ignorance and Uncertainty are we left with regard to the Times, Circumstances, and Persons alluded to in this and the following Stanza. We may however venture to determine, that by these Verses,

*What Time, by Heav'n above all Grecians crown'd,
 The Prize of sov'reign Sway with thee thy Brother found.*

Pindar meant to allude to that famous Decree, by which the People of *Syracuse* voluntarily settled the Sovereignty of their City upon *Gelo*, and his Brothers *Hiero* and *Thrasylbulus*. A Decree no less singular than honourable, no *Grecian*, that I know of, having obtained the Sovereignty in a free State, by the voluntary Appointment of the People, which shews the Propriety of the two Verses above quoted.

As to the following Verses,

*Then like the Son of Pæan didst thou war,
 Smit with the Arrows of a sore Disease.
 While, as along slow rolls thy sickly Carr,
 Love and Amaze the haughtiest Bosoms seize.*

We are told by the Scholiast, that *Hiero* being afflicted with the Stone or Gravel, was carried about with his Army in a Litter or Chariot; which two Particulars I have, for the sake of illustrating what follows, transplanted out of the Notes into the Text, though *Pindar* makes no mention of either. All the Circumstances of *Hiero's* Sickness, Wars, &c. were undoubtedly too well known, to need any thing more, than a bare Hint, or a distant Allusion, from *Pindar*, who wrote his Ode to be sung in the Court, and even in the Presence of *Hiero* himself. Every School-boy is acquainted with the Story of *Philoctetes*, the Comparison

DECADE XI.

Then like the Son of *Pæan* didst thou war,
 Smit with the Arrows of a fore Disease;
 While, as along slow rolls thy sickly Carr,
 Love and Amaze the haughtiest Bosoms seize.
 In *Lemnos* pining with th' envenom'd Wound
 The Son of *Pæan*, *Philoctetes*, lay:
 There, after tedious Quest, the Heroes found,
 And bore the limping Archer thence away;
 By whom fell *Priam's* Tow'rs (so Fate ordain'd)
 And the long harrafs'd *Greeks* their wish'd Repose obtain'd.

Between whom and *Hiero* turns upon the general Resemblance of their Conditions: they were both disabled, yet both attended their Armies, and by that Attendance having obtained the Victory, gave repose to their long harrafs'd Countrymen. As they resembled each other in these Particulars, so, continues *Pindar*, may *Hiero* resemble *Philoctetes* in recovering his Health by the supernatural Assistance of some Deity. *Philoctetes*, as the Scholiast tells us out of *Dionysius*, being by the Direction of *Apollo's* Oracle put into a Bath, was cast into a deep Sleep, and *Macbaon* having taken away the putrified Flesh, and washed the Wound with Wine, laid to it an Herb which *Æsculapius* had received from *Cbiron*, by which Medicament the Hero was restored to his former State of Health. This Wish or Prayer *Pindar* has insisted upon more largely in his third *Pythian* Ode, address'd likewise to *Hiero*, which begins with a Wish that *Cbiron* was still resident upon Earth, that, says *Pindar*, I might repair to him in his Cave, and endeavour with my Verses to prevail with him, either to lend his own Assistance to good Men labouring under any Disease, or to send some Son of *Apollo*, as *Æsculapius*, or *Apollo* himself; and then, continues he, would I repair to *Syracuse*, carrying to *Hiero* two acceptable Presents, Health, and an Ode congratulating him upon his *Pythian* Victory, &c. The whole

DECADE

DECADE XII.

May *Hiero* too, like *Pæan*'s Son, receive
 Recover'd Vigour from celestial Hands!
 And may the Healing God proceed to give
 The Pow'r to gain whate'er his Wish demands.
 But now, O Muse, address thy sounding Lays
 To young *Dinomenes*, his virtuous Heir.

[6] Sing to *Dinomenes*, his Father's Praise;
 His Father's Praise shall glad his filial Ear.
 For him hereafter shalt thou touch the String,
 And chant in friendly Strains fair *Ætna*'s future King.

Ode is very fine, and ends with proper Consolatories to *Hiero*, whose Disease, as this Wish of the Poet intimates, was not to be cured by human Means.

[6] Sing to *Dinomenes* his Father's Praise;
 His Father's Praise shall please his filial Ear, &c.]

Dinomenes (named after his Grandfather) was the Son of *Hiero* by the Daughter of *Nicoles* of *Syracuse*. *Pindar* in the next Stanza tells us, that *Hiero* founded the City of *Ætna* for his Son *Dinomenes*, whom he therefore styles the future King of *Ætna*: but the Event did not answer either *Hiero*'s Intention, or the Poet's Expectation. For the old Inhabitants of *Catana*, upon whose Ruins the City of *Ætna* was built, returning immediately after the Death of *Hiero*, expelled from thence the People settled there by *Hiero*, burnt his Sepulchre, and took Possession once more of their native City, from whence they had been driven by that Monarch. *Hiero* however, in his Life-time, appointed his Son Governor or General of this Colony, which, it seems, being composed of People descended originally from *Sparta*, as *Pindar* himself tells us, was left by *Hiero* to enjoy their Liberty, and be governed by the Laws of their Mother Country. Which Laws, according to the Opinion of some People, as we learn from the Scholiast, were the fa-

D E C A D E XIII.

Hiero for him th' illustrious City rear'd,
 And fill'd with Sons of *Greece* her stately Tow'rs,
 Where by the free-born Citizen rever'd
 The *Spartan* Laws exert their virtuous Pow'rs.
 For by the Statutes, which their Fathers gave,
 Still must the restive *Dorian* Youth be led;
 Who dwelling once on cold *Eurotas*' Wave,
 Where proud *Taÿgetus* exalts his Head,
 From the great Stock of *Hercules* divine
 And warlike *Pamphilus* deriv'd their noble Line.

D E C A D E XIV.

These from *Thessalian Pindus* rushing down,
 The Walls of fam'd *Amyclæ* once possess'd,
 And rich in Fortune's Gifts and high Renown,
 Dwelt near the Twins of *Leda*, while they press'd

shows Laws of *Lycurgus*: this however is somewhat uncertain. I shall add here for the Information of the unlearned Reader, that *Amyclæ*, mentioned in the following Verses, was the old Name of *Sparta* or *Lacedæmon*, which stood near the River *Eurotas*, and the Mountain *Taÿgetus*, and that *Ægna* (the City) was built on the Banks of the River *Amnæa*. That *Pindar* was not mistaken in what he says of *Dinomenes*, viz. *His Father's Praise shall please his filial Ear*, may be inferred from the rich Monuments of his Father's *Olympick* Victories erected by Him at *Olympia*, which, as *Pausanias* informs us, l. vi. were a Chariot made by *Onatus* of *Ægina*, and two Horses, with Boys upon them, the Workmanship of *Calamis*.

Their

Their milky Courfers, and the Pastures o'er
 Of neighb'ring *Argos* rang'd, in Arms supreme.
 To King and People on the flow'ry Shore
 Of lucid *Amena*, *Sicilian* Stream,
 Grant the like Fortune, *Jove*, with like Desert
 The Splendor of their Race and Glory to assert.

D E C A D E XV.

And do thou aid *Sicilia's* hoary Lord
 To form and rule his Son's obedient Mind ;
 And still in golden Chains of sweet Accord,
 And mutual Peace the friendly People bind,
 [7] Then grant, O Son of *Saturn*, grant my Pray'r!
 The bold *Phœnician* on his Shore detain ;
 And may the hardy *Tuscan* never dare
 To vex with clam'rous War *Sicilia's* Main;

[7] Then grant, O Son of *Saturn*, grant my Pray'r!
 The bold *Phœnician*, &c.]

From those Verses we learn a Particular not taken notice of by any of those Historians, whose Works are now remaining, namely, that *Hiero* in Conjunction with his Brethren *Gelo*, *Thrasybulus*, and *Polyxelus*, obtained a naval Victory over the *Carthaginians*, as well as that by Land mentioned by *Herodotus* and *Diodorus Siculus*. Whoever attentively considers this Passage of *Pindar* can make no doubt but that the Battle and Victory here spoken of were both Naval. The only Question is, whether this Passage refers to the above mentioned Victory obtained by *Gelo* and his Brothers *Hiero*, &c. over the *Carthaginians*; or to that gained afterwards by *Hiero* over the *Tuscan* Pirates near *Cuma*, mentioned by *Diodorus*, l. 11. To determine us to apply it to the former, I must observe, First, that the *Carthaginians* are here joined with the *Tuscans* or *Tyrrhenians*, which was the Case when *Gelo*, &c. engaged

Remem-

Rememb'ring *Hiero*, how on *Cuma's Coast*
Wreck'd by his stormy Arms their groaning Fleets were lost.

them; whereas the Victory afterwards won by *Hiero*, was only over the *Tuscan* or *Tyrrhenian* Pirates. Secondly, the Consequences of this Victory are by *Pindar* represented to be no less than the delivering *Greece* from Slavery; an Expression very applicable to the Victory obtained by *Gelo* and his Brothers over the joint Forces of the *Carthaginians* and *Tuscans*; but very extravagant and unjustifiable, if applied to that gained by *Hiero* over a few Pirates. Thirdly, this Victory is, in the Verses immediately following, compared with the two famous Victories gained by the *Athenians* and *Spartans*, at *Salamis* and *Plataeæ*, over the *Persians*; by Virtue of an Alliance with whom, the *Carthaginians* at the same Time invaded the *Greeks* settled in *Sicily*. Fourthly, *Pindar* mentions the Sons of *Dinomenes* as partaking in the Glory of this Victory; which is true of that gained by *Gelo*, &c. in Memory of which the Scholiast tells us, *Gelo*, who lived well with his Brothers, dedicated some golden Tripods to *Jupiter*, on which were inscribed four *Greek* Verses, importing, that *Gelo*, *Hiero*, *Thrasylbus*, and *Polyxenus*, the Sons of *Dinomenes*, dedicated those Tripods, on occasion of a Victory obtained by them over the *Barbarians*, against whom they assisted the *Greeks* in the Defence of their Liberty. By this Inscription it appears, that all the Sons of *Dinomenes* were concerned in this Action, which makes it more proper to apply the Words of *Pindar*, *παῖδες δεινομένηων*, the Sons of *Dinomenes*, to this Action, than to that of *Hiero* beforementioned, at the Time of which *Gelo* was dead.

From all these Considerations I think it clear, that the Victory here spoken of was gained by *Gelo*, &c. over the *Carthaginians*. This is farther confirmed by the following Passage of *Ephorus*, a *Sicilian* Historian, quoted by the Scholiast of *Pindar*, of which this is the Substance: That *Xerxes* having made great Preparations to invade *Greece*, there came Embassadors to *Gelo*, desiring him to join his Forces to the Allied Army of the *Greeks*; that at the same Time Embassadors were sent from the *Persians* and *Tyrians* to the *Carthaginians*, ordering them to raise all the Forces they could, and attack all those in *Sicily* whom they should find inclined to assist the *Greeks*; and after they had subdued

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DECADE XVI.

What Terrors! what Destruction them assail'd!

Hurl'd from their riven Decks what Numbers dy'd!

When o'er their Might *Sicilia's* Chief prevail'd,

Their Youth o'er-whelming in the foamy Tide;

them, to sail directly to *Peloponnesus*: that each assenting to what was demanded of them, *Hiero* [perhaps it should be *Gelo*] being very eager for assisting the *Greeks*, and the *Carthaginians* being as ready to co-operate with *Xerxes*, the former, viz. *Gelo*, got ready a Fleet of 200 Ships, and an Army of 2000 Horse, and 10,000 Foot; and having been informed that the *Carthaginian* Fleet was sailed for *Sicily*, went out to meet them, engaged and vanquished them; by which Victory, continues *Epchorus*, he not only saved *Sicily*, but all *Greece*. Here then is the direct Testimony of an Historian, who wrote expressly upon the Affairs of *Sicily*, and lived long before *Diodorus*, confirming what *Pindar*, who lived at the very Time of these Transactions, says of a naval Victory obtained by *Gelo* and his Brothers over the *Carthaginians*. Of which, however, neither *Diodorus*, nor any other Author, that I know of, makes any mention, except *Pausanias*, whose Words I shall produce presently: For this Omission, as well in the modern as the ancient Historians, I can by no means account; considering that the latter might have learnt this Particular from *Epchorus* and others, and the former from *Pindar* and his Scholiast, as well as from the Words of *Pausanias* above hinted at, which are these: Ἐφεξῆς ὃ τῷ Σικυονίῳ ἐστὶν ὁ Καρχηδονίων θάσαυρος. Αναθήματα δ' ἐν αὐτῷ Ζεὺς μεγέθει μίγας, θάλακας λινοῦ τρεῖς ἀριθμόν. Γέλων δ' ἀνάθημα ἔσσυρακκίων, Φοινίκας ἅτοι τεμύρεσιν ἢ ἔσσυρα μάχῃ καρχηδονίων. *Paus.* l. vi. p. 499. Edit. Kuhnii. *Prope Sicyonium thesaurus est Carthaginiensium* — in eo sunt Jupiter ingenti magnitudine, 3 linteæ Loricæ tres, Gelonis 3 Syra-
sanorum dona, victis classe vel etiam pedestri pugnâ Pœnis, or, as I think they may be translated, victis quidem classe, atque etiam pedestri pugnâ Pœnis. Here is mention made of two Victories, one by Land, and the other by Sea: and this I take to have been the Truth of the

VOL. I.

G

Greece

Greece from impending Servitude to save.

Thy Favour, glorious *Athens!* to acquire
Would I record the *Salaminian* Wave

Fam'd in thy Triumphs: and my tuneful Lyre
To *Sparta's* Sons with sweetest Praise should tell,
Beneath *Cithæron's* Shade what *Mediſſ* Archers fell.

Case: *Gelo* first fought with the *Carthaginians* at Sea, routed and dispersed their Fleet, and sunk many of their Ships; but many, as they well might, out of so large a Fleet of Ships of War and Transports, escaping to *Sicily*, he afterwards engaged them upon Land, and won the Victory mentioned by *Diodorus*. This Supposition not only reconciles the two different Relations given by *Diodorus* and *Ephorus*, but accounts for *Pindar's* naming, as he does, both *Cuma* and *Himera* as the Places of Action, and mentioning the Battles both of *Salamis* and *Plataea*, the one of which was fought at Sea, the other by Land. In this Light the Comparifon is just and noble, and the whole Passage of *Pindar* clear and intelligible; whereas, if there was only one Victory, whether by Sea or Land, there is no reconciling the Historians with one another, nor even *Pindar* with himself; and, if I might be indulged in a Conjecture, I should imagine, from *Pindar's* mentioning *Hiero* alone, when he speaks of the naval Fight near *Cuma*, and afterwards, when he refers to the Land Battle fought near the River *Himera*, mentioning all the Sons of *Dinomenes*, I should, I say, infer that *Hiero* commanded in the Sea Engagement; which may also be one Reason why this Naval Victory is not placed among the Actions of *Gelo*; as its having been obscured by the more illustrious, and more important Victory obtained by *Gelo* and his Brothers, which put an End to that *Carthaginian* Invasion, may have been the Occasion of *Pindar's* recording it, in order to preserve the Memory of an Action, which so much redounded to the Honour of *Hiero*, to whom he inscribes this Ode. This Note having been communicated to the Authors of the *Universal History*, they were pleased to honour it with a Place in their learned and valuable Work; and it is accordingly printed in the seventh Vol. Octavo, lately published.

DECADE

DECADE XVII.

But on fair *Himera's* wide-water'd Shores
 Thy Sons, *Dinomenes*, my Lyre demand,
 To grace their Virtues with the various Stores
 Of sacred Verse, and sing th' illustrious Band
 Of valiant Brothers, who from *Carthage* won
 The glorious Meed of Conquest, deathless Praise.
 A pleasing Theme! but Censure's dreaded Frown
 Compels me to contract my spreading Lays.
 In Verse Conciseness pleases ev'ry Guest,
 While each impatient blames and loaths a tedious Feast.

DECADE XVIII.

Nor less distasteful is excessive Fame
 To the sour Palate of the envious Mind ;
 Who hears with Grief his Neighbour's goodly Name,
 And hates the Fortune that he ne'er shall find.
 Yet in thy Virtue, *Hiero*, persevere !
 Since to be envied is a nobler Fate
 Than to be pitied : Let strict Justice steer
 With equitable Hand the Helm of State,
 And arm thy Tongue with Truth : O King, beware
 Of ev'ry Step ! a Prince can never lightly err.

D E C A D E XIX.

O'er many Nations art thou set, to deal
 The Goods of Fortune with impartial Hand ;
 And ever watchful of the publick Weal,
 Unnumber'd Witnesses around thee stand.
 Then would thy virtuous Ear for ever feast
 On the sweet Melody of well-earn'd Fame,
 In gen'rous Purposes confirm thy Breast,
 Nor dread Expences that will grace thy Name ;
 But scorning fordid and unprincely Gain,
 Spread all thy bounteous Sails, and launch into the Main.

D E C A D E XX.

When in the mouldring Urn the Monarch lies,
 His Fame in lively Characters remains,
 Or grav'd in Monumental Histories,
 Or deck'd and painted in *Aonian* Strains.
 Thus fresh, and fragrant, and immortal blooms
 The Virtue, *Cræsus*, of thy gentle Mind.
 While Fate to Infamy and Hatred dooms
Sicilia's Tyrant, Scorn of human kind ;
 Whose ruthless Bosom swell'd with cruel Pride,
 When in his Brazen Bull the broiling Wretches dy'd.

D E C A D E XXI.

Him therefore nor in sweet Society
 The gen'rous Youth conversing ever name ;
 Nor with the Harp's delightful Melody
 Mingle his odious inharmonious Fame.

The

ODE I. OF PINDAR.

101

The First, the greatest Bliss on Man conferr'd
Is, in the Acts of Virtue to excel;
The Second, to obtain their high Reward,
The Soul-exalting Praise of doing well.
Who both these Lots attains, is blest'd indeed,
Since Fortune here below can give no richer Meed.



G 3

THE

THE FIRST
NEMEAN ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to *Chromius* of *Ætna* (a City of *Sicily*) who gained the Victory in the Chariot-Race, in the *Nemean Games*.

ARGUMENT.

From the Praises of Ortygia (an Island near Sicily, and Part of the City of Syracuse, to which it was joined by a Bridge) Pindar passes to the Subject or Occasion of this Ode, viz. the Victory obtained by Chromius in the Nemean Games; which, as it was the first of that Kind gained by him, the Poet styles the Basis of his future Fame, laid by the Co-operation of the Gods, who assisted and seconded his divine Virtues; and, adds he, if Fortune continues to be favourable, he may arrive at the highest Summit of Glory: by which is meant chiefly, though not solely, the gaining more Prizes in the Great or Sacred Games (particularly the Olympick) where the Muses constantly attend to celebrate and record the Conquerors. From thence, after a short Digression to the general Praise of Sicily, he comes to an Enumeration of the particular Virtues of Chromius, viz. his Hospitality, Liberality, Prudence in Council, and Courage in War. Then returning to the Nemean Victory, he takes
Occasion

Occasion from so auspicious a Beginning, to promise Chromius a large Increase of Glory, in like manner as Tiresias, the famous Poet and Prophet of Thebes. (the Country of Pindar) upon viewing the first Exploit of Hercules, which was killing in his Cradle the two Serpents sent by Juno to devour him, foretold the subsequent Atchievements of that Hero; and the great Reward he should receive for all his Labours, by being admitted into the Number of the Gods, and married to Hebe; with which Story he concludes the Ode.

STROPHE I.

SISTER [1] of Delos! pure Abode
Of Virgin Cynthia, Goddess of the Chace!
In whose Recesses rests th' emerging Flood
Of *Alpheus*, breathing from his am'rous Race!

[1] *Sister of Delos! &c.* *Ortygia* is by *Pindar* styled the *Sister of Delos*, either because *Diana* was worshipped particularly in those two Islands, or because she was born in the former, as her Brother *Apollo* was in the latter, according to *Homer* in his Hymns. For both which Reasons also he styles it the Place of Abode or Residence of *Diana*. The Fable of the River *Alpheus's* pursuing the Fountain *Arethusa* from *Peloponnesus* under the Sea, and rising again in *Ortygia*, is well known. But there is some Difficulty in accounting for *Pindar's* chusing to usher in the Praises of *Chromius* with celebrating those of *Ortygia*, which seem to have at best but a very distant Relation to his Subject. The learned Reader may find several Reasons assigned in the Scholiast upon the Place, but as none of them appear satisfactory to me, I shall pass them over, and beg Leave to offer a Conjecture of my own; after premising, that *Pindar*, who was a Native of *Thebes* in *Bæctia*, commonly resided there, though he sometimes undoubtedly visited other Parts of

Divine *Ortygia*! to thy Name
 The Muse preluding tunes her Strings,
 Pleas'd with the sweet Preamble of thy Fame,
 To usher in the Verse, that sings
 Thy Triumphs, *Chromius*; while *Sicilian Jove*
 Hears with Delight thro' *Ætna's* founding Grove
 The Gratulations of the hymning Choir,
 Whom thy victorious Carr, and *Nemea's* Palms inspire.

Greece and even *Sicily*, where *Hiero* is said to have enjoyed, and profited by his Conversation; that he commonly assisted at the four Great or Sacred Festivals (as they are called) of *Greece*, the *Olympian*, *Pythian*, *Nemean*, and *Isthmian* Games, is also very probable, and may be inferred from several Circumstances and Expressions observable in the Odes he composed for the Conquerors in those Games; particularly in the Fourth *Olymp.* Ode, which was apparently made and sung at *Olympia*, immediately after the Victory then obtained by *Psaumis*. See above the Note on the Inscription of *Olymp.* Ode V. At these Festivals those of the Conquerors, who had a mind to have their Victories celebrated by *Pindar*, applied to him for an Ode, which they carried with them to their respective Countries; where they caused it to be sung by a Chorus in the Processions, or at the Sacrifices, which were made with great Pomp and Solemnity at their return to their native Countries, or to those Countries or Cities of which they chose to be denominated at the Time of their entering themselves Candidates for any of those Crowns. These several Points being premised, I observe, that *Ortygia* (which was a small Island so near the main Land of *Sicily*, that it made Part of the City of *Syracuse*, to which it was joined by a Bridge) *Ortygia*, I say, was probably the Place, where the Chariots and Horses of *Chromius*, as well as those People who brought this Ode of *Pindar* from *Argos* (the City where the *Nemean* Games were celebrated) first landed. *Pindar*, therefore, by addressing himself to *Ortygia*, may be considered as saluting, by his Representative, the Ode or the Chorus, the Island of *Sicily*, immediately upon his Arrival, and beginning his Song of Tri-

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE I.

The Basis of his future Praise

Assisted by the Gods hath *Chromius* laid ;
And to its Height the tow'ring Pile may raise,
If Fortune lends her favourable Aid :

umphant at the very Place, where in all Probability *Chromius* began his
Triumphal Procession. He seems to have set out with *Chromius* from
Ortygia (στέθεν ἀδυσπεπὸς ὕμνῳ δὲ μαῖται) and to have attended him quite
to *Ætina* (Ζηνὸς Αἰτναίης χάριν) which being some Miles distance from
Ortygia, where they first landed, furnished him with an Opportunity of
surveying, and thereby with an Occasion of celebrating the Fertility,
Riches, Populoufness, &c. of *Sicily*, whose Praises he accordingly
dwells upon in the *Antistrophe* and *Epode*. Upon this Supposition it is
evident that many of the Topicks insisted on by *Pindar*, which seem to
have but little Relation to his Subject, took their Rise from the Places,
where the Ode was to be sung : An Observation which will help us to
account for many of those long Digressions, and sudden Transitions,
which have been censured by many, and have contributed to give a very
ill Impression of *Pindar*, and his manner of Writing ; as if he him-
self was little better than a Madman, and his Compositions mere
Rhapsodies of shining Thoughts indeed, and Poetical Expressions, but
wild and irregular, without Method, without Connexion. How far his
Dithyrambick Odes may have deserved this Character, cannot now be
determined, since they are all lost ; but whoever reads that Part of his
Works, which now remains, with due Attention, and takes into Con-
sideration the Circumstances of Time and Place, &c. with a View to
which these Odes were composed, will, I am persuaded, find no Rea-
son to think *Pindar* wanted Good-sense, any more than he did Poetical
Fire and Imagination. The Scholiast upon the Words Ζηνὸς Αἰτναίης
χάριν expressly tells us, that the Odes made by *Pindar* and others upon
Occasion of *Hiero's* Victories in the Games, were written with a View
to their being sung in the Festivals or Games consecrated to *Ætnean*
Jupiter ; and it is probable, says *Didymus*, (quoted by the same Scho-

Assur'd

Assur'd that all th' *Aonian* Train
 Their wonted Friendship will afford,
 Who with Delight frequent the list'd Plain,
 The Toils of Virtue to record.
 Mean time around this Isle, harmonious Muse!
 The brightest Beams of shining Verse diffuse:
 This fruitful Island, with whose flow'ry Pride
 Heav'n's awful King endow'd great *Pluto's* beauteous Bride.

E P O D E I.

Sicilia with transcendent Plenty crown'd
Jove to *Proserpina* consign'd;
 Then with a Nod his solemn Promise bound,
 Still farther to enrich her fertile Shores
 With peopled Cities, stately Tow'rs,
 And Sons in Arts and Arms refin'd;
 Skill'd to the dreadful Works of War
 The thund'ring Steed to train;
 Or mounted on the whirling Carr
Olympia's all-priz'd Olive to obtain.—
 Abundant is my Theme; nor need I wrong
 The fair Occasion with a flatt'ring Song.

(I have) that this Ode to *Chromius* was composed for the same Purpose,
 Here then we have the Authority both of the Scholiast and *Didymus* for
 an Observation which the Ode itself might have suggested to us; and
 which, *mutatis mutandis*, may and ought to be applied to most of the
 Odes of *Pindar*. See particularly *Olymp.* Odes the 5th and 14th, and
 the Notes.

S T R O-

STROPHE II.

[2] To *Chromius* no unwelcome Guest
 I come, high founding my *Dircean* Chord;
 Who for his Poet hath prepar'd the Feast,
 And spread with Luxury his friendly Board,

[2] To *Chromius* no unwelcome Guest
 I come, &c.]

It is doubtful, says the Scholiast, whether these Words are spoken in the Person of the Poet, or of the Chorus; if of the latter, what follows about the Feast, is to be taken literally, for the Persons who composed the Chorus were always feasted; whereas if they are supposed to be spoken in the Person of *Pindar*, the Words *Who for his Poet hath prepar'd the Feast*, ἐνθά μοι ἀγμῶδιον δεῖπνον κεκόσμεν, *ubi mihi conveniens cæna adornata est*, must, says the Scholiast, be interpreted figuratively, and construed to mean the Presents prepared by *Chromius* for *Pindar* as a Reward for his Ode. This Interpretation I think very harsh. On the other hand, if we suppose the Chorus to speak in his own Person, there is an Enallage of the Tense, the Perfect Tense being put for the Present. But as the using one Tense for another is no uncommon thing in Poets, and very frequent in *Pindar*, I am inclined to understand them of the Chorus, and I have accordingly translated them in that Sense. To the Chorus likewise, as the Representative of *Pindar*, I have given the Epithet of *Dircean*, or *Theban*, and the Title of Poet. Now if we suppose these Words spoken in the Person of the Chorus, and consequently take what is said about the Feast in a literal Sense, we shall have another plain Allusion to the Circumstances accompanying the Triumph of *Chromius*, in which this Ode was sung: and we may hence take Occasion to observe, in Confirmation of what is said in the preceding Note, how artfully the Poet hath adapted the several Parts of his Ode to the several Topicks which presented themselves during the Time in which it was sung by the Chorus. The victorious Chariot and Horses of *Chromius* landed in *Ortygia*, from whence, in all Probability, the Procession began. With the Praises therefore of *Ortygia*,

For

For never from his gen'rous Gate
Unentertain'd the Stranger flies.

While Envy's scorching Flame, that blasts the Great,
Quench'd with his flowing Bounty, dies.

But Envy ill becomes the human Mind;
Since various Parts to various Men assign'd
All to Perfection and to Praise will lead,

Would each those Paths pursue, which Nature bids him
tread.]

the Chorus, who attended the Triumph of the Conqueror, very properly begin their Song, declaring at the same Time the Subject or Occasion of it, *viz.* the *Nemean Victory* of *Chromius*, and the Design of all their Pomp and Festivity, which was to return Thanks to *Ætnean Jupiter*, and the Gods, by whose Assistance *Chromius* in this his first Victory had laid the Foundations of his future Fame. Next comes the Praise of *Sicily*, through a large Tract of which they were to pass from *Syracuse* to *Ætna*, in which Passage we may suppose them at proper Pauses taking Notice of the Fertility, Wealth, Populoufness, &c. of that Island, which could not fail striking their Eyes, as they proceeded in their March through the Fields of Corn, the rich Pastures and the stately Cities, for which *Sicily* was at that Time, and some Ages after, so famous. After this, upon mention of the Feast prepared for the Chorus, they take Occasion to launch into the particular Praises of *Chromius*, beginning with his Hospitality, of which the great Entertainment then provided by him, was a Specimen. As these Praises of his Hospitality and Liberality were a kind of Invitation to all Strangers to partake of his Bounty; from these Topicks the Poet falls naturally into the mention of the other excellent Qualities of *Chromius*, *viz.* his Wisdom, Courage, and Activity in the Service of his Country; and then returning to his *Nemean Victory*, promises him, from this auspicious Beginning, a large Increase of Fame, &c. as has been observed in the Argument. By considering these several Points in this Light, the whole Ode appears to me very methodical and well connected: But as all I

ANTI.

ANTISTROPHE II.

In Action thus Heroick Might,
In Council shines the Mind sagacious, wise,
Which to the future casts her piercing Sight,
And sees the Train of Consequences rise.

With either Talent *Chromius* blest

Suppresses not his active Pow'rs.

I hate the Miser, whose unsocial Breast

Locks from the World his useless Stores.

Wealth by the Bounteous only is enjoy'd,

Whose Treasures in diffusive Good employ'd

The rich Returns of Fame and Friends procure;

And 'gainst a sad Reverse, a safe Retreat insure.

EPODE II.

Thy early Virtues, *Chromius*, deck'd with Praise,

And these First-fruits of Fame inspire

The Muse to promise for thy future Days

have offered is nothing more than Conjecture, I submit it as such to the
Judgment of the learned Reader.

I had once translated this Passage thus :

To Chromius once a welcome Guest

I came, high sounding my Dircean Chord,

Who for his Poet strait prepar'd the Feast, &c.

Taking it to be spoken in the Person of *Pindar*, who having been in
Sicily, might formerly have been hospitably received and entertained by
Chromius. This Interpretation will agree better with the *Tense ἔστω*,
but I think the other preferable.

A large

A large Increase of Merit and Renown.
 So when of old *Jove's* mighty Son,
 Worthy his great immortal Sire,
 Forth from *Alcmena's* teeming Bed
 With his Twin-Brother came,
 Safe thro' Life's painful Entrance led
 To view the dazzling Sun's reviving Flame,
 Th' Imperial Cradle *Juno* quick survey'd,
 Where slept the Twins in Saffron Bands array'd.

S T R O P H E III.

Then glowing with immortal Rage,
 The Gold-enthroned Empress of the Gods
 Her eager Thirst of Vengeance to assuage,
 Strait to her hated Rival's curs'd Abodes
 Bade her vindictive Serpents haste.
 They thro' the op'ning Valves with Speed
 On to the Chamber's deep Recesses past,
 To perpetrate their murd'rous Deed :
 And now in knotty Mazes to infold
 Their destin'd Prey, on curling Spires they roll'd,
 His dauntless Brow when young *Alcides* rear'd,
 And for their first Attempt his infant Arms prepar'd.

A N T I S T R O P H E III.

Fast by the azure Necks he held
 And grip'd in either Hand his scaly Foes ;
 Till from their horrid Carcasses expell'd,
 At length the pois'nous Soul unwilling flows.

I. ODE I. OF PINDAR.

111

Mean time intolerable Dread
 Congeal'd each Female's curdling Blood,
 All who attendant on the genial Bed,
 Around the languid Mother stood.
 She with distracting Fear and Anguish stung,
 Forth from her sickly Couch impatient sprung;
 Her cumb'rous Robe regardless off she threw,
 And to protect her Child with fondest Ardour flew.

E P O D E III.

But with her shrill, distressful Cries alarm'd
 In rush'd each bold *Cadmean* Lord,
 In Brass refulgent, as to Battle arm'd;
 With them *Amphitryon*, whose tumultuous Breast
 A Croud of various Cares infest:
 High brandishing his gleaming Sword
 With eager, anxious Step he came;
 A Wound so near his Heart
 Shook with Dismay his inmost Frame,
 And rous'd the active Sp'rits in ev'ry Part.
 To our own Sorrows serious Heed we give;
 But for another's Woe soon cease to grieve.

S T R O P H E IV.

Amaz'd the trembling Father stood,
 While doubtful Pleasure, mix'd with wild Surprise,
 Drove from his troubled Heart the vital Flood:
 His Son's stupendous Deed with wondring Eyes

He

He view'd, and how the gracious Will
Of Heav'n to Joy had chang'd his Fear
And falsify'd the Messengers of Ill.

Then strait he calls th' unerring Seer,
Divine *Tiresias*, whose Prophetick Tongue
Jove's sacred Mandates from the Tripod sung;
Who then to all th' attentive Throng explain'd
What Fate th' immortal Gods for *Hercules* ordain'd.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

What fell Despoilers of the Land
The Prophet told, what Monsters of the Main
Should feel the Vengeance of his righteous Hand:
What savage, proud, pernicious Tyrant slain
To *Hercules* should bow his Head,
Hurl'd from his arbitrary Throne,
Whose glitt'ring Pomp his curs'd Ambition fed,
And made indignant Nations groan.
Last, when the Giant Sons of Earth shall dare
To wage against the Gods rebellious War,
Pierc'd by his rapid Shafts on *Phlegra's* Plain
With Dust their radiant Locks the haughty Foe shall stain.

E P O D E IV.

Then shall his gen'rous Toils for ever cease,
With Fame, with endless Life repaid;
With pure Tranquillity and heav'nly Peace:

Then

Then led in Triumph to his starry Dome,
To grace his spousal Bed shall come,
In Beauty's glowing Bloom array'd,
Immortal *Hebe*, ever young.

In *Jove's* august Abodes

Then shall he hear the bridal Song,
Then in the blest Society of Gods
The nuptial Banquet share, and rapt in Praise
And Wonder round the glitt'ring Mansion gaze.



THE ELEVENTH

NEMEAN ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to *Aristagoras*, upon occasion of his entering on his Office of President or Governor of the Island of *Tenedos*; so that although it is placed among the *Nemean Odes*, it has no sort of relation to those Games, and is indeed properly an Inauguration-Ode, composed to be sung by a Chorus at the Sacrifices and the Feast made by *Aristagoras* and his Collegues, in the Town-Hall, at the Time of their being invested with the Magistracy, as is evident from many Expressions in the first *Strophe* and *Antistrophe*.

A R G U M E N T.

Pindar opens this Ode with an Invocation to *Vesta* (the Goddess who presided over the Courts of Justice, and whose Statue and Altar were for that Reason placed in the Town-Halls, or *Prytanæums*, as the Greeks called them) beseeching her to receive favourably *Aristagoras* and his Collegues, who were then coming to offer Sacrifices to her, upon their entering on their Office of *Prytans* or *Magistrates* of *Tenedos*; which Office continuing for a Year, he begs the Goddess to take *Aristagoras* under her Protection during that Time; and to conduct him to the End of it without Trouble

er Disgrace. From Aristagoras Pindar turns himself, in the next Place, to his Father Arcefilas, whom he pronounces happy, as well upon account of his Son's Merit and Honour, as upon his own great Endowments, and good Fortune; such as Beauty, Strength, Courage, Riches, and Glory resulting from his many Victories in the Games. But lest he should be too much puffed up with these Praises, he reminds him at the same Time of his Mortality, and tells him that his Cloathing of Flesh is perishable, and that he must e're long be cloathed with Earth, the End of all Things; and yet, continues he, it is but Justice to praise and celebrate the Worthy and Deserving, who from good Citizens ought to receive all kinds of Honour and Commendation; as Aristagoras, for Instance, who hath rendered both himself and his Country illustrious by the many Victories he hath obtained, to the Number of Sixteen, over the neighbouring Youth, in the Games exhibited in and about his own Country. From whence, says the Poet, I conclude he would have come off victorious even in the Pythian and Olympick Games, had he not been restrained from engaging in those famous Lists by the too timid and cautious Love of his Parents: upon which he falls into a moral Reflection upon the Vanity of Mens Hopes and Fears, by the former of which they are oftentimes excited to Attempts beyond their Strength, which accordingly issue in their Disgrace; as, on the other Hand, they are frequently restrained by unreasonable and ill-grounded Fears, from Enterprizes, in which they would, in all probability, have come off with Honour. This Reflection he applies to

Aristagoras, by saying it was very easy to foresee what Success he was like to meet with, who both by Father and Mother was descended from a long Train of great and valiant Men. But here again, with a very artful Turn of Flattery to his Father Arcefilas, whom he had before represented as strong and valiant, and famous for his Victories in the Games, he observes that every Generation even of a great and glorious Family, is not equally illustrious, any more than the Fields and Trees are every Year equally fruitful; that the Gods had not given Mortals any certain Tokens, by which they might foreknow when the rich Years of Virtue should succeed; whence it comes to pass, that Men out of Self-conceit and Presumption, are perpetually laying Schemes, and forming Enterprizes, without previously consulting Prudence or Wisdom, whose Streams, says he, lye remote, and out of the common Road. From all which he infers, that it is better to moderate our Desires, and set bounds to our Avarice and Ambition; with which moral Precept he concludes the Ode.

STROPHE I.

DAUGHTER of *Rhea*! thou, whose holy Fire
Before the awful Seat of Justice flames!

Sister of Heav'n's Almighty Sire!
Sister of *Juno*, who co-equal claims
With *Jove* to share the Empire of the Gods!
O Virgin *Vesta*! To thy dread Abodes,
Lo! *Aristagoras* directs his Pace!
Receive, and near thy sacred Scepter place

Him, and his Collegues, who with honest Zeal
O'er *Tenedos* preside, and guard the Publick Weal.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo! with frequent Off'rings they adore
[1] Thee, first invok'd in ev'ry solemn Pray'r!
To thee unmix'd Libations pour,
And fill with od'rous Fumes the fragrant Air.
Around in festive Songs the hymning Choir
Mix the melodious Voice and sounding Lyre.
While still, prolong'd with hospitable Love,
Are solemniz'd the Rites of Genial *Jove*:
Then guard him, *Vesta*, through his long Career,
And let him close in Joy his ministerial Year.

EPODE I.

But hail, *Arcefilas*! all hail
To Thee! blest'd Father of a Son so great!
Thou, whom on Fortune's highest Scale
The favourable Hand of Heav'n hath set,
Thy manly Form with Beauty hath refin'd,
And match'd that Beauty with a valiant Mind.

[1] *Thee, first invok'd in ev'ry solemn Pray'r!*

In the Greek it is *πρῶτον θεῶν*, *primam Deorum*, which the Scholiast explains by telling us, that it was usual (doubtless in all solemn Sacrifices and Prayers) to begin with invoking *Vesta*; which Comment I therefore thought proper to insert into the Text, instead of translating the Greek Words literally, since without this the Meaning of them is not obvious.

Yet let not Man too much presume,
 Tho' grac'd with Beauty's fairest Bloom ;
 Tho' for superior Strength renown'd ;
 Tho' with triumphal Chaplets crown'd :
 Let him remember, that in Flesh array'd
 Soon shall he see that mortal Vestment fade ;
 Till last imprison'd in the mould'ring Urn
 To Earth, the End of all Things, he return.

S T R O P H E II.

Yet should the Worthy from the Publick Tongue
 Receive their Recompence of virtuous Praise ;
 By ev'ry zealous Patriot sung,
 And deck'd with ev'ry Flow'r of heav'nly Lays.
 Such Retribution in return for Fame,
 Such, *Aristagoras*, thy Virtues claim ;
 Claim from thy Country, on whose glorious Brows
 [2] The Wrestler's Chaplet still unfaded blows ;
 Mix'd with the great *Pancratiastick* Crown,
 Which from the neighb'ring Youth thy early Valour won.

[2] *The Wrestler's Chaplet — Mix'd with the great Pancratiastick Crown,*] By these Words it appears that the two Exercises, in which *Aristagoras* had gained so many Victories, were the *Pale*, or Wrestling, and the *Pancratium*. The first of these required great Strength and Agility of Body ; the second not only Strength and Agility, but great Courage also, since it was a very rough and dangerous Exercise: for which Reason we need not wonder at the Parents of *Aristagoras*, for being unwilling to let him enter the Lists at *Pythia* and *Olympia*; which being the most famous of the four *Sacred Games*, he was sure to meet there with Antagonists, that would have put his Strength and Courage

ANTISTROPHE II.

And (but his timid Parents' cautious Love,
 Distrusting ever his too forward Hand,
 Forbade their tender Son to prove
 The Toils of *Pythia*' or *Olympia*'s Sand)
 Now by the Gods I swear, his val'rous Might
 Had 'scap'd victorious in each bloody Fight ;
 And from *Castalia*, or where dark with Shade
 The Mount of *Saturn* rears its Olive-Head,
 Great and illustrious home had he return'd ;
 While by his Fame eclips'd his vanquish'd Foeshad mourn'd.

EPODE II.

Then his triumphal Tresses bound
 With the dark Verdure of th' *Olympick* Grove,
 With joyous Banquets had he crown'd
 The great Quinquennial Festival of *Jove* ;
 And cheer'd the solemn Pomp with Choral Lays,
 Sweet Tribute, which the Muse to Virtue pays.
 But, such is Man's prepost'rous Fate !
 Now with o'er-weening Pride elate
 Too far he aims his Shaft to throw,
 And straining bursts his feeble Bow.

to the severest Trial, and perhaps endangered his Life. The Compliment however, which *Pindar* here makes to him, by saying, that he could have answered for his Success, could not but be very acceptable. *Castalia* was a River, upon whose Banks the *Pythian* Games were exhibited; and the Mount of *Saturn* was a small Hill planted with Olives, that overlooked the Stadium at *Olympia*. But for this and other Particulars, see the *Dissertations*.

Now pusillanimous, depress'd with Fear,
 He checks his Virtue in the mid-Career ;
 And of his Strength distrustful coward flies
 The Contest, tho' impow'r'd to gain the Prize.

S T R O P H E III.

But who could err in prophesying Good
 Of Him, whose undegenerating Breast
 Swell with a Tide of *Spartan* Blood,
 From Sire to Sire in long Succession trac'd
 Up to *Pisander* ; who in Days of yore
 From old *Amyclæ* to the *Lesbian* Shore
 And *Tenedos*, collegu'd in high Command
 With great *Orestes*, led th' *Æolian* Band ?
 Nor was his Mother's Race less strong and brave,
 Sprung from a Stock that grew on fair [3] *Ismenus'* Wave.

A N T I S T R O P H E III.

Tho' for long Intervals obscur'd, again
 Oft-times the Seeds of lineal Worth appear.
 For neither can the furrow'd Plain
 Full Harvests yield with each returning Year :
 Nor in each Period will the pregnant Bloom
 Invest the smiling Tree with rich Perfume.
 So, barren often and inglorious pass
 The Generations of a noble Race ;

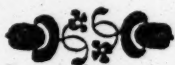
[3] *Ismenus' Wave.*] *Ismenus* was a River of *Bœotia*, of which Country was *Melanippus*, the Ancestor of *Aristagoras* by his Mother's Side.

While

While Nature's Vigour, working at the Root,
In After-ages swells, and blossoms into Fruit.

E P O D E III.

Nor hath *Jove* giv'n us to foreknow
When the rich Years of Virtue shall succeed ;
Yet bold and daring on we go,
Contriving Schemes of many a mighty Deed.
While Hope, fond Inmate of the human Mind,
And Self-Opinion, active, rash, and blind,
Hold up a false illusive Ray,
That leads our dazzled Feet astray
Far from the Springs, where calm and slow
The secret Streams of Wisdom flow.
Hence should we learn our Ardour to restrain :
And limit to due Bounds the Thirst of Gain.
To Rage and Madness oft that Passion turns,
Which with forbidden Flames despairing burns.



THE SECOND
ISTHMIAN ODE.

This Ode was written upon occasion of a Victory obtained in the Chariot-Race by *Xenocrates* of *Agrigentum* in the *Isthmian Games*; it is however addressed not to *Xenocrates* himself, but to his Son *Thrasylbulus*; from whence, and from *Pindar's* always speaking of *Xenocrates* in the Perfect Tense, it is most probable it was written after the Death of *Xenocrates*; and for this Reason it has by some been reckoned among the *ἑρῳοὶ* or Elegies of *Pindar*.

ARGUMENT.

The Introduction contains a Sort of an Apology for a Poet's taking Money for his Compositions; a thing, says Pindar, not practised formerly by the Servants of the Muses, who drew their Inspiration from Love alone, and wrote only from the Heart: but as the World is grown interested, so are the Poets become mercenary; observing the Truth of that famous Saying of Aristodemus the Spartan, Money makes the Man: a Truth, he says, which he himself experienced, having with his Riches lost all his Friends; and of this Truth, continues Pindar, you, Thrasylbulus, are not ignorant, for you are a wise Man: I shall therefore say no more about

about it, but proceed to celebrate the Victories of Xenocrates: after an Enumeration of which he passes on to the mention of the Virtues of Xenocrates, whom he praises for his Benevolence, his Publick Spirit, his Devotion to the Gods, and his constant uninterrupted Course of Hospitality in all Changes of Fortune. These Virtues of his Father he encourages Thrasybulus not to conceal, through the Fear of exciting the Envy of Mankind, and bids Nicasippus (by whom this Ode was sent to Thrasybulus) to tell him to publish it; concluding with observing, that a Poem is not made to continue always like a mute and motionless Statue in one Place.

STROPHE I.

THEY, Thrasybulus, who in ancient Days
Triumphant mounted in the Muses' Carr,
Tuning their Harps to soft and tender Lays,
Aim'd their sweet Numbers at the Young and Fair;
Whose Beauties, ripe for Love, with rapt'rous Fires
Their wanton Hearts inflam'd and waken'd strong Desires.

ANTISTROPHE I.

As yet the Muse, despising fordid Gain,
Strung not for Gold her mercenary Lyre:
Nor did *Terpsichore* adorn her Strain
In gilded Courtesy and gay Attire,
With fair Appearances to move the Heart,
And recommend to Sale her prostituted Art.

EPODE

E P O D E I.

[1] But now she suffers all her tuneful Train

Far other Principles to hold ;

And with the *Spartan* Sage maintain,

[2] That *Man is worthless without Gold.*

[1] The Apology which *Pindar* here makes for a Poet's taking Money for his Compositions, however well-founded it may seem to be in the general Corruption of Mankind, will doubtless appear somewhat extraordinary ; since Poets, though often poor, are seldom fond of acknowledging that they write with mercenary Views ; because such a Confession is not only inconsistent with the Inspiration they commonly pretend to, but must also naturally tend to render the Praises they bestow upon their Patrons suspected, and consequently diminish their Value. Yet, if we consider the Occasions, upon which these Odes were composed, as well as the Persons, to whom they were inscribed, we ought not, I think, to censure *Pindar* for taking Money for them. A Victory obtained in the Games commonly gave Birth to these Songs of Triumph ; and they were, as it may be supposed, generally written at the Solicitation of the Victors themselves, who procured them to be set to Musick, and caused them to be sung by a Chorus during the publick Rejoicings, which were made by their respective Cities, in which, doubtless, their Odes were no inconsiderable Part of the Entertainment ; and as the greatest Number of the Conquerors celebrated by *Pindar* were of Countries and Cities often very remote from, and no way related to *Thebes*, the Country of *Pindar*, it is evident he could have no manner of concern in their Victories ; and consequently no Inducement, either publick or private, to write upon such Subjects, without being rewarded for his Trouble. And if it was no Disgrace in *Pindar*, as in my Opinion it was not, to take Money upon these Occasions, there was no Reason for his being ashamed of owning it ; on the contrary, it must have been esteemed a Piece of false Modesty, and ridiculous Affectation in him to endeavour to conceal it ; especially as the Fact could not but have been publick and notorious. As to the Value of the Praises be-

This

This Truth himself by sad Experience prov'd,
Deserted in his Need by those he lov'd.

flowed by *Pindar* upon the Persons to whom these Odes were inscribed, it must be confessed it could not have been very great, since it cannot be supposed that *Pindar* had any personal Knowledge of far the greatest Part of the Conquerors, to whom he has addressed them. Their Characters, excepting such Parts of them as might have been collected from the Victories they obtained, as, their Agility, Dexterity, Strength, and Courage, &c. and their Wealth, inferred from their breeding, maintaining, and managing a Race of beautiful, strong, and fleet Horses; excepting these Particulars, I say, he must have taken their Characters and Histories either from themselves, their Friends, or Countrymen, as well as the Accounts of their Families, Genealogies, and Countries, so frequently to be met with in his Odes. The chief Advantage accruing to the Persons celebrated by *Pindar*, was the having their Victories, &c. recorded by a Poet, whose Reputation would, in all Probability, not only spread their Fame as far as the *Grecian* Language was spoken or understood, but transmit it also to Posterity; an Advantage certainly as well worthy their Ambition as the *Olympick* Crown; and of this *Pindar* was no less sensible, than those Persons, who were desirous of purchasing it of him, and accordingly seems to have set a pretty high Price upon his Odes, as may appear from the following Story, related by the Scholiast upon the Fifth *Nemean* Ode, inscribed to *Pytheas* of *Ægina*, which begins with these Words, Οὐκ ἀνδραγατοῦς ἐμ' κ. τ. λ. *I am no Statuary*, &c. The Scholiast upon this Passage says, that it is reported, that the Friends of *Pytheas* coming to *Pindar*, desired him to compose an Ode upon the Victory obtained by *Pytheas* in the *Panration*: but *Pindar* demanding for it three Drachmas [somewhat less than * two Shillings] they replied, it was better to have a Brazen Statue of that Price, than a Poem; and went their ways; but some time after, changing their Opinion, they returned to *Pindar*, and gave him his Price; upon which *Pindar*, a little piqued at their having so much undervalued his Poetry, began his Ode with shewing how much a Poem was to be preferred to a Statue, which could not move from

* See *Arbutnot's* Tables.

Nor to thy Wisdom is this Truth unknown,
 No longer therefore shall the Muse delay
 To sing the rapid Steeds, and *Isthmian* Crown,
 [3] Which the great Monarch of the briny Flood
 On lov'd *Xenocrates* bestow'd,
 His gen'rous Cares with Honour to repay.

the Place where it was once fixed, whereas a Poem might be transported any where, and consequently divulge in many Places the Glory of the Person, in whose Honour it was composed. The same Thought, though somewhat differently applied, occurs in the latter End of the Ode, which I have here translated; and to these Passages *Horace* plainly alludes in the following Verses of his Ode upon *Pindar*:

Sive, quos Elca domum reducit
Palma cælestes: pugilemve, equumve
Dicit, et centum potiore signis
 Munere donat:

I cannot conclude this Note without observing, that there is probably an Error in the Sum [three Drachmas] mentioned by the Scholiast as the Price demanded by *Pindar* for his Ode; for though some People may imagine that Money enough for an Ode, yet the same Persons, I dare say, will think it too small a Price for a Statue of Brass; especially if the Conquerors in the *Nemean* Games were, like those in the *Olympick*, obliged by Law to have their Statues precisely of the same Dimensions with themselves, which is most probable.

[2] That *Man is worthless without Gold.*] In the Original it is *χρήματα χρήματ' ἀνρς*, i. e. Money, Money, is the Man; or, according to our *English* Proverb, *Money makes the Man*. The Name of this *Spartan* Sage was *Aristodemus*: the Scholiast informs us, that *Andron* of *Ephesus* reckoned this *Spartan* Philosopher among the *Seven wise Men of Greece*.

[3] Which the great Monarch of the briny Flood, &c.] The *Isthmian* Games were sacred to *Neptune*, who also, according to the *Greek* Mythology, was the Inventor or Creator of Horses; for both which Rea-

S T R O-

STROPHE II.

[4.] Him too, his *Agrigentum's* brightest Star,
Latona's Son with favourable Eyes
 At *Crisa* view'd, and bless'd his conqu'ring Carr;
 Nor, when, contending for the noble Prize,
Nicomachus, on *Athens'* craggy Plain,
 With dextrous Art controll'd the Chariot-steering Rein.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Did *Phæbus* blame the Driver's skilful Hand;
 But with *Athenian* Palms his Master grac'd:
 His Master, greeted in th' *Olympick* Sand;
 And evermore with grateful Zeal embrac'd

sons the Victory obtained by *Xenocrates* is here said to be the Gift of *Neptune*.

[4.] *Him too* — *Latona's Son* — at *Crisa* view'd, &c.] In these and the following Verses, *Pindar* enumerates the Victories obtained by *Xenocrates* in several Games, as in the *Pythian*, in some Games exhibited at *Athens*, and in the *Olympick*. In the second *Olympick* Ode, inscribed to *Theron* the Brother of *Xenocrates*, *Pindar* takes notice of the *Isthmian* and *Pythian* Crowns gained by the two Brothers, whom he therefore styles *Copartners in immortal Praise*; but says that *Theron* alone gained the Victory at *Olympia*: from whence it is evident that this Ode, in which mention is made of an *Olympick* Crown obtained by *Xenocrates*, was written upon Occasion of another *Isthmian* Victory gained by *Xenocrates*, subsequent to that mentioned by *Pindar* in his Ode to *Theron*; and consequently that the present Ode was written some time after that, and another [the Sixth *Pythian* Ode] composed by *Pindar* on Occasion of *Xenocrates* having come off victorious in the *Pythian* Games. The Date however of this Ode is uncertain; it is probable, as has been observed, that it was written after the Death of *Xenocrates*.

By

128 I S T H M I A N O D E S ODE II.

By the great Priests, whose Herald Voice proclaims
Th' Elean Feasts of Jove, and Pisa's sacred Games.

E P O D E II.

Him, on the Golden Lap of Victory
Reclining his illustrious Head,
They hail'd with sweetest Melody ;
And through the Land his Glory spread,
[5] Thro' the fam'd *Altis* of *Olympick Jove* ;
Where in the Honours of the sacred Grove
The Children of *Ænesidamus* shar'd ;
For not unknown to Victory and Praise
Of, *Thrasylbulus*, hath thy Mansion heard
The pleasing Concerts of the youthful Choir,
Attemper'd to the warbling Lyre,
And the sweet Mixture of triumphal Lays.

[5] *Thro' the fam'd Altis of Olympick Jove ; &c.*] The sacred Grove of *Jupiter* at *Olympia* was named *Altis*. This *Altis*, as we learn from *Pindar* himself (*Olymp. Ode x* and *lv.*) and his Scholiast, was set apart by *Hercules* for a Banqueting-Place for those who contended, or rather conquered, in the *Olympick Games* : by those Words, therefore,

*Where in the Honours of the sacred Grove
The Children of Ænesidamus shar'd ;*

Pindar means to say, that *Theron* and *Xenocrates*, the Sons of *Ænesidamus*, gained the *Olympick Crown* : and by the following,

For not unknown to Victory and Praise, &c.

he alludes to the Odes and Musick usually composed and sung on those Occasions.

S T R O-

STROPHE III.

In smooth and flow'ry Paths th' Encomiast treads;
 When to the Mansions of the Good and Great
 In Pomp the Nymphs of *Helicon* he leads:
 Yet thee, *Xenocrates*, to celebrate,
 Thy all-surpassing Gentleness to sing
 In equal Strains, requires an all-surpassing String;

ANTISTROPHE III.

To all benevolent, rever'd, belov'd,
 In ev'ry social Virtue he excell'd;
 [6] And with his conqu'ring Steeds at *Corinth* prov'd;
 How sacred the Decrees of *Greece* he held;
 With equal Zeal th' Immortals he ador'd,
 And spread with frequent Feasts his consecrated Board;

EPODE III.

Nor did he e'er when rose a stormy Gale
 Relax his hospitable Course,
 Or gather in his swelling Sail:
 [7] But finding ever some Resource

[6] *And with his conqu'ring Steeds at Corinth prov'd,
 How sacred the Decrees of Greece he held!*

We are told in the *Latin* Notes upon this Passage, that *Aretius* (though upon what Authority is uncertain) affirms, that there was a general Law in *Greece*, requiring all, who were able, to breed Horses; which, considering how scarce that useful Animal was in *Greece*, even after the Time of *Pindar*, is not improbable. The several kinds of Horse-

130 ISTHMIAN ODES. ODE II

The fierce Extremes of Fortune to allay,
 Held on with equal Pace his constant Way.
 Permit not then thro' Dread of envious Tongues,
 Thy Father's Worth to be in Silence lost;
 Nor from the Publick keep these choral Songs.
 Not in one Corner is the Poet's Strain
 Form'd, like a Statue, to remain,
 This, *Nicasippus*, tell my honour'd Host.

Races in the Games were certainly instituted with this View, as I have observed in the *Dissertation*.

[7] *But finding ever some Resource, &c.*] The Original in this Place is so obscure, that the Learned will pardon me, if I have not hit upon the right Meaning.



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The Fourth Ode of the Fourth Book of
 H O R A C E.

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

Written at Oxford M D C C X X V.

This Ode, one of the most *Pindarick* in *Horace*, was written at the Command of *Augustus*, to celebrate the Victory of his Son-in-law *Drusus* over the *Rhæti Vindelici*, a Nation at the Foot of the *Alps*, between the *Leck* and the *Inn*. After two noble Comparisons, extremely in the Manner of *Pindar*, the Poet introduces a Compliment to *Augustus*, under whose Tuition *Drusus* and his Brother *Tiberius* were bred; and then takes occasion (as the *Greek* Poet generally does) to make an Encomium upon the Country and Family of his Hero; particularly upon that of *Claudius Nero* who conquered *Asdrubal* on the Banks of the River *Metaurus*; the Praise of which Action, together with that of the whole *Roman* People, he much enlivens and raises, by putting it into the Mouth of *Hannibal*, whom he introduces complaining of his Brother's Defeat and Death. This artful Panegyrick is a beauti-

132 ODE OF HORACE. Book IV.

ful Instance of the Judgment of *Horace*, who was in that Quality superior to *Pindar*; though in Sublimity and Fire of Genius he was perhaps inferior to him, as he modestly confesses himself.

I.

AS the wing'd Minister of Thund'ring *Jove*,
To whom he gave his dreadful Bolts to bear,
Faithfull [1] Assistant of his Master's Love,
King of the wand'ring Nations of the Air,

II.

When balmy Breezes fan'd the vernal Sky,
On doubtful Pinions left his Parent Nest,
In slight Essays his growing Force to try,
While inborn Courage fir'd his gen'rous Breast :

III.

Then darting with impetuous Fury down,
The Flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd Foe ;
Now his ripe Valour to Perfection grown
The scaly Snake and crested Dragon know :

IV.

Or, as a Lyon's youthful Progeny,
Wean'd from his savage Dam and milky Food,
The grazing Kid beholds with fearful Eye,
Doom'd first to stain his tender Fangs in Blood :

[1] In the Rape of *Ganymede*, who was carried up to *Jupiter* by an Eagle, according to the Poetical History.

V. Such

V.

Such *Drusus*, young in Arms, his Foes beheld,
 The *Alpine Rhæti*, long unmatch'd in Fight;
 So were their Hearts with abject Terror quell'd;
 So sunk their haughty Spirit at the Sight.

VI.

Tam'd by a Boy, the fierce *Barbarians* find
 How guardian Prudence guides the youthfull Flame,
 And how Great *Cæsar's* fond paternal Mind
 Each gen'rous *Nero* forms to early Fame!

VII.

A valiant Son springs from a valiant Sire:
 Their Race by Mettle sprightly Coursers prove;
 Nor can the warlike Eagle's active Fire
 Degenerate to form the tim'rous Dove.

VIII.

But Education can the Genius raise,
 And wise Instructions native Virtue aid;
 Nobility without them is Disgrace,
 And Honour is by Vice to Shame betray'd.

IX.

Let red *Metaurus* stain'd with *Punick* Blood,
 Let mighty *Asdrubal* subdu'd confess
 How much of Empire and of Fame is ow'd
 By thee, O *Rome*, to the *Neronian* Race.

X.

Of this be Witness that auspicious Day,
 Which, after a long, black, tempestuous Night,
 First smil'd on *Latium* with a milder Ray,
 And chear'd our drooping Hearts with dawning Light;

XI.

Since the dire *African* with wasteful Ire
 Rode o'er the ravag'd Towns of *Italy*,
 As through the Pine Trees flies the raging Fire,
 Or *Eurus* o'er the vext *Sicilian* Sea.

XII.

From this bright *Æra*, from this prosp'rous Field
 The *Roman* Glory dates her rising Pow'r;
 From hence 'twas giv'n her conqu'ring Sword to wield,
 Raise her fall'n Gods, and ruin'd Shrines restore.

XIII.

Thus *Hannibal* at length despairing spoke:
 " Like Stags to rav'nous Wolves an easy Prey,
 " Our feeble Arms a valiant Foe provoke,
 " Whom to elude and 'scape were Victory;

XIV.

" A dauntless Nation, that from *Trojan* Fires,
 " Hostile *Aufonia*, to thy destin'd Shore
 " Her Gods, her infant Sons, and aged Sires
 " Thro' angry Seas and adverse Tempests bore.

XV. " As

XV.

“ As on high *Algidus* the sturdy Oak,
 “ Whose spreading Boughs the Axe’s Sharpness feel,
 “ Improves by Loss, and thriving with the Stroke,
 “ Draws Health and Vigour from the wounding Steel.

XVI.

“ Not *Hydra* sprouting from her mangled Head
 “ So tir’d the baffled Force of *Hercules*,
 “ Nor *Thebes*, nor *Colchis* such a Monster bred,
 “ Pregnant of Ills, and fam’d for Prodigies.

XVII.

“ Plunge her in Ocean, like the Morning Sun,
 “ Brighter she rises from the Depths below :
 “ To Earth with unavailing Ruin thrown,
 “ Recruits her Strength, and foils the wond’ring Foe.

XVIII.

“ Ah ! now no more my haughty Messenger
 “ Shall bear the joyfull Tale of Victory :
 “ Lost, lost is all our long Renown in War !
 “ With *Asdrubal* our Hopes and Fortune die !

XIX.

“ What shall the *Claudian* Valour not perform,
 “ Which Pow’r Divine guards with propitious Care,
 “ Which Wisdom steers through all the dang’rous Storm,
 “ Thro’ all the Rocks and Shoals of doubtfull War?



Iph

T

E U

Iphigenia in Tauris.

A

TRAGEDY.

Translated from the Greek of

EURIPIDES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

IPHIGENIA.

ORESTES.

PYLADES.

Chorus of *Grecian* Women-Slaves attending *Iphigenia*.
Shepherd.

THOAS, King of *Taurick Scythia*.

Messenger.

MINERVA.

IPHIGENIA prologuizes.

SCENE lies on the Sea-Shore near the Temple of *Diana*, which, as appears from several Passages in this Play, stood upon the Straits, which lie between the *Palus Mæotis* and the *Euxine* Sea, not far from two Rocks called the *Symplegades*, i. e. the *clashing* Rocks, from their seeming to those who sail along these Straits, according to the different Positions they are in, to clasp and meet together, and then to open, and separate.

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SO many Writers, both in *English* and *French* (a Language now almost universally understood) having treated at large of the *ancient Drama*, I cannot but think it would be impertinent in me to say any thing here upon that Subject: especially as I have nothing new to offer. The same may be said with regard to any Observations I might make upon the particular *Piece* now before us, the Beauties and Defects of which will easily appear to those, who are acquainted with the Writings above mentioned; and are, besides, pointed out with great Taste and Judgment by Father *Brumoy* in his Reflections upon this very Tragedy, which he hath inserted in the second Volume of his *Théâtre des Grecs*. I have, however, taken the Liberty of making a few critical Remarks; which, together with some historical Explanations, I have thrown into Notes upon those Passages, that gave occasion to them.

I shall therefore content myself with saying a Word or two in behalf of the Translation, which I here offer to the Publick. My first and principal Care was to render the Words of the Original as literally, as the different Genius
of

140 A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

of the *Greek* and *English* Poetical Languages would allow; that I might give the *English* Reader as exact an Idea, as I was able, of the Style and Manner of *Euripides*, whose Characteristick seems to be *Simplicity* and *Conciseness*. If by endeavouring to imitate these two Excellencies of my original Author I may by some be thought to have fallen below the Pomp and Dignity of Tragedy, as she appears upon the *modern* Theatre, I desire it may be considered, that my Business was to *translate*, not to *compose*; to *copy*, not *design*. By this Plea I do not mean to shift off the Blame from myself upon my Author, whom perhaps I have dishonoured and degraded in my Translation; much less would I have it inferred from hence, that I prefer the glittering Theatrical Ornaments of modern Tragedy, to the simple native Majesty of the ancient. There is a certain Medium between creeping Prose, and strutting Poetry, which in my Opinion suits best with Dialogue, and best expresses the genuine Workings of a Mind, distempered and agitated by Passion, which seldom affords us either Leisure or Inclination to attend to the dressing of our Thoughts. In those Situations we are most commonly too much taken up with ourselves, to regard others; and speak rather from the Fullness of the Heart than the Luxuriancy of the Imagination.

As the *Greek* Tragedy doth not, like ours, consist wholly of Dialogue, and one uniform Versification, but admits of a great Variety of Measures, and even of long Odes composed

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composed for Musick, and sung by the Chorus, I have, with a view of giving the *English* Reader a complete Notion of the *Greek* Theatre, introduced in my Translation a Variety of Numbers, and rendered the Odes in Rhyme. Not that there is any thing in the *Greek* or *Roman* Poetry in the least resembling what we call Rhyme, which is a modern *Gothick* Invention ; but I imagined that Rhyme would best serve to represent the Difference between the Dialogue and the Ode : in the Composition of which latter, as it was always intended to be set to Musick, and sung by the Chorus, the Poet gave free Scope to his Imagination to wander through all the magick Regions of Poetry ; and indulged himself in the Use of all those *Liberties*, as well in the *Matter*, as in the *Numbers* and *Diction*, which a great Genius only feels the Want of, and only knows how to manage with Discretion and Success. The Ode therefore is generally written in a very high Strain, abounding in Figures, bold and sudden Transitions, and full of Fire and Fancy. Instances of which the Reader will see in the three Odes of this Tragedy, especially the last ; though it may be doing an Injury to *Euripides* to judge of their Beauties by my Translation. Besides, it must be remembered, that the Odes sung by the Chorus (which is always interwoven with the Action of the Drama) generally take their rise from some Part of the Subject, to which they ought to bear a constant, though perhaps remote relation ; and are consequently

quently diversified according to the various Incidents and Circumstances that give them Birth. Hence they are sometimes *plaintive*, at other times *moral* and *religious*, and so forth. We must not therefore expect to find them all of the same rapturous and enthusiastick Strain. They are however all written in a higher *Mood* than the Dialogue, and so I have endeavoured to translate them.

I shall not here take upon me to determine whether the *ancient Tragedy*, with this Mixture of Odes and Musick, be preferable to the more simple, and therefore, as it should seem, more natural Composition of the modern; such I mean as are not written in Rhyme. I own that for my part I incline rather to the latter. Indeed if Musick may be allowed a Place in Pieces of this kind, intended for Pictures of Nature and human Life, it cannot be more properly allotted than to the Chorus; consisting generally of Persons, concerned but in a very small Degree in the *Action* and Catastrophe of the Drama, in which they are rather *Spectators* than *Actors*.

But Musick, and even the *Ode* was not in the *Greek Tragedy* confined to the Chorus only: The other Personages, even those of the principal and greatest Characters of the Drama, were likewise introduced *singing*, sometimes in partnership with others, sometimes by themselves; nay the Dialogue itself was set to some particular kinds of *Harmony*, and spoken, or rather *chanted*,

in what we call *Recitativo*. From all which it appears, that the modern *Italian Opera* is a more exact Copy of the ancient *Drama* than any of our *English*, or even than the *French Tragedies*. And though the palpable Absurdities of *warbling Heroes*, *musical Dialogues*, *tuneful Messages*, and so forth, have now very justly sunk the *Opera* almost into universal Contempt, yet will I venture to affirm, that the *Greek Tragedy* contained in the Representation still more monstrous Absurdities, such as the *Perfona* or *Vizard*, covering the whole Head and Face of the Actor, with a gaping Mouth, ever open; *Buskins* rising to the height of *two Feet*, with *false Hands* and *Arms* long in proportion, and many other strange Additions, all tending to raise and swell the Actor to the imagined Bulk and Stature of the Hero he represented. The only Advantage which the *ancient Operas* (for so they may very properly be styled) have over the modern, is owing entirely to the superior *Genius* of their great Authors; which enabled them at the same time to comply with many Rules in themselves ridiculous, because unnatural, and yet to exhibit such Pictures of human *Life* and *Nature*, as very few if any of their Successors have been able to surpass.

The *Samson Agonistes* of *Milton*, the great Follower and Rival of the Ancients, is a noble and exact Imitation of the *Greek Tragedy*; from whence, it must be acknowledged, the *English Reader* may form to himself a much more

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more just Idea of the Beauties and Perfections of the ancient Dramatick Writers, than from this Translation: from which notwithstanding he may reap the Advantage of seeing a Draught at least, however rudely and imperfectly delineated, of one of those Models, upon which that admirable Piece was framed.



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IPHIGENIA in ^[1] Tauris.

A

T R A G E D Y.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter IPHIGENIA.

Iph. FROM ^[2] *Pelops*, who in *Pisa's* dusty Course
 Won the fair Daughter of *Oenomaüs*,
 Sprang *Atreus*, Father of two noble Sons,
 Great *Menelas*, and greater *Agamemnon* ;

[1] *Scythian Taurica* was a Peninsula, now known by the Name of the *Crim Tartary*.

[2] This Speech of *Iphigenia* is in the Nature of an *Argument*, and intended to inform the Audience of what had passed antecedent to the Commencement of the Action of the Drama, yet relating to it, and for that reason necessary to be known, for the better understanding the State and Situation of the several Characters, that are to appear upon the Theatre. But though such a Knowledge of the previous Events may be thought both useful and proper to be laid before the Spectators, yet I must own that the Manner, in which *Euripides* in this, and many other of his Tragedies, has chosen to convey it to them, appears to me very unartful, not to say absurd. *Iphigenia* in a long Soliloquy enters into such a Detail, as is not, I think, to be justified by those Reasons, that authorize the Use of Soliloquies on the Stage. I say, on the

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Of

146 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Of whom and *Spartan Clytæmnestra* born

Come I, the wretched *Iphigenia*:

I, whom my cruel Father, on that Coast,

Where the *Euripus*, vex'd by frequent Storms,

Stage; for in ordinary Life no Man in his right Senses talks aloud to himself, at least for any Time. But as it may sometimes be requisite for the Audience to know what passes in the secret and inmost Thoughts of the Personages of the Drama, which can no otherwise be effected than by their uttering their Thoughts in Words, the best Dramatick Writers have been often obliged to have recourse to Soliloquy, which is indeed *Thinking aloud*. But in Soliloquies the Person speaking is not to be supposed to understand that he is speaking, that is, uttering his Thoughts; much less ought an Actor, either upon these or any other Occasions, to take Notice of the Audience. He has nothing to do with any body but the Personages of the Drama, and when alone upon the Stage, is to suppose himself really and truly alone. For this Reason, though he *thinks aloud*, he is not to imagine that any one either does or can hear him: and for one Personage of the Drama to take Notice or over-hear what is spoken by another in a Soliloquy, or *aside* to himself, which is a kind of Soliloquy, is equally absurd.

From this View of the Reasons and Nature of Soliloquies let us proceed to the Examination of that now before us: And first, we may observe, that it is entirely *narrative*; and as such contains many minute Particulars, proper perhaps to inform the Audience, but not such, as we may suppose to pass in the Mind of a Person revolving with himself the Transactions of his former Life. Of this kind is the Genealogy of *Iphigenia*, with which she opens her Speech, the History of her Sacrifice at *Aulis*, her Escape from thence, and her Settlement in *Scythia*, with her Office there, the Name and Character of the King of that Country, and the barbarous and inhuman Custom of sacrificing to *Diana* all the *Grecians*, that happened by whatever Accident, to arrive in *Taurick Scythia*. To these may be added her Dream, with its Interpretation, &c. The greatest part of these Particulars might indeed have been introduced into a Soliloquy under the Form and Dress of *Reflections*, as will be apparent to any one, who compares this Speech of

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IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 147

With restless Tumult rolls his curling Wave,
To chaste *Diana* meant to offer up,
A spotless Sacrifice in *Helen's* Cause.
For by his Orders join'd, in *Aulis' Bay*

Iphigenia, with that of *Samson* in the Beginning of *Milton's Samson Agonistes*; where *Samson* bewailing his present Condition is naturally led to reflect upon his past Conduct, and those Circumstances of his Life, which principally conduced to bring him into that low State of Misery, under which he makes his first Appearance upon the Stage. By these means the Audience is let into such Particulars, as were necessary to discover who the Person was, that then entered upon the Theatre, together with the Causes and Nature of his Situation; and the Poet has artfully avoided all those Absurdities, which we have just now censured in *Euripides*; whom it is probable he proposed for his Example in Dramatick Writing, since it is sure that he had read and studied him with such Care and Attention, as to make many Notes and Corrections, which are preserved by *Joshua Barnes*, in his Edition of this Author's Works in *Greek*.

Another Fault observable in this Speech of *Iphigenia* is, that she seems to suppose she is speaking before an Audience, as is plainly implied in these Words,

I say no more;
For dreadfull is thy Deity, Diana!
Yet thus much may I tell &c.

and in these,

Yet sure the Vision which last Night disturb'd
My troubled Spirit, to the empty Air
May, without Blame, be publish'd, &c.

The Poet indeed hath in these Words *to the empty Air* thrown in a Kind of Salvo, but whether that is not removing one Absurdity by another, I leave the Reader to judge.

Milton in the Opening of his celebrated Mask called *Comus*, hath fallen into all the Errors here charged upon his Master *Euripides*; but we may pardon the former in consideration of his having written that

148 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

The Fleet of *Greece*, a Thousand Vessels, rode ;
 Impatient all to seize the Spoil of *Troy*,
 The glorious Prize of War and Victory ;
 Impatient to avenge the foul Affront
 Done to the Bed of *Helen*, and to shew
 The gen'ral Love to injur'd *Menelas*.
 But in the Harbour lock'd by adverse Winds,
 Their Leader *Agamemnon* of the Gods
 By Augury and Sacrifice inquir'd,
 And by the Prophets, Heav'n's Interpreters ;
 When *Calchas*, the wise Seer, this Answer gave :
 " Commander of th' united Arms of *Greece*,
 " Ne'er shall thy Fate-bound Navy quit this Shore,
 " Till *Iphigenia*, thy fair Daughter, bleed,
 " An Off'ring to *Diana*: By a Vow
 " Thou stand'st of old engag'd to sacrifice
 " The fairest Produce of the Year to her, [Year
 " Whose Radiance cheers the Night; and that same
 " Did *Clytemnestra* bring this Daughter forth,
 " Who (for on me the rev'rend Seer bestow'd
 " The Prize of *Fairest*) must be now the Victim."

Piece in his Youth, and after Examples of great Reputation and Authority ; so it may be said in Excuse for the latter, that he wrote in the youthful Days of *Tragedy*, before it was brought to that State of Maturity and Perfection, in which it appears in the Pieces of some of our best modern Writers ; who, I think, we must acknowledge, have avoided many Absurdities of the Ancients, though we should not allow them to have equalled their Beauties and Perfections.

Then

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 149

Then by the Artifice of fly *Ulysses*,
 And under the Pretence of a feign'd Marriage
 With young *Achilles*, was I brought to *Aulis* ;
 Inveigled from my Mother, and there laid
 High on the Altar ; and to ev'ry Eye
 There did I seem to bleed ; but chaste *Diana*
 Stole me away unseen, and in my Stead
 A fitter Victim gave, a sacred Hind :
 Thence thro' the lucid Fields of Air convey'd,
 She plac'd me here in *Scythia*, in whose Soil
 O'er barb'rous Nations reigns a barb'rous King,
 For winged Swiftnefs fam'd, and *Thoas* call'd.
 Here hath the Goddess, in this sacred Fane,
 Appointed me her Priests, here to serve ;
 Where a detested Custom, sanctify'd
 Under the specious Name of Sacrifice,
 Too long hath been observ'd. — I say no more,
 For dreadfull is thy Deity, *Diana* !
 Yet thus much may I tell — Whatever *Greek*
 (For so the ancient Statutes of the Realm
 Ordain) here chanceth to arrive, forthwith
 I lead him to the Altar, and begin
 The solemn Sacrifice ; the murd'rous Part
 I leave to others, who retir'd within,
 Deep in the Sanctuary's close Recefs,
 Perform the Rites, that may not be divulg'd.
 Yet sure the Vision which last Night disturb'd
 My troubled Spirit, to the empty Air

150 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

May without Blame be publish'd ; and to tell it,
 Tho' to the empty Air, may sooth my Grief.
 Methought, that having chang'd this barb'rous Land
 For my dear native *Argos*, there once more
 I dwelt and slept amid my Virgin Train ;
 When, lo ! a sudden Earthquake shook the Ground ;
 I from the tott'ring Chamber frighted fled,
 And where I stood aloof, methought, beheld
 The Battlements disjointed, and the Roof
 From its aerial Height come tumbling down.
 One only Pillar, as it seem'd, remain'd
 Of all my Father's House ; whose Capital
 Was with dishevel'd golden Tresses hung,
 And, stranger yet, with human Speech endow'd.
 This Pillar, reverently acting then
 The Duties of the Function here enjoin'd me,
 I purify'd with Water, as ordain'd
 For Sacrifice, and as I wash'd, I wept.
 This was my Vision ; which, I fear, portends
 Thy Death, *Orestes*, whom in Emblem thus
 I wash'd and purify'd for Sacrifice ;
For Sons are Pillars of a Family ;
And whomsoever I wash is doom'd to bleed.
 Nor can this Vision to my *Friends* belong,
 For when I perish'd on the Shore of *Aulis*
 Old [3] *Strophius* had no Son : therefore to thee,

[3] *Strophius*, King of *Phocis*, married *Anaxibia* the Sister of *Agamemnon*.
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IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 151

Belov'd *Orestes*, will I pay the Rites
Due to the Dead, tho' absent—With my Train
Of *Grecian* Women, which King *Thoas* gave
Here to attend me, these may I perform.
But what unusual Cause with-holds their Presence
Now in the Temple, go I to inquire.

Exit IPHI.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter ORESTES and PYLADES.

Oref. Be wary, and take heed the Coast be clear.

Py. My watchful Eyes are turn'd on ev'ry Side.

Oref. What think'st thou, *Pylades*? is this the Temple
Which we from *Argos* steer'd our Course to find?

Py. To me, and sure to thee, it seems no other.

Oref. And this the Altar wet with *Grecian* Gore?

Py. Behold the Top all crimson'd o'er with Blood!

Oref. And see! those horrid Trophies! which in Air
Grin ghastly from the Temple's awful Dome!

Py. These are the Spoils of slaughter'd Wanderers.

Oref. Then to be circumspect imports us much.

Oh! *Phæbus*, wherefore hath thy Voice divine

Thus far engag'd me in this deadly Snare?

E'er since in Vengeance of my Father's Death

I slew my Mother, by the Furies driv'n,

memnon, by whom he had a Son called *Pylades*, so famous for his Friendship with *Orestes*. This History, as *Brumoy* observes, is very artfully thrown in here to prepare the Reader for the Arrival of *Pylades*, who makes his Appearance in the next Scene.

K 4

Successively

152 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Successively from Place to Place I flew,
 A restless wretched Exile ; ranging far
 In painful Wandrings from my native Home ;
 Till coming to thy Shrine, of thee I fought,
 How I might best restrain the whirling Rage
 That drove me madding thro' out *Greece*? where find
 A happy Respite from my ceaseless Toils ?
 Then didst thou bid me to the *Taurick* Shore
 Direct my Voyage, to thy Sister's Shrine,
 And bear the Statue of the Goddess thence,
 Which, as those People tell, came down from Heav'n.
 This, whether gain'd by Stratagem, or Force,
 Or Fortune, in contempt of ev'ry Danger,
 Thou to th' *Athenians* badest me convey;
 Then (for no farther Task didst thou impose)
 Peace didst thou promise me, and Rest from Woe.
 Here therefore, in obedience to thy Word,
 To an unknown, unhospitable Shore
 I come—But, *Pylades*, thy Counsel now
 Must I demand, since Friendship hath engag'd
 Thee also to partake, and aid my Toil.
 Say, how shall we proceed ? Thou seest the Height
 Of yon surrounding Tow'rs ; departing hence
 Shall we adventure by the winding Steps
 To clime the Dome ? but who shall be our Guide ?
 Or thro' the brazen Gates shou'd we resolve
 To force our Passage ; know we more of these ?

And

Py.

Oref.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 153

And if in either Act we be surpriz'd,
Thou know'st we perish.—Rather let us fly
Back to the Vessel, which convey'd us hither.

Py. Fly! no! we cannot, must not fly, *Orestes*;
We are not wont to fly; nor ought we sure
Thus to condemn the Oracles of Heav'n.
Yet from the Temple let us now depart,
And in the cavern'd Rocks, whose craggy Feet
The wild Wave washes, from our Vessels far
Ourselves conceal, lest any one perchance
The Bark descrying, shou'd inform the King,
And to superior Force we fall a Prey.
But when the dim and black-ey'd Night appears,
Then let us call our Courage to our Aid,
Try all the Arts and wily Pow'rs of Wisdom
To bear the polish'd Goddess from her Shrine.
May we not, think'st thou, thro' yon Aperture
That parts those sculptur'd Triglyphs, find the means
To let our Bodies down? “The brave defy
“And conquer Toil and Danger; while the Coward,
“Distrusting the Success, makes no attempt;
“Meanly content to *do* and to *be* nothing.

Oref. Are we indeed, thro' such a Tract of Sea,
Come to the End perhaps of all our Toil,
Now baffled to return and deedless home?
Nay, *Pylades*, for well hast thou advis'd,
Let us obey the Gods—Depart we now;

And

154 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

And till the Night in some close Cavern hide.

“ The Deity can never be in fault.

“ Tho’ his own Oracles unfaithfull prove.

“ ’Tis ours to labour, to attempt, to dare :

“ Danger and Difficulty to the Young

“ Are but a poor Excuse for doing nothing.”

Exeunt OREST. and PYLA.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Enter IPHIGENIA.

Iph. Inhabitants of *Scythia*, ye who dwell
Where between jutting Rocks the *Euxine* foams,
And see him often close his craggy Jaws
On the forlorn and wandring Mariners ;
Peace ! nor disturb me with unhallow’d Sounds !
Mountain-Goddes of the Chace,
Sprung of *Jove’s* divine Embrace,
Lo ! with chaste unspotted Feet
I approach thy hallow’d Seat ;
And with reverential Dread
To thy glitt’ring Temple tread ;
To thy Dome, with Gold emblaz’d,
High on stately Columns rais’d !
There serve I, from all I lov’d
Far, alas ! how far remov’d !

Far

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 155

Far from *Greece*, my native Soil,
 Fam'd for ev'ry warlike Toil ;
Greece, for Steeds and Men renown'd,
Greece, with Tow'ry Cities crown'd.
 Far from those *Elysian* Plains,
 Where eternal Verdure reigns ;
 Where thro' high embow'ring Woods
 Roll *Eurota's* chilling Floods ;
 Where deny'd to my sad Eyes
Agamemnon's Mansions rise.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Lo ! here we come, obedient to thy Summons.
 But say, what Tidings ; whence this Brow of Care ;
 And wherefore hast thou call'd us to the Temple ?
 Say, princely Virgin, Daughter of that King,
 Who in a thousand Vessels o'er the Main
 Led the embattled *Greeks* to *Ilion's* Walls ?

Iph. Oh ! Virgins, on a melancholy Strain
 Is my sad Soul employ'd, a mournfull Dirge
 Unmusical and harsh, alas ! alas !
 What bitter Sorrows from domestick Evils
 Are fall'n upon me ! while I mourn
 A Brother's Death, to me declar'd
 By the dire Vision, which last Night
 In Dreams dismay'd my Soul ! —
 Alas ! my Desolation is complete !
 Fall'n is my Father's wretched Progeny,

356 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

And the whole Race is now now no more ! —

What Miseries have they in *Argos* seen ! —

Oh Fate ! I had but one, one darling Brother,
And thou hast torn him from me, and has sent,
Untimely sent him to the Grave ;

Him, for whose Manes I prepare

These mournfull Obsequies ; and on the Ground

With all due Rites the mix'd Libation pour ,

Blood, Water, Milk from Mountain Heifers drawn,

The Bee's sweet Tribute, and the Vine's rich Juice,

An Offring ever gratefull to the Dead.

Then hither bring the consecrated Bowl,

The Vase to *Pluta* sacred and to Death.

[*She takes the Bowl from the Chorus and pours
out the Libation.*]

“ Offspring of *Agamemnon*, this to thee,

“ Now wand'ring in the Shades below, I pour ;

“ And oh ! accept the Boon ! for on thy Grave

“ Ne'er shall I offer up my Grief-shorn Locks,

“ Nor wet thy Ashes with my streaming Tears.

“ For far from that dear Land, that gave thee Birth

“ Dwells thy sad Sister, in the borrow'd Form

“ Of a young Hind there deem'd to have been slain.

Cho. In Notes responsive to thy mournfull Strain,

In barbarous *Asiatick* Dialects,

To thee our royal Priestess will we sing

A solemn Service for the Dead,

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IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 157

A melancholy Dirge ;
As solemn and as sad
As *Pluto's* joyless Songs compos'd for Woe.

Ipb. O princely Race of *Atreus*! now, where now
Is fled the Lustre of the Regal Crown?
My Father's Line, alas! is now extinct;
And who of all those potent Kings remains
Now to command in *Argos*?—Grief on Grief
Springs fresh each Morn with the revolving Sun;
Who from the Spectacle of our sad Woes
Once [4] turn'd his lucid Eye, and fled away.
What a black Tide of Anguish, and Distress,
And Murder hath o'erwhelm'd our wretched House?
All from that fatal Source of Strife deriv'd,
The Golden Ram, whose rich Possession gave
A Title to the Crown. And how hath Heav'n
Aveng'd those Murders since on all our Race!
And me, even now with Woes unmerited,
Doth some malignant Dæmon still pursue,
That inauspicious Dæmon, who presided
At *Clytemnestra's* Marriage; from which Hour,
Even from the luckless Moment of my Birth
The Destinies decreed Affliction to me;

[4] *Iphigenia* here touches slightly upon the Crime of *Atreus*, from whom *Thyestes*, his Brother, having stolen the Golden Ram, upon which depended the Destiny of his Kingdom, he in Revenge slew the Son of *Thyestes*, and served up his Flesh to his Father at a Banquet; from the Horrour of which Spectacle the Sun is fabled to have turn'd his Chariot, and gone back toward the East.

And

158 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

And to Affliction did my Mother breed
 And train me up, the first-born of her Bed,
 To expiate with my Blood my Father's Guilt:
 A Sacrifice unpleasing to the Gods. —
 With what Congratulations, with what Vows,
 On the gay Chariot was I plac'd,
 And to the Sands of *Aulis* led,
 To be the Bride — alas! disastrous Bride
 Of the young Son of *Thetis*, great *Achilles*! —
 But now on this inhospitable Shore
 I dwell, in these unlovely Habitations
 A helpless Stranger, without Husband, Child,
 Or Country, or Relation, or a Friend.
 I who was once in Marriage fought
 By ev'ry noble *Greek*, no more
 Shall henceforth join the Virgin Choir,
 And Songs to *Juno's* Praise in *Argos* sing:
 No more in the historick Loom
 The Figure of *Athenian Pallas* trace,
 And paint her Triumphs o'er the Giant-Race.
 But here am doom'd to stain with Gore
 The ruthless Altar, and to hear
 The lamentable Groans, and thrilling Shrieks
 Of bleeding Strangers, who for Pity plead,
 And move my Bosom with imploring Tears. —
 But I remember now these Woes no more;
 And thou, *Orestes*, thou art all my Grief:
 Thee I lament, and mourn thee dead; —

Thee.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 159

Thee, whom I left yet sucking at the Breast,
A tender Sapling in thy Mother's Arms,
And clinging to her Neck ; thee, thee, *Orestes*,
The Prince of *Argos*, and in Hopes her King.

The End of the First Act.



ACT

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 161

Sb. We went to wash our Cattle in the Sea.

Ipb. Then to my former Question I return,
How ? in what Manner did you take them ? say :
I long to be inform'd — They come full late,
These ling'ring Strangers : Not this many a Day
Hath *Cynthia's* Altar blush'd with *Græcian* Gore.

Sb. When by that narrow Strait our Flocks were pass'd,
Where jutting Rocks confine the struggling Floods,
We came to certain Caverns, hollow made
By the perpetual Dashing of the Waves,
Where they, who gather Scarlet, went to house :
There one of our Companions chanc'd to spy
These two fair Youths, and starting soft return'd,
On Tip-toe lightly steering back his Course ;
And look (he cried) see there ! what Gods are those,
That sit in yonder Rock ? Another straight,
The pious one amongst us, rais'd his Hands,
And thus in Pray'r ador'd them : Mighty Lord !
Son of *Leucothea*, Goddess of the Main,
Who savest the frail Bark from Rocks and Shelves,
Divine *Palæmon*, be propitious to us !
Or hear ye rather, *Jove* and *Leda's* Twins !
Or of the Race of *Nereus*, the great Sire
Of fifty Daughters, who the Choir compose
Of chanting *Nereids* ! At this solemn Pray'r
Another of our Band, presumptuous, vain,
And lawless, into sudden Laughter brake,
And said, they were two Ship-wreck'd Mariners,

Vol. I.

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Who,

162 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Who, conscious of the Law that here consigns
 The Stranger to the Altar, in that Rock
 Had sought to hide for Fear. And he indeed
 To most appearing to conjecture right,
 We instantly decreed to hunt them down,
 As Victims due by Custom to our Goddess.
 When one of them, straight rushing from the Cave,
 Stood, and with frantick Action to and fro [quak'd
 Toss'd his loose Head, and groan'd, and shook, and
 Ev'n to his utmost Nerve, as one distraught
 With Madness ; roaring then with Voice as loud
 As Hunters in the Chace, See, *Pylades*,
 See her (he cried) there : dost thou see her there ?
 That Viper, that foul Fiend of Hell : See now,
 Arm'd with a thousand Snakes, and grinning fierce,
 How she wou'd murder me : Another too,
 Rob'd all in Flames of Fire, and breathing Death,
 Comes sailing on the Wing ; and in her Arms
 She bears my Mother, who in Vengeance threats
 To over-whelm me with these flinty Rocks !
 And now she slays me. Whither shall I fly ?
 Then wou'd he change his Gestures and his Voice,
 And mimic the dire Notes of howling Dogs,
 And Bulls fierce-roaring ; Sounds, which as they say,
 The Furies selves are wont to imitate.
 Mean while, shrunk up and almost dead with Fear,
 Silent we sat ; when spying suddenly
 Our Doves of Cattle, his sharp Sword he drew,

An

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 163

And like a Lion leap'd amidst the Herd
 And stabb'd and wounded some on ev'ry Side,
 Misdeeming that he with the Furies fought :
 So that the frothy Wave was ting'd with Blood.
 But, when amongst our Cattle we beheld
 This murd'rous Havock made, to Arms we ran,
 And blew our Horns, and rais'd the Country round ;
 Well weening that poor silly Shepherd Swains
 Were not a Match for those brave warlike Youths.
 A mighty Number soon was gather'd to us :
 And now the Stranger all at once fell calm,
 And ceas'd his frantick Motions ; from his Chin
 Distill'd the milky foam : This fair Occasion
 We saw, we seiz'd, and emulously show'r'd
 A flinty Volley on the distant Foe.
 While th' other Youth from his Companion's Lip
 Wip'd off the Foam, and marking, as they flew,
 Each rocky Fragment, with his shelt'ring Robe
 Protected him from Wrong ; with friendly Care
 Performing all the Offices of Love.
 But he, up-starting from his deadly Trance,
 And all his Sense recov'ring, when he saw
 The Storm that thicken'd round him, and perceiv'd
 Destruction was approaching, deeply sigh'd ;
 While we still urging them on ev'ry Side
 Without Remission ply'd our missive War.
 Then did we hear this dreadful Exhortation :

L 2

Oh!

164 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Oh! *Pylades*, we die! but let us die
 Most glorious; draw thy Sword, and follow me.
 But when we saw them shake their flashing Blades
 Quick to the Woods and Cliffs in Crouds we fled;
 Yet fled not all, for happ'ly some remain'd,
 Who still maintain'd the Fight, but soon repuls'd
 'They likewise fled, and left the Foe in quiet.
 Indeed it seems almost to pass Belief,
 That of such Myriads none should be so bold,
 Or so successfull, as to seize these Victims.
 Nor was it by our Valour, that at length
 We did prevail; for having girt them round
 With a vast Circle, and with flinty Show'rs
 On ev'ry Part assailing, from their Hands
 Their shining Blades we beat: while on the Ground
 Themselves, with Labour over-toil'd, they cast.
 So seizing, to the King we led them bound;
 Who having view'd them well, now sends them here,
 By thee to be prepar'd for Sacrifice.
 And ever shou'd'st thou pray, O royal Maid!
 For Victims such as these; then soon wou'd *Greece*,
 (If many more such Victims she afford)
 Repent her Cruelty to thee, and pay
 Full dearly for thy Sacrifice at *Aulis*.

Cho. Thou tellest Wonders of this *Stranger Greek*,
 Whoe'er he be, that from his native Land
 Is come to this unhospitable Shore.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 165

Iph. 'Tis well ; go thou and bring the Strangers hither ;
What here is to be done, shall be my Care.

Exit Shep.

Oh ! wretched Heart, thou wert accustom'd once
To Strangers to be mild and pitifull,
And for thy Country's Sake bestow a Tear,
When a poor luckless *Greek* was brought unto thee.
But ever since the Dream, by which I know
That dear *Orestes* views this Light no more,
I am grown fierce and savage, and henceforth
Such will ye find me, miserable Strangers !
For I myself, O Friends, am miserable.

" And true it is, the unsuccessfull Man
" Ever maligns and hates the fortunate."

Oh ! that no Heav'n-sent Gale, no wand'ring Bark,
Which thro' these dread *Cyanean* Rocks hath pass'd,
E'er hath brought *Helen* here, or *Menelas*,
For whom I was undone, that here I might
Repay them all their Cruelties and Wrongs,
And make them find another *Aulis* here,
In Recompence for that, where once the *Greeks*
Their murd'rous Hands laid on me, and in Pomp,
Like a young Heifer, led me to the Altar,
Where my unnat'ral Father was the Priest !
Alas ! I cannot but remember this :
How often to my Father's Beard reach'd I
My supplicating Hand ! how oft embrac'd

L 3

His

166 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

His Knee, and tried to sooth him with these Words:

“ My Father ! shamefull Nuptials hast thou here

“ Prepar’d for thy sad Daughter ; while my Mother,

“ Gay *Clytæmnestra*, and the jocund Choir

“ Of *Argive* Virgins, understanding not

“ Thy murd’rous Purpose, *Hymeneals* sing,

“ And merry Musick thro’ thy Palace sounds :

“ Mean while I perish, perish by thy Hands !

“ And *Pluto*, not the lovely Son of *Peleus*,

“ *Pluto’s* th’ *Achilles*, and the Spouse you meant,

“ When in the glitt’ring Carr, by Fraud seduc’d,

“ You fetch’d me hither to these bloody Nuptials.

’Twas on that Day, when spying thro’ my Veil

This Brother, whose sad Fate I now lament,

I took him in my Arms, but did not press,

Thro’ Virgin Modesty, his Lips to mine,

Then going, as I thought, to *Peleus’* House ;

And many kind Caresses I deferr’d,

As one, who back to *Argos* shou’d return. —

Oh ! Wretch *Orestes*, if thou’rt dead indeed,

These Evils, and thy Father’s Crimes have kill’d thee. —

“ Mean time I cannot but condemn the false

“ And partial Reas’ning of our Goddesses here :

“ Who from her Altars chafes as unclean,

“ Those who with Murder have themselves defil’d,

“ Or touch’d a lifeless Carcase, yet herself

“ Delights in Blood and human Sacrifice.

“ R

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IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 167

“ It cannot be, that such Absurdity
 “ Shou’d from *Saturnius* and *Latona* spring.
 “ Nor [5] can I Credit yield to those vain Legends,
 “ That tell, how at the Board of *Tantalus*
 “ The glutton Gods once feasted on his Son.”
 Much rather ought it sure to be presum’d,
 That these wild Nations, pleas’d with human Blood,
 Wou’d their own Vices on their Goddess charge ;
 For to the Gods no Evil can belong,

S T R O P H E I.

Cho. Ye rushing Floods, thro’ which the Wife of *Jove*
 Her madding * Rival forc’d of yore,
 When thro’ the World from *Argos* doom’d to rove,
 She pass’d to *Asia* from *Europa*’s Shore,
 Know ye whence these Strangers are ?
 Came they from that Region fair,

[5] I cannot but think the Mention of the Story of *Tantalus* very impertinent in this Place, as it breaks the Thread of the Argument rais’d by *Iphigenia* ; which, leaving out this, and the two following Lines, would seem clearer and better connected. But this I could not do, without taking such a Liberty, as I think a Translator cannot justify. This Passage is so like one in the first *Olym.* Ode of *Pindar*, that one may venture to conclude it was borrowed from thence. *Tantalus* indeed was the Father of *Pelops*, and consequently the Ancestor of *Iphigenia*, whom therefore she may be suppos’d to be desirous of clearing from the horrid Crime, imputed to him by this absurd Fable ; but the Poet might have found a proper Place for it than this.

* 16.

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168 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Where *Eurotas*, crown'd with Reeds,
 Wantons thro' the flow'ry Meads ?
 Or from *Dirce's* sacred Shore ?
 Thither to return no more !
 To an unfocial Nation are they come,
 Where Superstition taints the hallow'd Dome ;
 And bids the Priests to her Goddess pour
 Unblest'd Libations, Floods of human Gore

ANTISTROPHE I.

Relying on the Winds uncertain Gale,
 Or tugging the tough Oar with Pain,
 Thus o'er the trackless Ocean do they sail,
 Wealth by precarious Traffick to obtain ?
 Hope, thou Bane of human Kind !
 Sweet Illusion of the Mind !
 How in search of distant Joy
 Man's vain Race dost thou employ !
 Who thro' various Perils run,
 By their Gain to be undone !
 How empty are th' Opinions of Mankind !
 Sway'd by no Reason, to no Point confin'd !
 With cold Indifference some those Objects view,
 Which others with insatiate Thirst pursue.

STRO.

STROPHE II.

How did they stem th' impetuous Tide,
 Where * *clashing* Rocks the flying Sail surprize?
 How on the foaming Back of *Neptune* glide!
 Safe [5] by the sleepless Shores where *Phineus* lies?
 Where the *Nereid's* Virgin Choir
 Fifty Sisters of the Main,
 To their old immortal Sire
 Chaunt by turns their Choral Strain;
 Sweetly sounding in the Breeze,
 While before the swelling Gales,
 O'er the Foam-besilver'd Seas,
 Swift the well-steer'd Vessel sails,
 Whether by the stormy Wing
 That collects the southern Clouds,
 Or by western Airs, that sing
 Gently thro' the whistling Shrouds,
 Thro' the *Euxine* borne along,
 Or by [7] *Leuca* coasting, where

[6] *Phineus*, the Uncle and Lover of *Andromeda*, was changed into a Rock by *Perseus*, for having attempted to carry off *Andromeda*, after he [*Perseus*] had delivered her from the Sea-monster. *Brumoy*. These Shores, says *Barnes*, are styled *sleepless*, on account of the great Noise of the Sea breaking perpetually upon the Rocks.

[7] *Leuca* is a small Island lying near the Mouth of the *Borisfenes*, called also *Achillea*, from *Achilles*, who in his Passage to *Troy* is said to have been driven upon it, and during his Stay there to have exercised himself in the Foot-Race: whence it was sometimes named the *Course of Achilles*.

* The *Symplegades*.

Ever

170 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Ever dwell the Cliffs among
All the feather'd Tribes of Air.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Oh! that to *Iphigenia's* Pray'r
Kind Fortune list'ning hither wou'd convey
Ledaean Helen, that pernicious Fair,
With her own Blood our Princess to repay!
Oh! might I that Traiteurs view,
Here within this sacred Fane,
Dropping all with gory Dew,
And by *Iphigenia* slain!
But what Transports should I find!
Wou'd some *Græcian* Stranger come,
These hard Fetters to unbind,
And in Freedom waft me home!
Ye sweet Children of the Brain,
Dear fantastick Visions, rise!
And my Country once again
Place before these wishing Eyes!
For, alas! in Dreams alone
Shall I view my native Shore!
Dreams, the visionary Boon
Giv'n alike to Rich and Poor.

The End of the Second Act.

A C T III.

IPHIGENIA, CHORUS.

Iph. **B**EHOLD [8] in Manacles the *Grecians* bound
 Bend hitherward their Steps, a welcome Off'ring
 To our great Goddeſs: Peace, ye Virgins, peace.
 Theſe fair Firſt-fruits of *Greece* approach the Temple,
 Nor hath the Shepherd with falſe Tales abus'd us.

Cho. O venerable Goddeſs! if this Land
 Hath in Obedience to thy heav'nly Will
 Theſe bloody Rites ordain'd, propitious now
 Accept their Off'rings; Off'rings which the *Greeks*
 Taught by their Laws deem horrid and profane.

[8] It appears from the firſt Words of this Act that the *Chorus* at leaſt, and perhaps *Iphigenia*, did not leave the Stage at the End of the preceding Act: the ſame thing may be obſerved of *Oreſtes*, *Pylades*, &c. at the End of this Act, which is plainly connected with the following by the Words of *Oreſtes* taking Notice of *Iphigenia's* entering from the Temple. The Stage, therefore, was not in the ancient Drama, as it is in the modern, always cleared at the End of every Act; neither do the Odes ſung by the *Chorus* always come in at the latter End of the Act; an Inſtance of which we have in the fifth Act of this very Play. And yet it ſeems neceſſary for the diſtguiſhing the Acts from the Scenes, that either the Stage ſhould be cleared, or an Ode ſung at the End of every Act. Some Diſtinction there muſt have been between the Acts and the Scenes, as is evident from the Rule laid down by *Horace* of dividing the Play into Five Acts. But what that Diſtinction was, I leave thoſe to conſider, who think it worth their while to inquire into Points of this Nature.

Enter

172 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Enter ORESTES and PYLADES bound, attended by Priests, Guards, &c.

Iph. 'Tis well. But it behoves me first to see
Perform'd in Order due, whate'er concerns
The Worship of the Goddess: loose their Chains,
For being holy, they may not be bound.
Depart ye now, and in the Sanctuary [*to the Priests, &c.*
Prepare the needfull and accustom'd Rites.
Alas! young Strangers, whence are ye deriv'd?
Whose Womb conceiv'd you? and whom call ye Father?
Whom style your Sister? if perchance ye have
A Sister; luckless Virgin! soon to lose
Such Brothers, "Who can see his future Fates,
"And say, Thus shall they be! The Ways of Heav'n
"Are imperceptible. And no one knows
"What Sorrows threaten him; th' Inconstancy
"Of Fortune still perplexing all Conjectures.
Whence came ye, wretched Strangers? a long Voyage
Hath brought you to this Shore; a longer yet
Remains, and to a Shore still more remote
From your dear Country—to the Shades below.

Orest. Wherefore, O Virgin, whosoe'er thou art,
Dost thou bewail the common Woes of Life?
And why do our Misfortunes thus afflict thee?
"Fond is the Wretch, who, knowing he must die,
"Thinks by vain Sorrow and unmanly Tears
"To quell the Fear of Death; or, void of Hope,
"Grieves at th' Approach and Certainty of Fate,
"Creating

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 173

“ Creating thus two Evils out of one,

“ By losing with his Life his Honour too.

Let Fortune take her Course ; lament us not ;

We know what Sacrifice your Customs here
Ordain, and know that we must be the Victims.

Iph. Which of you Strangers is nam'd *Pylades* ?

This Information I would first receive.

Oref. He---But what Pleasure gain you from this Knowledge ?

Iph. Next, to what State of *Greece* doth he belong ?

Oref. Can this Intelligence import you aught ?

Iph. Are ye two Brothers of one Mother born ?

Oref. Brothers we are in Friendship, not in Blood.

Iph. On thee what Name was by thy Sire impos'd ?

Oref. I shou'd, if rightly nam'd, be styl'd th' Unhappy.

Iph. I meddle not with that, charge that on Fortune.

Oref. Dying unknown we shall not be defam'd.

Iph. Can such a Thought affect a Mind so great ?

Oref. You sacrifice my Body, not my Name.

Iph. May I not learn what Country claims thy Birth ?

Oref. Thy Questions nought import a dying Man.

Iph. Yet what with-holds your yielding me this Pleasure ?

Oref. Myself I boast from noble *Argos* sprung.

Iph. Now, by the Gods ! art thou indeed from *Argos* ?

Oref. Yea : of *Mycenæ*, once a potent City.

Iph. Driv'n thence by Exile com'st thou here, or how ?

Oref. My Flight was voluntary, yet constrain'd.

Iph. Vouchsafe then to reply to my Demands.

Oref. I will, tho' it enhance my Misery.

Iph.

174 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Iph. Thy Voyage hither, since thou cam'st from *Argos*,
Was greatly to be wish'd.

Oref. By thee perchance.

If so, do thou rejoice ; it joys not me.

Iph. The Fame of *Troy* no doubt hath reach'd thy Ears.

Oref. Wou'd that it never had, not even in Dreams !

Iph. They say that famous City is no more.

Oref. *Troy* is no more ; Fame hath not ly'd in that.

Iph. Is *Helen* to her Husband's Bed return'd ?

Oref. Return'd she is, and brought Perdition with her.

Iph. Where dwells she now ? She once did injure me.

Oref. She dwells at *Sparta* with her former Lord.

Iph. Thou common Bane of *Greece*, not mine alone !

Oref. I too have reap'd the Fruits of her Espousals.

Iph. Return'd the *Grecians* so as Fame reports ?

Oref. How many Questions hast thou ask'd in one !

Iph. Fain wou'd I profit by thee, ere thou dy'st.

Oref. Make thy Demands then, and indulge thy Pleasure.

Iph. There was a Seer, nam'd *Calchas*, came he back ?

Oref. He dy'd ; as in *Mycenæ* was reported.

Iph. O mighty Goddess ! — Lives *Laertes'* Son ?

Oref. He is not yet return'd, but lives, they say.

Iph. O may he die, nor see his Country more !

Oref. Spare, spare your Curses ! nothing prospers with him.

Iph. The Son of *Thetis*, is he yet alive ?

Oref. The valiant Son of *Thetis*, who in vain

At *Aulis* was espous'd, is now no more.

Iph. Sure in those Spousals there was Treachery ;

At

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 175

At least, so some pretend, who suffer'd by them.

Oref. But in thy Turn, say, Virgin, who art thou,
That askest with such Knowledge about *Greece*?

Iph. Myself am also from that Nation sprung,
But in my tender Years I was undone.

Oref. I marvel not, if thou desire to learn
The State of *Greece*.

Iph. The Leader of the *Greeks*,
He whom Men style the Happy, what of him?

Oref. Whom say'st thou? for that Leader of the *Greeks*,
Whom I did know, was not among the happy.

Iph. The royal Son of *Atreus*, *Agamemnon*.

Oref. Virgin! I know not,—ask me not that Question.

Iph. But by the Gods I will, and, gentle Stranger,
Vouchsafe to answer it, and make me happy.

Oref. He fell; and others in his Fall involv'd.

Iph. Fell! by what luckless Fate? Unhappy me!

Oref. But wherefore dost thou sigh at his Misfortunes?
Can *Agamemnon's* Woes relate to thee?

Iph. I sigh'd reflecting on his former Grandeur.

Oref. He dy'd most wretched, murder'd by his Wife.

Iph. Unhappy both, the Murd'ers and the Murder'd!

Oref. Then finish here, and question me no farther.

Iph. This only — Lives that wretched Monarch's Wife!

Oref. No — she is dead — His Son did murder her.

Iph. O noble House! how ruin'd, how confounded!

What cou'd incite the Son to such a Deed?

Oref. He slew her to revenge his Father's Death.

Iph.

176 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Iph. Oh! what a righteous Sin did he commit!

Oref. Yet righteous as he was, neither in that,
Nor in obeying whatfoe'er besides
The Gods enjoin'd, hath he prov'd fortunate.

Iph. Did *Agamemnon* leave no other Issue?

Oref. He left a Virgin Daughter, nam'd *Electra*.

Iph. And of his Daughter, that was sacrific'd
Is there no mention?

Oref. None but of her Death.

Iph. O wretched Daughter! O unhappy Sire!
Thou that cou'dst murder her.

Oref. She fell indeed,
A thankless Victim for a worthless Woman.

Iph. And dwells the murder'd Monarch's Son in *Argos*?

Oref. That woeful Son dwells ev'ry where and no where.

Iph. "Adieu, ye lying Visions! ye are nothing:

"As are those Dæmons also we call wise;

"E'en like the flitting Dreams which they inspire.

"In Things divine, it seems, as well as human,

"Confusion enters and Uncertainty.

This Solace yet remains, that if indeed
He be, as these pretend, who seem to know,
Lost and unhappy; not by his own Folly,
But by obeying Heav'n, he was undone.

aside.

Cho. But we, alas! of whom shall we enquire
The Fortunes of our Friends; if yet they live?

Iph. Strangers, attend: This Conference to my Mind
A Purpose hath suggested, which pursued

With

Vol.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 177

With Care and Diligence (so all approve)
 May in th' Event prove fortunate to all,
 And above all most fortunate to me.
 Wilt thou, so I preserve thee from the Altar, [to *Orestes*.
 Repair to *Argos*, my Ambassador,
 And to my yet surviving Friends from me
 Convey a Letter, which a Captive once
 Pen'd in my Name, condoling my Misfortunes,
 And not imputing his sad Death to me,
 But to the Laws and Customs of the Land,
 And the dread Sanction of the Deity.
 Till now I ne'er could find a Messenger,
 That could escape from this inhuman Shore,
 And bear my Letter to my Friends in *Argos*.
 Thou therefore (for thou seem'st to entertain
 No Enmity to me, and well to know
Argos, and those dear Objects of my Love)
 Receive thy Life; no trifling Recompence
 For the slight Task I wou'd impose upon thee.
 But thou (for so these rigid Laws require) [to *Pylades*.
 Must fall the Victim here, without thy Friend.

Orestes. O Virgin, all that thou hast said, is just,
 One thing excepted, that my Friend must die.
 I cannot bear the Burden of his Death;
 For I have steer'd him into these Misfortunes,
 The Pilot I, and he the Passenger,
 The kind Companion of my Grief and Toil.
 Then were it most unjust, that by his Death

178 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Thy Favour I should purchase, and alone
Escape these Evils ; therefore be it thus :
Thy Letter give to him, his faithfull Hand
Shall bear it safe to *Argos* ; so shall Heav'n
Crown all thy Wishes with Success.—For me,
Let who so mindeth, slay me—“ In the Laws
“ Of Friendship 'tis most infamous and base
“ To leave thy Friend to struggle with the Woes,
“ In which thou hast involv'd him, and provide
“ For thy own Safety only.” This Man here,
This Stranger, is my Friend, whose precious Life
I rate at no less Value than my own.

Ipb. O noble Youth ! how gen'rous was the Root,
From whence such Virtue sprung ! Thou best of Friends !
Pray Heav'n ! that he, who now of all my Race
Alone survives, my Brother, prove like him !
For, gentle Strangers, I too have a Brother ;
Tho' now deny'd to these desiring Eyes.
Then, since thy Choice determines so, let him
Convey my Letter, thou prepare to die ;
Thou seem'st with Transport to embrace thy Death.

Oref. By whom am I to bleed ? what ruthless Priest
Performs these horrid and inhuman Rites ?

Ipb. I ; 'tis my Function to appease the Goddesses.

Oref. A Function neither to be lov'd nor envy'd.

Ipb. But laid on me by Force, which all obey.

Oref. And doth thy Virgin Hand on Men perform
This slaught'rous Office ?

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 179

Iph. No, my sole Employ
Is on their Heads to pour the lustral Vase.

Oref. May I demand who slays the Victim?

Iph. They,
To whom that Charge belongs, are in the Temple.

Oref. When I am dead, what Tomb is to receive me?

Iph. A dismal Cavern in a yawning Rock
Deep sunk, and flaming round with sacred Fire.

Oref. How then, my Sister! shall thy pious Hands
Perform a Sister's Part to thy dead Brother?

Iph. O wretched Stranger! whoso'er thou art,
Vain were a Wish like that: thy Sister far,
Far from this savage, barb'rous Land resides.
Yet since thou art of *Argos*, what I can,
What little Courtesies I can bestow,
Shall not be wanting to adorn thy Tomb,
Thy honorary Tomb; and on the Flame,
That shall consume thy Body, will I pour
The Flow'r-drawn Nectar of the Mountain-Bee,
And all the due Libations of the Dead.
Now go I, from *Diana's* Shrine to fetch
My Letter, where it lies. Unhappy Youth!
Thou shalt not find Malevolence from me.
Observe the Strangers, Guards; but bind them not.
Joy, unexpected Joy shall I impart
To the dear Objects of my Love at *Argos*:
And when by my Epistle they shall learn

aside.

M 2

Her

180 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Her to be yet alive whom they think dead,
No anxious Doubts those Pleasures can allay.

} *exit.*

Exit IPHIGENIA.

Cho. Thee to the bloody Altar doom'd, [to *Orestes*
Thee, Stranger, we lament and mourn.

Oref. Rather rejoice ; there is no Cause for Woe.

Cho. But thee, to better Fortune born, [to *Pyl.*
Thee we felicitate ; thee, happy Youth,
Who to thy Country shalt again return.

Pyl. The Death of those we love blasts ev'ry Joy,
And saddens ev'ry Scene.

Cho. O horrid Sacrifice ! inhuman Rites !

Alas ! thou dy'st. [to *Oref.*] Alas ! thou dy'st. [to *Pyl.*

Ah ! which of you must die ?

As yet I doubt, Oh ! tell me which.

Tell me, to whom these Tears belong ?

To [8] whom must I address my mournfull Song ?

Exit CHORUS.

Oref. Say, are thy Thoughts, my Friend, the same with mine ?

Pyl. I know not to thy Question what to answer.

Oref. Who may this Virgin be ? who with a Zeal
So truly *Grecian* strictly question'd us

[8] I agree with Mr. *Brumoy* that the *Chorus* in this Place goes out after *Iphigenia*, of whose Attendants it was composed, consequently the remains with *Orestes* and *Pylades* none but the Guards, who were probably Natives of *Scythia*, and therefore so far Strangers to the History of *Greece*, as not to be able to gather any thing from the Conversation of *Orestes* and *Pylades*, that might tend to discover who they were ; as the *Chorus* consisting of *Grecian* Captives might probably have done.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 181

About the *Greeks*? the Toils they underwent
Before the Walls of *Troy*? and their Return?
Of *Calchas*, the sage Augur? of the Son
Of *Peleus*? and the wretched *Agamemnon*?
Whose Woes how much did she commiserate!
And then with Eagerness examin'd me
About his Wife and Children! Sure she is
A *Grecian* born, and certainly of *Argos*:
Else would she never send her Letter there,
Nor with so much Sollicitude inquire,
As if united in one common Cause,
About the State of *Argos*.

Pyl.

I indeed,

But you my Tale prevented, was employ'd
On the same Question, with this Diff'rence,
I with myself reflected that the Woes
Of Kings are publick, and well known to all
Who yield Attention to the Voice of Fame.
My Mind too was with other Thoughts engag'd.

Oref. What are they? by imparting them perchance
Thou may'st gain Knowledge.

Pyl.

With myself I thought

That to survive thy Death were infamous
In me thy Friend; together to this Shore
We sail'd, we liv'd, and we must die together.
In *Argos* shall I not, and *Phocis* too,
With Baseness and foul Cowardice be charg'd,

M 3

And

182 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

And seem to many (for most Men are evil)
 Shou'd I return alone, to have betray'd,
 Nay more, to have destroy'd thy Life, in this
 So gen'ral Desolation of thy House,
 That I might seize thy Sceptre, having wedded
 Thy Sister, the sole Heirefs of thy Kingdom.
 These sad Reflexions with such Horror fill
 My apprehensive Heart, that nought shall shake
 Th' unalterable Purpose of my Soul,
 To mingle my expiring Breath with thine,
 At the dire Altar to be slain with thee,
 And in one common Flame consume together.
 This Part becomes a Friend, and him who dreads
 Reproach and Infamy.

Oref. Peace, peace, my Friend;
 Me it behoves to bear my own Misfortunes;
 And not by sharing double ev'ry Woe;
 Were I with Murder to requite the Toils,
 Thou for my sake hast suffer'd, what thou say'st
 Of Infamy and Scorn, will all redound
 On my detested Name: And sure for me
 Thus hated, persecuted thus by Heav'n,
 It cannot be calamitous to die.
 But thou, my *Pylades*, art prosperous,
 Art innocent and pure: no Curse attends
 Thee or thy Family; while mine, alas!
 Is all defil'd with Guilt and Wretchedness.
 Thou with my Sister, whom to thee I gave

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 183

In Marriage, may't with Children once again
 My Father's House replenish, and preserve
 My Memory and Name. Then go and live !
 Live my Paternal Sceptre to enjoy.
 But when to *Argos* thou shalt safe arrive,
 By this Right Hand of Fellowship and Love,
 I do conjure thee, *Pylades*, to raise
 An honorary Tomb, and on it place
 Some monumental Trophy to thy Friend ;
 And let my Sister offer on my Grave
 Her Grief-shorn Tresses, and a pious Tear.
 Then tell her how in Sacrifice I fell,
 From all Pollutions by an *Argive* Maid
 In my own Blood before the Altar purg'd.
 And, oh ! abandon not my Orphan Sister,
 Nor naked leave my Father's wretched House,
 Betraying the Alliance, thou should'st guard !
 And now farewell ! thou best and truest Friend !
 Thou dear Companion of my youthfull Sports,
 Twin-brother of one Nurse's tender Care !
 Oh ! what a Load of Sorrow and Distress
 Have my Calamities impos'd upon thee !
Apollo, that great Prophet, hath deceiv'd us,
 And, of his former Oracles asham'd,
 Contriv'd to send me to this distant Shore ;
 Me, who resigning up myself to him,

184 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

As he commanded me, did slay my Mother,
In Vengeance of whose Death I perish now.

Pyl. An honorary Tomb to thee shall rise ;
Nor will I e'er abandon or betray
Thy Sister's Bed ; since thou, unhappy Youth,
Wilt needs constrain me to survive my Friend,
Here doom'd to perish. So it seems decreed :
Yet still some Hope remains ; nor can I yet
Distrust the Gods, whose sacred Oracles,
Tho' on the perillous Brink of Ruin plac'd,
Have never cast me down the Precipice.
Oft at the lowest Ebb of hopeless Fortune
The Tide returns, and wond'rous Changes brings —
Oref. No more — I say, *Apollo* hath abus'd me ;
And lo! the Virgin from the Temple comes [9].

The End of the Third Act.

[9] *M. Brumoy*, in his *Reflections* upon this Scene, observes that *Pylades* seems to yield too easily to the Intreaties of his Friend, who presses him to live and let him die : But, continues he, let any one read over this Scene with Attention, and he will discover that *Pylades* yields only in Appearance, being unwilling to exasperate *Orestes* with unseasonable Opposition, and desirous of being generous, rather than of seeming to be so. In fact, says he, *Pylades* only feigns to acquiesce ; and relies all the while upon some happy Incident, or rather upon his own Courage, to enable him to extricate both himself and his Friend out of this Distress ; as is evident from the Words with which he closes his Speech.

I acknow-

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 185

I acknowledge, indeed, that *Pylades*, from a religious Confidence in the Gods, who had sent them upon this dangerous Enterprize, seems to expect some happy Turn of Providence in their Favour; but I cannot think that *Pylades* either yields too easily, or yields only in Appearance to the Intreaties of his Friend. A short View of their different Circumstances will set this Matter in a clear Light.

Orestes was tormented even to Distraction with the Horrors of his Conscience, or in the Language of the Ancients, particularly the Poets, was haunted by the Furies for having slain his Mother *Clytemnestra*. In order to find a Remedy for this Evil, he applied himself to the Oracle of *Apollo*, who commanded him to repair to *Taurick Scythia*, to bring from thence the Image of *Diana*, and set it up in the City of *Athens*: having effected this, he was told by the same Oracle that he should be healed of his Distraction. In Obedience to the Command of the Oracle, and in full Hopes of being restored to his former Peace of Mind, he is here represented as coming to *Scythia*, attended by *Pylades*, who out of Friendship accompanied him in this hazardous Expedition. Their first Business after their Arrival is to take a View of the Temple of *Diana*, and the Avenues leading to it; which finding to be very difficult of Access they agree to deferr the Execution till Night, and in the mean Time conceal themselves in the Rocks. But before the Time fixed for their Attempt was come, they were accidentally discovered by some Shepherds, seized, and carried to the King, who sent them immediately to the Temple, in order to their being offered up in Sacrifice to *Diana*, according to the barbarous Custom of that Country. Upon this they are delivered to *Iphigenia* the Priestess of that Goddess; who understanding from their Answers to the Questions she put to them about their Country, that they came from the Kingdom of *Argos*, takes a sudden Resolution of saving one of them, upon condition that he will carry a Letter for her to some Friends of hers residing in *Argos*. *Orestes*, to whom she first applies, refuses the Offer for himself, but desires his Friend may be spared; and undertakes for him that he will perform the Condition, upon which she was willing to grant one of them his Life. *Iphigenia* accepts the Change, to whom it was entirely indifferent, as she knew nothing of either, and goes out to fetch her Letter. From this Account, it appears, that the sole Purpose, for which *Orestes* had under-

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undertaken this Voyage to *Scythia*, was defeated ; namely, that of carrying off the Image of *Diana* ; and consequently that he had no Hopes left of recovering his former Health and Tranquillity ; it is no wonder therefore that he should refuse a Life so full of Misery, and which moreover must be purchased by the Sacrifice of his Friend : Neither is it wonderfull that *Pylades* should acquiesce in the Determination of *Orestes* : Life attended with an incurable Distraction was surely not to be forced upon his Friend. Accordingly he does not offer to die *for* him, but only insists upon dying *with* him ; and that for Reasons grounded partly upon his Friendship for *Orestes*, whom he could not bear the Thoughts of surviving, partly upon the apprehension of the Suspicions that would fall upon him, should he return to *Argos* without *Orestes*, whose Sister *Electra*, the sole Heiress of that Kingdom, he had married. *Orestes* combats these Reasons of *Pylades* with some very powerful Arguments tending to shew that he [*Orestes*] alone ought to die, because he alone was polluted with Guilt and Misery, consequently Death in his Situation was far from being a Misfortune ; that he should with great Justice be censured and reproached by all Men should he requite with Death the Fidelity of a Friend, who out of pure Affection had accompanied him through all his Toils and Dangers ; and farther, that the Death of *Pylades*, instead of alleviating his Sorrows, would only increase and double them. To these Arguments, taken from Considerations relating to himself, he adds others regarding the Situation of *Pylades*, and his Sister *Electra*, the Wife of *Pylades*. As, first, that *Pylades* and his Family were innocent and prosperous, and not, like him and his, under the Curse of Heaven. Secondly, that he and *Electra* might raise up Children to the Family of *Atrides*, restore its ancient Lustre, and preserve his Name and Memory. To these Reasons, it would, in my Opinion, have been weak and unmanly in *Pylades* not to yield, since with regard to himself he could have no other Motive for persisting in his Resolution of dying with *Orestes*, than the Pain of surviving him ; and with regard to *Orestes*, and the Interest and Happiness of *Electra*, whom he had married, it was indisputably better that he should live and return to *Argos*. Can *Pylades* then be thought to yield too easily, when the Reasons for his yielding are apparently stronger than those for his persisting in the Resolution of dying with *Orestes* ; a Resolution naturally

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turally suggested by his Passion for his Friend, and to be excused only upon that Account: As to the Reason taken from his Apprehension of the Suspensions, that might fall upon him in case he returned to *Argos* without *Orestes*; it does not appear to be of Weight sufficient to counterbalance those urged by *Orestes*, his Friendship for whom was doubtless too well known to all *Greece*, and too strongly evidenced by his attending him in this dangerous Expedition to *Scythia*, to leave any room for such an Imputation upon him; from which, besides, he could not fail of Opportunities of clearing his Character either by the means of those who accompanied them in this Voyage, or by the Letter and other Testimonials from the *Argive* Virgin, who doubtless would assist him in escaping from *Scythia*. For imagining with *M. Brumoy*, that he yields only in Appearance, there is not the least Foundation; nay, the contrary seems evident from the following Scene, in which he engages himself by a solemn Oath to carry *Iphigenia's* Letter to *Argos*, which he was too scrupulous to have done, had he resolved to perish either for or with *Orestes*. As to his relying upon his own Courage to extricate himself and his Friend out of the Difficulties, in which they were involved, he must have been more lunatick than *Orestes* to have thought of it. They were in an Enemy's Country, at a Distance from their Vessel, disarmed and surrounded with Guards, &c. In such a Situation their Courage could be of no other Service to them, than to enable them to bear their Misfortunes with a manly and heroick Constancy. His sole Dependence was upon Heaven, and the Event shews it was not ill grounded.

I have dwelt the longer and more particularly upon the Examination of this famous Scene, because the View of *Euripides* seems to have been mistaken, not only by *Monf. Brumoy* the *French* Translator, but by *Ovid* himself, if we suppose, with him and others, that the following Lines allude to this Passage:

Ire jubet Pylades charum moriturus Orestem;

Hic negat, inque vicem pugnat uterque mori.

Extitit hoc unum quod non convenerit illis:

Cætera pars concors et sine lite fuit.

De Ponto, L. ii. E. 2.

In these Lines the two Friends are represented as contending with each other

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other which of them should die ; but there is no such Contest in *Euripides*. *Orestes* indeed offers to die instead of *Pylades*, who, on his Part, insists only upon dying *with* his Friend : And their different Behaviour hath been shewn to be agreeable to good Sense, the true Source of Dramatick Poetry. The Contest hinted at by *Ovid* is certainly more striking and *Theatrical*, and *Ovid* himself, we may suppose, would have followed that Plan had he written a Tragedy upon this Subject. But notwithstanding so great an Authority, I cannot help declaring for *Euripides*, whose Art and Judgment in the Conduct of every Scene in this Tragedy (except the first) will, I am persuaded, the more it is considered, appear the more excellent.



ACT

A C T IV.

IPHIGENIA, ORESTES, PYLADES.

Iph. **D**EPART [1] ye, and returning to the Temple,
Aid in their sacred Offices the Priests,
And those who must intend the Sacrifice.

Ex. Guards.

[1] *Depart ye, &c.*] *Iphigenia* addresses these Words to the Guards, to whose Custody she had committed *Orestes* and *Pylades*, while she went into the Temple to fetch her Letter. And as the *Chorus*, who followed her out in the preceeding Act (See Note 8) do not appear to enter till some time hence, she now remains alone with *Orestes* and *Pylades*. It was absolutely necessary that these Guards, who were probably Natives of *Scythia*, and Subjects of King *Thoas*, if not inferior Officers and Servants in the Temple of *Diana*, should not be present at what passes in this Scene between *Iphigenia* and her Brother, for Reasons which may easily be discovered. But as these Reasons could not be foreseen by *Iphigenia*, who suspected nothing less than the wonderful Discovery here made, it may be demanded, what could induce *Iphigenia* to dismiss these Guards, and leave herself alone with these two Strangers, who might from thence be encouraged to attempt an Escape? I answer, that besides the Reason suggested by *Iphigenia* viz. that their Assistance was wanted in the Temple, she might be desirous of conferring privately with *Pylades*, who was to be her Messenger to *Argos*, about the Manner of her flying from *Scythia*, where she was undoubtedly detained by Force, and consequently could have no Prospect of escaping from thence, but by the Assistance of a superior Force, or by Stratagem, either of which might have been frustrated, had she intimated to any of the Nation a Desire of departing thence. As this Supposition is very natural and founded upon the Purport of her Letter

Behold

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Behold the Letter to whose secret Folds
My Soul commits her various Purposes !
Yet hear me, Strangers, still one Doubt remains :
What Man beset with Peril is the same,
As when he finds himself secure and free
From Dread and Danger ? Justly then I fear
Lest he, who now so forward seems to bear
My Letter to *Mycenæ*, when escap'd
Safe from this barb'rous Shore, will disregard,
And flight my Message.

Oref. Then declare thy Pleasure ;
Say, what Security will ease thy Doubts ?

Iph. His Oath ; let him engage his solemn Oath
To bear this Letter to my Friends in *Argos*.

Oref. And [2] wilt thou also pawn thy Faith to him ?

Iph. Say to what Purpose ? What must I perform ?

ter, it furnishes us with a good Reason for this cautious Conduct of *Iphigenia*. The other Part of the Objection, taken from the Danger of the two *Greeks* attempting an Escape, will soon vanish, if we consider that they were now in the Precincts, perhaps in the very Courts of the Temple, where it was very easy for *Iphigenia* to give the Alarm to the Guards, Priests, &c. upon the least Appearance of any such Attempt in the two Strangers. I make these Observations to confirm what was said in the preceeding Note of the great Art and Judgment of *Euripides* in the Management of every Incident in this Tragedy. I shall have Occasion to make more Remarks of this Kind as I proceed.

[2] *Orestes*'s insisting upon *Iphigenia*'s swearing to suffer *Pylades* to depart, may possibly appear to the *English* Reader to be a very impertinent Piece of Caution, since, as *Iphigenia* replies, how should he otherwise convey her Letter ? But it must be considered that the ancient *Greeks* were so very scrupulous as scarce to think themselves absolved

Oref.

Oref.
Iph.
Oref.
Iph.

Oref.

Pyl.
Iph.

Pyl.
Iph.

Oref.
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Pyl.
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Oref. To suffer him depart in Safety hence.

Iph. How should he otherwise convey my Letter?

Oref. But will your King, think'st thou, consent to this?

Iph. For his Consent I will engage; and more,
Aboard some Vessel I myself will place him.

Oref. Swear then, and thou, my *Pylades*, begin
The sacred Rite, for thou art pure and holy.

Pyl. I will convey thy Letter.

Iph. You must swear
To bear *this* Letter to my *Argive* Friends.

Pyl. I will convey *this* Letter to *thy* Friends.

Iph. And I will save thy Life and send thee hence.

Oref. What God call'st thou as Witness to thy Oath?

Iph. *Diana*, at whose Altar here I serve.

Pyl. *Jove*, I invoke, the awfull King of Heav'n.

Iph. What if, regardless of thine Oath, thou swear
But to abuse me?

Pyl. To my native Land

from the Guilt of Perjury, though under an Impossibility of performing their Oath. This is evident from almost every Word that passes between *Iphigenia* and *Pylades*, relating to their reciprocal Engagements. *Iphigenia* therefore having sworn not only to save the Life of *Pylades*, but to assist him in his Escape from *Scythia*, *Orestes* had Reason to be satisfied that the Life of his Friend and his Return to *Argos* were as secure, as all the Power and Interest of *Diana's* Priests could make them; and he was in the right to insist upon this Security before he suffered his Friend to engage himself by so solemn an Obligation as his Oath. I shall have Occasion presently to make some farther Remarks upon the Consequences of the Oath taken by *Iphigenia*.

Then

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Then may I ne'er return! And what if thou
Neglect, as thou hast sworn, to save my Life?

Ipb. Oh! may I never live to visit *Argos*.

Pyl. But hold, one Circumstance hath pass'd unnoted.

Ipb. Thou may'st propose it, if it be material.

Pyl. This one Exemption I wou'd crave; suppose
The Vessel shou'd be lost, and in the Wave
Thy Letter in the gen'ral Wreck shou'd perish,
And I alone 'scape naked to the Shore;
Thou in that Case must quit me of my Oath.

Ipb. This will I do. To various Casualties
Since all Things here are subject, the Contents
To thee will I rehearse, that so thy Tongue
May to my Friends th' important Tale report,
And I, whate'er befalls, have less to fear.
For if thou can'st preserve my Letter, that
Will of itself my Purposes relate;
If not, yet thou escaping, may'st preserve
My Message.

Pyl. Wisely, Virgin, hast thou judg'd
Betwixt the Gods and me. Now then declare,
When I at *Argos* shall arrive, to whom
Thy Letter, or thy Message must I bear?

Ipb. Say to *Orestes*, Son of *Agamemnon*,
"She, who in *Aulis* at the Altar bled,
"His Sister *Iphigenia*, sends him this,
"Yet living, tho' in fact still dead to him."

Oref.

Oref.

Ipb.

Oref.

Ipb.

Pyl.

Ipb.

Pyl.

Pyl.

Pyl.

Ipb.

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Pyl.

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VOL

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 193

Oref. Where is she? Lives she from the Grave return'd?

Iph. I whom thou see'st, am that same *Iphigenia*—

But interrupt me not with thy Discourse.

“O dearest Brother, yet before I die,

“Yet bring me back to *Argos* from this Land,

“This barb'rous Land, and, oh! deliver me

“From this detested Ministry, with which

“Invested at *Diana's* Shrine I serve,

“And stain her Altars with the Blood of Strangers.

Oref. What, *Pylades*, what must I say? Where are we?

Iph. “This do, or on thy House, on thee, and thine,

“*Orestes*, will I call the Curse of Heav'n.”

Twice have I nam'd him, that thou may'st remember.

Pyl. Oh! ye just Gods.

Iph. Why call'st thou on the Gods?

Pyl. Nothing: Proceed: my Mind was elsewhere.

Perchance my Questions in their Turn, O Virgin,

May with no less Amazement strike thy Soul.

Iph. Tell him, “that great *Diana* fav'd my Life,

“Conveying in my stead a sacred Hind,

“Which then my Father slew, the while he thought

“That in his Daughter's Breast he plung'd his Sword.

“*Diana* fav'd me, and hath brought me hither.”

There is my Letter; these are the Contents.

Pyl. To what an easy Task stand I engag'd!

And O! how fortunately hast thou sworn,

Imperial Virgin! No great Space of Time

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The full Performance of my Oath demands ;
Behold I bear thy Letter, and to thee
Deliver it, *Orestes*, from thy Sister !

Oref. And I receive it — but away, vain Paper —
I shall not waste on Words my first fond Transports —
O dearest Sister ! — Thou art much amaz'd —
Nay — I myself can scarce receive Conviction —
'Tho' I enfold thee thus — I can't contain
My Raptures, when I hear such Wonders told !

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Thou [3] art to blame, young Stranger, to pollute
The Priestests of the Goddess ; seizing thus
With Hands profane her consecrated Robe.

Oref. O Sister, of the self same Father sprung,
Daughter of *Agamemnon*, turn not from me :

[3] I agree with *Monf. Brumoy* in placing the Entrance of the *Chorus* here, where *Orestes* throwing his Arms about *Iphigenia*, is discovered and reprimanded by the *Chorus* as they come upon the Stage ; for had they been present when *Pylades* delivered *Iphigenia's* Letter to him, under the Person and Name of *Orestes*, it was natural for them to have taken some Notice of that wonderfull Circumstance, by suggesting that they did not believe him to be really *Orestes* the Brother of *Iphigenia*, but that he assumed that Character in order to ingratiate himself with the Priestests of *Diana*, and thereby endeavour to save both his own Life, and that of his Friend ; for as soon as they were convinced that he was indeed the Brother of *Iphigenia*, instead of condemning, they approve and authorize his Embraces ; which is a plain Proof that their Reprimand in this Place proceeded from their not knowing his true Character, or from their suspecting him of an Imposture.

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Oh! turn not from thy Brother, thy *Orestes*,
Whom, against all thy Hopes, thou now hast found.

Iph. Have I now found my Brother? say'st thou so?

Oh no — my Brother still resides in *Argos*.

Oref. Thy Brother is not there, unhappy Maid!

Iph. Art thou the Son of *Tyndarus's* Daughter?

Oref. Yea, and the Grandson of the Son of *Pelops*.

Iph. Ha! say'st thou; hast thou Evidence of this?

Oref. I have; examine, prove me, question me
About my Father's Family.

Iph. Speak on —

'Tis thine to bring the Proofs, and mine to hear.

Oref. Then, *Iphigenia*, first reflect on this:

Thou know'st the fatal Contest that arose
'Tixt *Atreus* and *Thyestes*?

Iph. I have heard;

About the Golden Ram, I think, they quarrell'd.

Oref. In rich Embroid'ry didst thou not describe
This Story?

Iph. Now thou com'st near my Soul.

Oref. And how the flying Sun withdrew his Beams?

Iph. That Figure in my Work I well remember.

Oref. Did not in *Aulis* *Clytemnestra* bathe
And deck thee for thy Spousals?

Iph. Oh! 'tis true;

And those accurs'd Espousals were my Ruin.

Oref. Why to thy Mother didst thou send thy Hair?

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Iph. That she might strew it on my empty Tomb,
In Memory of me.

Oref. One Token more,
Of what myself have seen, will I produce.
In [4] thy Apartment stands the antient Spear
Of *Pelops*, which he brandish'd in his Hand
Then, when he slew *Oenomäus*, and gain'd
Th' *Eleän* Virgin, fair *Hippodamia*.

Iph. O dearest Brother! — for thou art my Brother —
And I possess thee once again, *Orestes*!
Thee in a distant Region born,
Thee from thy native Country come,
From *Argos* hither come, dear, dear *Orestes*!

Oref. And I again possess thee, *Iphigenia*!
Thee from the Grave return'd, for dead thou wert!
And see the precious Tears of Joy,
The Tears of Tenderness and Love,
Swell in thine Eyes, my Sister, swell in mine!

Iph. An Infant in the Nurse's Arms,

[4] As the *English* Reader may possibly not perceive at first Sight all the Force of this Piece of Evidence produced by *Orestes*, upon which *Iphigenia* immediately acknowledges him for her Brother, it may be proper to inform him, that the *Grecian* Women, especially Virgins, were kept with great Strictness and Reserve in separate and retired Apartments, into which no Man, except their nearest Relations, such as Fathers or Brothers were permitted to enter. *Orestes* therefore, by giving this Proof of his having been in *Iphigenia*'s Apartment, proves himself to be her Brother, in so convincing a Manner that she yields immediately, embraces him, and weeps for Joy.

An

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 197

An Infant sucking at the Breast
I left him, when I left my Father's House!
O! above all Expression fortunate!
My Soul, what shall I say?
Beyond all Wonders, all Imagination
Have these Things come to pass!

Oref. Henceforward may we live both blest'd together!

Ipb. O Virgins! strange, almost incredible
Is the Delight, I have this Day received —
I fear I shall again as strangely lose him,
And that he'll make him Wings, and fly to Heav'n!
O *Argos*! O *Mycenæ*! Native Land!
Now do I thank thee for my Birth and Nurture,
Since thou hast likewise nurs'd this Brother up,
To give new Lustre to our fading Race?

Oref. In Birth we both indeed are great and happy,
But in our Lives, alas! unfortunate.

Ipb. This Truth did I discover, wretched Maid!
Then, when my ruthless Father at my Throat
His murd'ring Faulchion held.

Oref. Methinks, even now
I see thee at the dreadful Altar stand.

Ipb. Then, when defrauded of my promis'd Nuptials
With the great Son of *Peleus*, I was brought
To that deceitfull Camp, the Haunt of Wolves:
When round that dreadful Altar from each Eye
Stream'd Tears of Pity, and loud Groans were heard.

Oref. Who would not weep at such a Sacrifice?

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Iph. Ev'n I could not but pity the Distress,
And Resolution of my cruel Father,——
Alas! how woeful was my Lot, to have
So hard and so unnatural a Father.

Oref. One Evil ever ushers in another :
If thou by Fate or Chance had'st slain thy Brother,
Oh! Wretch, how horrid were a Deed like that!

Iph. Oh horrible! most horrible!
And yet——how near was it, *Orestes*?
How hardly hast thou 'scap'd an impious Death,
Slain by thy Sister's Hand?
And oh! I tremble still to think,
How all these Things will end;
How Fortune will assist me to contrive
Some Means of his Escape from Death,
From this inhuman Shore!
That to his native *Argos* safe
I may convey him back, before
His precious Blood distain the sacred Knife.
Consider then, unhappy dear *Orestes*,
If best thou may'st resolve to quit thy Bark,
And, on thy Speed relying, over Land,
Thro' dreary Forests, and untravel'd Wilds,
And barb'rous Nations to expose thy Life:
Or whether passing the *Cyanean* Straits,
Thro' the long watry Way thou wilt attempt
With flying Sails to compass thy Escape?
Me miserable! luckless that I am!——

O that

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O that some God, some Mortal, some blest'd Chance,
Some unexpected Incident would rise
To open us a Passage thro' these Ills,
That have besieg'd us round, and shew
The two, the only two of *Atreus*' Race,
Some final Period of their Misery.

Cho. When to each other's Arms long absent Friends
Are by surprizing strange Events restor'd,
Our own Experience, and consenting Custom,
Bids us permit them to indulge the Joy
Of warm Embraces and transporting Tears.
But now, *Orestes*, it imports us most
To check this unavailing Tendernefs,
And think how we may win the glorious Name
Of Liberty, and fly this barb'rous Land.
" For 'tis the Part of wise and prudent Men
" Not to neglect their Fortune, but to use
" The present Good, as an Occasion offer'd
" Of gaining farther Happiness."

Oref. "Tis true;
And Fortune will (I trust) in this Attempt
Co-operate with us: her heav'nly Pow'r
By far transcends the Agency of Man.

Iph. Yet for the present nought shall interrupt
(Since nought forbids) our Converse, till I learn
What Fate attends *Electra*: O tell me all,
For all thy Words found gratefull to my Ear.

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Oref. My Friend hath blest'd her Life with wedded Love.

Ipb. Say whence, and from whose Loins he drew his Being?

Oref. Of *Phocis* is his Father, and nam'd *Strophius*.

Ipb. My Kinsman! Son of *Agamemnon's* Sister!

Oref. Thy Kinsman, and my faithfull only Friend.

Ipb. He was not born, when I at *Aulis* bled.

Oref. The Bed of *Strophius* for a time was barren.

Ipb. Welcome, my Kinsman! Husband of my Sister!

Oref. And more than Kinsman, Saviour of thy Brother.

Ipb. How could'st thou perpetrate that horrid Deed,
The Murder of thy Mother?

Oref. Name it not!

I did it to revenge my Father's Death.

Ipb. What Cause incited her to slay her Husband?

Oref. With what concerns thy Mother meddle not;
It is not good for thee to know.

Ipb. I'm silent.

The State of *Argos* now looks up to thee.

Oref. No; *Menelas* is King, and we are Exiles.

Ipb. What? did our Uncle then Advantage take
Of our Distractions, to distress us more?

Oref. No; the fell Furies drove me from my Country.

Ipb. This Madness seiz'd you now upon our Coast,
From whence some Shepherds brought me the Account
Of your Demeanour.

Oref. Nor are they the first,
Or only Witnesses of my Afflictions.

Ipb.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 201

Ipb. I understand you — for your Mother's Death
The Deities of Vengeance thus torment you.

Oref. Yea, and controuling with an Iron Curb
My stubborn Spirit, ride me thro' the World.

Ipb. What Object steer'd you to this barb'rous Coast ?

Oref. The Oracles of *Phæbus* sent me hither.

Ipb. And on what Errand ? May that be reveal'd ?

Oref. I'll tell thee, and from thence begin a Tale
Of many Labours and much Misery.
After those Crimes, which I forbear to mention,
Were in my Mother punish'd by my Hands,
Still haunted by the Furies up and down,
I roam'd an Exile and a Vagabond ;
'Till *Pythian Phæbus* order'd me at length
To *Athens* to repair, and there defend
My [5] Cause against the *nameless* Goddesses
In that impartial Court, which righteous *Jove*
Erected for the Trial once of *Mars*,
There brought to answer for the Guilt of Murder.

[5] This Narration of *Orestes* may be considered as the *Legendary* Account of the Original of many Customs, civil and religious, observed by the *Athenians* even in the Times of *Euripides*. All of which may be found in *Potter's Grecian Antiquities*. The Ancients seldom called the Furies by their Names, which were deemed unlucky. In speaking of them therefore they sometimes styled them the *Nameless*, sometimes the *venerable* or *awfull* Deities, &c. The Court in which *Orestes* pleaded his Cause, was the *Areopagus*, the highest Court of Judicature in *Athens*, whose fabulous Institution is here hinted at, and alluded to by the Name, which signifies the *Hill of Mars*.

When

When thither I arriv'd, at first I found
 All Doors against me barr'd, as one accurs'd,
 And odious to the Gods; and those at last
 Who yielded out of Shame to take me in,
 And grant me the Reception due to Strangers,
 Tho' under the same Roof they still remain'd,
 Yet plac'd me at a Table by myself,
 And by the studied Silence they observ'd,
 Impos'd the like on me, that so I might
 Hold no Communion with them, and apart
 Take both my Food and Bev'rage; to this end
 Was set by ev'ry Man, to each a Bowl,
 Of the same Measure all, and fill'd alike.
 Mean time, esteeming it not meet to blame
 Or murmur at my Hosts, I griev'd in Silence,
 And feigning to observe not what was done,
 Groan'd inwardly that I had slain my Mother.
 Yet have th' *Athenians* (for so Fame reports)
 From this sad Circumstance of my Distress
 Occasion taken to appoint a Feast,
 To *Pallas* sacred, where the Law ordains,
 In offering the Libations, to employ
 A Bowl in Measure like to those assign'd
 To ev'ry Guest by our *Athenian* Host.
 But when, repairing to the Hill of *Mars*,
 Before that dread Tribunal I appear'd
 To plead my Cause, against me, on a Stone

As

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 203

As my Accuser sat, *Tisiphone*,
 The eldest of the Furies ; against whom
 I on another as accus'd was plac'd :
 Then came the Procefs on and Charge of Murder.
 But *Phæbus* in the Court on my Behalf
 Appearing, witness'd for me ; and the Balls
 On either Side by *Pallas* being told,
 And found in Number equal, I was then
 Presum'd by Rule of Justice innocent,
 And from the Crime of Parricide discharg'd.
 Such of the Furies then, as acquiesc'd
 In this Decision of the Court, and heard
 The Procefs, as Appellants strait resolv'd
 To hold me by this solemn Sentence clear'd.
 But others, by the righteous Rule of Law
 Refusing to abide, continu'd still
 Their persecuting Vengeance, over *Greece*
 With restless Error driving me about ;
 Till coming to *Apollo's Delphick* Grove,
 Before the Shrine I threw me on the Ground,
 And from all Food abstaining, to him sware,
 That I would there break short my Thread of Life,
 If he, the Author of my Misery,
 If *Phæbus* still refus'd to hear and save me.
 Then from the golden Tripod spake the God,
 And bade me hither come, and bearing hence
 That sacred Image, which fell down from Heav'n,

In

204 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

In *Athens* to enshrine it.—Therefore, thou,
 Co-operate, and aid me to attain
 The only Means of Health, that Heav'n allows.
 Of great *Diana's* Image once possess'd,
 Soon shall I rest from these distracting Horrors,
 And in a well-man'd Pinnacle will transport
 Thee, *Iphigenia*, to thy lov'd *Mycenæ*.
 Then, dearest Sister, I conjure thee, save
 [6] Thy Father's House, O save thy wretched Brother!

[6] It may seem strange that *Orestes* in this makes no mention of his Friend. But it must be remembered that *Iphigenia* was already engaged by her Oath to save the Life of *Pylades*, who was therefore as secure, as the whole Power and Interest of *Iphigenia* could make him; and upon that account there needed no farther Sollicitations for him. Hence we may be led to understand the Importance of the Oath, which *Orestes* required of *Iphigenia*, and the meaning of that Exclamation, into which *Pylades* breaks out, when he receives the Letter from her, and delivers it to *Orestes*,

*To what an easy Task am I oblig'd!
 And O how fortunately hast thou sworn,
 Imperial Virgin!*

Iphigenia was obliged by her Oath to save *Pylades*, and by the Bond of Nature to save her Brother. Her first Design of preserving one, and sacrificing the other, was now rendered abortive, and she was under a Necessity of saving both. She could not without Perjury give *Pylades* up to Slaughter, nor consent to the Death of *Orestes*, without incurring the Guilt of Parricide. And yet the Laws and Religion of *Taurick Scythia* seem to require that one of them at least should be offered up in Sacrifice to *Diana*. This Oath therefore, was one, though not the only Cause of the present distressfull Situation of *Iphigenia*; *Orestes* farther conjures her to assist him in carrying off the Image of *Diana*, without

For

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 205

For should we fail to gain that heav'nly Image,
Lost is thy Brother, lost the House of *Atreus*.

Cho. Some fearfull Vengeance of the Gods pursues
The Race of *Tantalus*, and works them Woe.

Iph. E're thy Arrival here, I oft have sigh'd
'To visit *Argos*, and my dear *Orestes*,
And now my Wishees are the same with thine,
To free thee from thy Sorrows, and to heal
The sad Distractions of my Father's House,
No more resenting that he sought to slay me.
Thee from the Altar I perchance may save,
And save my Family: But to elude
The Goddesses and the King, is what I fear.
When *Thoas* shall perceive the Marble Shrine
Robb'd of its Image, shall I not be slain?
For what can I alledge in my Excuse?
Could'st thou indeed by one advent'rous Act
Together with the Statue place me too
Aboard thy Vessel, it were worth the Hazard.
But this, without the other, will undo me.
And what of that?---Thy Object will be gain'd,
And thou return with Triumph to *Mycenæ*.
No Peril therefore, no, not Death itself,
Will I decline, thy Safety to procure.

which he had no Hopes of being restored to his former Health. To
extricate her out of all these Difficulties is the Business of the remaining
Part of this Tragedy.

Men

206 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Men are by all regretted when they die,
But a weak Woman is a trifling Loss.

Oref. Let me not be my Mother's Murderer,
And thine too, *Iphigenia* ; on my Head
Her Blood is full sufficient : no ; with thee
I am resolv'd to share one common Fate,
Be it of Life or Death ; and will attempt,
Unless I perish here, to waft thee home,
Or here will I remain and die with thee.
Now hearken to my Words : Can'st thou believe,
That if this Enterprize were opposite
To great *Diana's* Will, the *Pythian* God
To *Athens* would have order'd me to bear
Her sacred Image, and to see thy Face?
From all these Points conjoin'd I gather Hope,
That we shall happ'ly compass our Return.

Iph. Be our first Care to 'scape impending Death,
Next, to obtain Possession of the Goddess,
Then think of our Return : Our Will is good.

Oref. Can we not kill the King ?

Iph. "Tis hazardous
For Strangers to attempt to kill a King
In his own Kingdom.

Oref. Yet must it be risqu'd,
If our own Safety hangs on the Success.

Iph. To this I cannot yield, yet I applaud
Thy Fervency and Courage.

Oref. Then suppose

Thou

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 207

Thou should'st conceal me in the Temple here ?

Ipb. That thro' the Shades of Night we may escape.

Oref. The thievish Night is friendly to Deceit ;
The Day belongs to Truth and Honesty.

Ipb. Within the Temple watch a waking Guard
Of Priests, whose Vigilance we cannot cheat.

Oref. Our Death, alas ! is sure. O who can save us ?

Ipb. A Scheme that seems to promise fairer Hopes
Now labours in my Breast.

Oref. Impart it to us.

Ipb. I mean to make Advantage of thy Madness.

Oref. A female Brain still teems with Stratagems.

Ipb. I will alledge, that, having slain thy Mother,
Thou art from *Argos* fled.

Oref. Of my Mishap,
So it may profit aught, avail thee freely.

Ipb. That such a Victim will offend the Goddess.

Oref. What Reason wilt thou render ? I begin
To spy thy Purpose.

Ipb. That thou art unclean ;
But shalt, when pure, be yielded up to Death.

Oref. How will this aid us to obtain the Image ?

Ipb. I will insist that in the Ocean Stream
Thou must be purified.

Oref. Where stands the Goddess,
Whom here we fail'd to seek ? within the Temple ?

Ipb. That too, polluted by thy Touch impure,
Demands Ablution in the cleansing Flood.

Oref.

208 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Oref. Where wilt thou do this? at the Southern Shore?

Ipb. Where thy moor'd Vessel at her Anchors rides.

Oref. Whom wilt thou trust to bear the sacred Image?

Ipb. Myself: beside none may presume to touch it.

Oref. To *Pylades* what Task must be allotted?

Ipb. He also must be said to be defil'd

With the same Guilt.

Oref. But wilt thou act unseen,

Or to thy Monarch's Eye expose thy Deeds?

Ipb. Doubt not but I shall win him to our Purpose;

For done it cannot be without his Knowledge.

Oref. The Bark and all the jovial Crew are ready.

Ipb. To have all that in Order be thy Care.

Oref. Remains then one thing only: That these Women

Consent to keep our Secret: therefore beg,

Beseech them, and employ thy utmost Art,

And ev'ry moving Topick of Persuasion:

To move and touch the Heart thy Sex is strong:

For all the rest I doubt not of Success.

Ipb. My dearest Friends, I now look up to you! [*to the Cho.*]

In your Arbitrement my Fortune lies;

Henceforth, as ye determine, shall I be,

Be happy, or be nothing; be depriv'd

For ever of my Country, my dear Brother,

And this my dearest Kinsman. First for that:

But other Arguments I have to move you.

We Women still are friendly to each other,

True

[7] T
cret, is no
Women,
try, and so
not have
VOL.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 209

True to the common Int'rests of our Sex.
 Then be not only secret, but assisting,
 And aid us in our Flight. Fidelity
 And Secrecy are Virtues of great Worth.
 Behold! in one and the same Fate involv'd
 Three Friends, together destin'd to return
 To their dear Country, or together die;
 If I escape, that ye may likewise share
 In the same Fortune, here do I engage
 To waft you safe to *Greece*: Oh! then be secret;
 Be faithfull: I conjure you by this Hand,
 The Bond of Fellowship; by these fair Cheeks,
 Which I salute in Friendship; by these Knees,
 Which suppliant I embrace; by all the dear,
 Dear Pledges left behind you at your Homes,
 Your Parents and your Children: If there be
 Among ye, who have Children; I appeal
 To them, to all, to ev'ry one. Oh! speak:
 What say ye? which of ye consents? which not?
 Oh! tell me that; for if you disapprove,
 I and my wretched Brother are undone.

Cho. Fear [7] not, dear Princess! have no other Care
 But for thy Preservation. We will keep

[7] That the *Chorus* should so readily consent to keep *Iphigenia's* Secret, is not to be wondered at, considering it was composed of *Grecian* Women, who had been taken forcibly by Pyrates from their native Country, and sold for Slaves, into *Taurick Scythia*, from whence they could not have so reasonable a Prospect of escaping as that here offered them

VOL. I.

O

Thy

210 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Thy Purpose secret; so protect us, *Jove*!

Iph. I thank ye, Friends: For this may Bliss attend ye!

Thou, *Pylades*, and thou, *Orestes*, now

Retire within the Temple; for the King

Will speedily come hither to inquire,

If yet the Victims at the Altar bleed.

O mighty Goddess! who in *Aulis*' Sands

Did'st save me from my Father's slaught'rous Hands,

To these and me once more thy Aid afford,

Nor falsify thy Brother's sacred Word:

Well-pleas'd with us to *Athens* O remove!

Nor with Reluctance quit this *Scythian* Grove:

To *Athens* thou art call'd, the rich, the great,

And can'st thou with Barbarians fix thy Seat?

Ex. IPHI. OREST. PYLAD. *with Guards.*

S T R O P H E I.

Cho. Sad Bird, who the Rocks still among

To the murm'ring Surges below

Repeatest thy dolorous Song,

In Numbers explaining thy Woe,

by *Iphigenia*, who promises them, if, she comes safe to *Greece*, to deliver them from Captivity, and convey them to their native Land. The Circumstances of the *Chorus* considered, make it also appear less strange, that *Iphigenia* should explain the Particulars of her Plot in their Presence. They were interested in the Success of it. The Presence of the *Chorus* cannot, upon all Occasions, where they intervene, be so well justified: But the ancient Drama could not subsist without the *Chorus*.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 215

In Accents, which sadly declare
That *Ceyx* those Dirges inspires,
Lost *Ceyx*, the Cause of thy Care,
And Object of all thy Desires !
In Elegies, mournfull as thine,
Halcyone, we too complain ;
In Banishment destin'd to pine,
And sigh for our Country in vain.
O *Greece* how I languish to see
Thy populous Cities once more !
How I languish, *Lucina*, for thee !
The Goddess, whom Matrons adore.
By *Cynthius*, where stands her rich Shrine,
By the Palm's high-embowering Shade,
By the Laurel, and Olive divine,
Where *Latona* reclin'd her sick Head ;
By the Lake, on whose echoing Tides
The sweet Cygnet expiring complains,
Our Goddess *Lucina* resides,
Far, far from these barbarous Plains.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Alas ! what a Torrent of Tears
Continually stream'd from these Eyes,
When fill'd with a thousand sad Fears,
To Pyrates we first sell a Prize ?

O 2

When

212 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

When War and Oppression's strong Hand
 Had laid our proud Cities all waste,
 And we, a disconsolate Band,
 Aboard their black Vessels were plac'd;
 Thence savagely barter'd for Gold,
 We came to this barb'rous Land;
 And there to Captivity fold,
 Around the dire Altar we stand,
 Ordain'd on the Priests to wait,
 And assist at these horrible Rites!
 For such an unfortunate State
 Have we chang'd all our former Delights.
 The Wretches long practis'd to mourn,
 Perceive not the Weight of their Grief;
 A Change in their Fortune must turn
 To a better, and bring them Relief.
 But they are completely unblest'd,
 Who, bred and accustom'd to Bliss,
 Like us, on a sudden oppress'd,
 Are plung'd in a hopeless Abyfs.

S T R O P H E II.

Thee, *Iphigenia*, thro' yon watry Way
 A well mann'd Bark to *Argos* shall convey:
 While the toiling Crew to chear,
Pan his whistling Pipe shall bring,
 And *Apollo*, heav'nly Seer,
 Tuning to the *Lyrick* String

His

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 213

His Voice divine, shall speed the lab'ring Oar,
With joyous Pæans to th' *Athenian* Shore.

Iphigenia, thou shalt go,

Leaving wretched me behind,

And to favour thee shall blow

Ev'ry fair and gentle Wind :

Fair blow the Wind, and swell the puffing Sail,
'Till the tough Cordage stretch before the Gale.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Oh! might I travel thro' yon lucid Road,
Where rolls the Chariot of the fiery God!

Might I thro' th' impassive Air

My unwearied Course pursue!

Till, distinguish'd from afar,

My dear Country rose to view!

Then quick descending from my airy Height,
My Pinions would I close, and stay my Flight.

Then lead on the dancing Choir,

As upon my bridal Morn,

When I strove with rich Attire

Each fair Feature to adorn,

And shading with my Hair my blushing Face,
By half concealing heighten'd ev'ry Grace.

The End of the Fourth Act.

O 3

A C T

His

A C T V.

THOAS *with Attendants*, CHORUS.

Tho. **W**HERE is the Guardian of this sacred Dome,
The Grecian Virgin? Hath she yet prepar'd
The Strangers for the Altar? Or within
Burn now their Bodies in the sacred Fire?

Cho. Behold she comes! herself will tell you all.

[IPHIGENIA *appears in the Door of the Temple,*
with the Statue of the Goddess in her Arms.]

Tho. Hold! wherefore, *Iphigenia*, hast thou heav'd,
And bearest from its Shrine that heav'nly Image,
Which from the Base may never be remov'd?

Iph. O! King, advance not, stay thy Footsteps there.

Tho. Hath ought befall'n unwonted in the Temple?

Iph. Abominations! for my holy Lips
Must style them so.

Tho. To what strange History
Will this Preamble usher us? Explain.

Iph. The Victims thou hast taken for the Altar,
O *Thoas*, are unclean.

Tho. Declar'st thou this
From Knowledge, *Iphigenia*, or Opinion?

Iph. The Statue of the Goddess on her Base.
Turn'd round.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 215

Tho. Self-mov'd, or by an Earthquake shaken?

Iph. Self-mov'd and clos'd the Curtain of her Eyes.

Tho. But to what Cause ascrib'ft thou an Event
So wonderfull? Uncleannefs in these Strangers?

Iph. Doubtless; for they have done a horrid Deed.

Tho. Have they with *Scythian* Blood their Hands defil'd?

Iph. The Guilt of Murder they brought hither with them.

Tho. What Murder? Thou hast fill'd me with Impatience.

Iph. Against their Mother they conspir'd, and slew her.

Tho. O *Phæbus*! No Barbarian would have dar'd

A Deed so horrible!

Iph. And therefore *Greece*

Hath driv'n and hunted them from all her Coasts.

Tho. Were these the Motives that incited thee

To bring the sacred Image forth?

Iph. To keep her

From the Contagion of this horrid Guilt

I mov'd her from her Shrine, to this all-pure

And holy Cope of Heav'n.

Tho. From what Signs

Did'st thou collect these Strangers were unclean?

Iph. When I beheld the Goddess backward turn,

I straight inferr'd the Cause.

Tho. An Eye so sharp,

A Judgment so sagacious, speaks thee wise,

And well instructed in the Arts of *Greece*.

Iph. The Strangers upon this, with a sweet Bait

Sought to allure my Heart.

216 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Tho. By charming thee
With some good Tidings of thy Friends in *Argos*?

Iph. They told me, that *Orestes* liv'd, my dear
And only Brother!

Tho. That the pleasing Tale
Might in return prevail on thee to save them.

Iph. They told me farther, that my Father liv'd,
And prosper'd.

Tho. Yet hast thou escap'd the Snare,
Still faithfull to our Goddess and her Worship.

Iph. My Soul abhors all *Greeks*: They caus'd my Ruin.

Tho. Say then, how must we treat these *Grecian* Strangers?

Iph. The Law must be respected and obey'd.

Tho. The cleansing Lavers, and the bloody Knife
Of Slaughter is prepar'd.

Iph. The Victims first
With pure Ablutions must be sanctify'd.

Tho. Sufficeth for these sacred Purposes
The living Fountain, or the briny Wave?

Iph. The Sea best cleanses all Impurities.

Tho. So shall the Victims fall more acceptable.

Iph. And so shall my Designs more surely speed.

Tho. Ev'n at the Temple's Foot the salt Wave breaks.

Iph. Retirement I demand, and Solitude,
For other Matters have I to perform.

Tho. Go where thy Purpose calls: fear no Intrusion.
I pry not into hidden Mysteries.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 217

Iph. This Image also must be purify'd.

Tho. Yea, doubtless, if polluted by the Filth
Of him, who slew his Mother.

Iph. Otherwise
Ne'er had my Hand remov'd it from the Shrine.

Tho. How good is Piety with Prudence join'd!

[8] TROCHAICKS.

Iph. Know'st thou what should now be order'd?

Tho. 'Tis thy Office to prescribe.

Iph. Let them bind in Chains the Strangers.

Tho. Canst thou fear they should escape.

Iph. Trust no Greek; Greece is perfidious.

[8] The Poet, to give, as I suppose, an Air of Solemnity to the Religious Ceremony of Purification, which *Iphigenia* seems here to be entering upon, and to which all she says or does in the remaining Part of this Scene, is preparatory, changes his Numbers on a sudden from the *Iambick* Measure, into another called by the Grammarians *Trochaick*. As in our *English* Versification, we have a Measure exactly answering this, as well in the *Cadence* as in the number of Feet or Syllables, I have ventured, in imitation of the Original, to make use of it upon this Occasion. That admirable Ode or Song called *Hofier's Ghost*, is composed entirely of *Trochaick* Verses, broken indeed into two, and rhyming with each other, according to the Genius of the *English* Poetry, but in the Harmony and Mensuration agreeing precisely with the *Greek* and *Latin Trochaicks*, if we join the two Parts together, and read them as one Line; as will appear if we compare them with the following Verses:

Ἐκποδᾶν δ' αὖδ' ὡς πολίταις, | τῷδ' ἔχειν μιάσμα'.

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, | quique amavit cras amet.

As near Porto Bello lying | on the gently swelling Flood.

Tho.

218 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Tho. Slaves, depart, and bind the *Greeks*.

Ipb. Having bound, conduct them hither from the Temple.

Tho. Be it done.

Ipb. Then with Mantles veil their Faces from the Sun's
ætherial Flame,

And let some of thy Attendants wait on me.

Tho. Be these thy Guard,

Ipb. To the City next thy Mandate issue —

Tho. What must it import ?

Ipb. That all keep within their Houses.

Tho. Lest they meet the Murderer ?

Ipb. Yea ; for that will cause Pollution.

Tho. Go, and publicly proclaim
That to all it is forbidden to appear in view.

Ipb. O King !
Thy Affection to thy People far exceeds the Love of
Friends.

Tho. What to me, O royal Virgin, thou hast courteously ap-
ply'd,

Better suits thy wond'rous Merit, whom we all admire
and praise.

Ipb. Thou before the Fane remaining —

Tho. What must *Thoas* here perform ?

Ipb. Purify the sacred Mansion.

Tho. Cleans'd and blest'd for thy Return ?

Ipb. But as forth proceed the Strangers —

Tho. What to me dost thou enjoin ?

Ipb. Spread before thine Eyes thy Mantle,

Tho.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 219

Tho. That their Sight pollute me not?

Iph. Long should I delay returning —

Tho. Fix the Limits of thy Stay.

Iph. Marvel not.

Tho. O take thy Leisure to perform the solemn Rites.

Iph. Grant, ye Gods, these Expiations may, as I intend,
succeed!

Tho. I subscribe to that Petition.

Iph. From the Temple, lo! I view
This way marching the *Greek* Strangers, with the
Pomp of Sacrifice,
Holy Ensigns of *Diana*, blooming Youths to Slaughter
doom'd,
Victims, whom I now must offer, Blood to expiate
with Blood,
And the solemn Blaze of Torches, with all other Rites
requir'd,
To perform the due Ablution, of the Goddesses and the
Greeks.
From the Reach of this Contagion, fly! I warn ye all
to fly!
Be thou Priest, who at the Altars of the Gods wouldst
spotless serve!
Be thou Bridegroom with Impatience hasting to com-
plete thy Bliss!
Or a Matron sick and lab'ring with the Burden of thy
Womb!
Fly! avaunt! lest this Pollution should infect and blast
your Joys!

Virginia

220 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Virgin Daughter of *Latona*, mighty Goddess, heav'nly
Queen!

So I may for these propitiate, and to thee in such a
Place,

As by thee shall be accepted, may due Sacrifice per-
form,

In a Temple pure and holy, thou unspotted Maid,
shalt dwell,

And we also shall be happy—What I farther would
express,

Tho' unutter'd, thou omniscient, Heav'n and thou
canst understand.

[*Exeunt* IPH. ORES. PYL. and *Procession*, &c. *mant* CHORUS.

O D E.

Cho. [9] Great is *Latona's* Offspring! which of yore
In rich *Ortygia's* fruitfull Vale she bore!

[9] As *Orestes* undertook his Expedition into *Taurick Scythia* by com-
mand of the *Delphick* Oracle, the *Chorus* takes occasion to relate its di-
vine Institution according to the traditional and legendary Account of it
received by the *Greeks*. And sure nothing could be imagined more pro-
per to prepare the Audience for the Catastrophe of the Drama than the
History of the sacred Original of that Oracle: which, by setting forth
that it was instituted by *Apollo*, the Brother of *Diana*, and the great
Prophet of Heaven, and ratified by their Father *Jupiter*, the Sovereign
of the Gods, intimates that all those Deities were interested in the Ac-
complishment of its Predictions; consequently that its Promises ought
to be relied upon with a religious Confidence, and their Accomplishment
expected notwithstanding any Appearances to the contrary. This is
wisely the Design of the following Ode, which is the more artfull, be-

Phæbus

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 221

Phæbus with curling Gold array'd,
 Sweet Master of the *Lyrick* String,
 And great *Diana*, Silver-shafted Maid,
 The Mighty Seed of Heav'n's immortal King!
 From *Delos*, that o'erlooks the circling Floods,
 From *Delos*, famous for the Birth of Gods,
 To high *Parnassus*, on whose sacred Head
 His holy Revels oft young *Bacchus* holds,
 Her heav'nly Offspring did *Latona* bear,
 Where underneath a Laurel's verd'rous shade,
 A monstrous Serpent in unnumber'd Folds
 Wound up his spotted Train, and from afar
 Glitt'ring with brazen Scales, and glaring wide
 With fiery Orbs suffus'd with Blood,
 Before th' inspiring Cavern stood,
 And to the Tripod all Access deny'd.
 Him, the foul Spawn of Earth, *Apollo* flew,
 While at *Latona's* Breast as yet he hung,
 And in her Arms with sportive Vigour sprung
 Exulting in his Might,
 Impatient for the Fight,
 Impatient his huge Foe the *Python* to subdue.
 Then entering the Prophetick Cave,
 Down on the Golden Tripod fate the God,
 And from that Seat of Truth his Answers gave,

cause it does not appear at first sight, nor anticipate the Events of the
 Fifth Act, though it insensibly prepares the Reader for them.

From

222 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

From that divine Abode
 His sacred Oracles he fung,
 While anxious Mortals listen'd to his Tongue.
 There by *Castalia's* Silver Tides
 The *Delphick* Seer resides,
 All in the Center of the Globe enthron'd,
 Thence equally to deal his heav'nly Truths around.
 But when the Beldam Earth beheld
 Her Daughter *Themis* from her Shrine expell'd,
 Fantastick Spectres in her fruitful Womb
 She bred, Companions of Night's thickest Gloom;
 And to inquiring Mortals, as they lay
 Stretch'd in her darksom Grotts, she bade them rise,
 And in Prophetick Dreams display
 Their present, past, and future Destinies.
 While in Resentment of her injur'd Child,
 Thus of a Prophet's Praise *Apollo* she beguil'd,
 But to *Olympus'* airy Height
 With Speed *Apollo* took his Flight,
 And there besought th'Almighty Sire
 To interpose his Pow'r divine,
 To quell the vengefull Beldam's Ire,
 And drive her Spectres from the *Pythian* Shrine.
 The Father smil'd, to hear his Son
 Sollicit such a gainful Boon,
 And for his *Pythian* Dome demand
 The Gold, as well as Worship of the Land.

The

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 223

The Father smil'd, and bow'd his Head ;
 Earth's visionary Phantoms fled ;
 And lying Dreams no more believ'd,
 No more inquiring Man deceiv'd.
 To *Phæbus* was restor'd his former Fame :
 Again to *Delphi* crouding Nations came,
 Consulting boldly that unerring Shrine,
 Where Truth once more had plac'd her Throne divine.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Ye Servants of the Temple, ye who wait
 At great *Diana's* Altars, tell me, Where ?
 Say, where is *Thoas* King of *Scythia* gone ?
 Call, open your strong Gates, and call him forth,
 Forth from the Temple bid our Monarch come. [*us.*

Cho. What would'st thou ?—but strict Silence was enjoin'd

Mef. The two young *Grecian* Strangers are gone off ;
 By *Iphigenia's* Counsel and Assistance
 They are departed hence, and in their Bark
 Bear with them the fam'd Image of our Goddess.

Cho. The Tale thou tellest merits not our Faith,
 But he, for whom thou dost inquire, the King,
 Is hastily departed from the Temple.

Mef. Where? for 'tis fit he know what now is doing.

Cho. We know not ; hasten thou, and seek him out,
 And if perchance thou find him, tell thy Tale.

Mef. Are not all Women treacherous and false ?
 Ye are Accomplices in this Transaction.

224 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Cho. Thy Words proceed from a distemper'd Mind.

How can these Strangers Flight relate to us ?

Mef. Then wherefore fly ye not to the King's Palace ?

Cho. Not till we first have gain'd Intelligence,

If in the Temple yet our King remains.

Mef. Ho! open there ! To you within I call.

Inform the King, that at the Gate there stands

One, fraught with Tidings horrible and strange.

Enter THOAS.

Tho. What's he that round the Temple of the Goddess

This Clamour raises, forcing the barr'd Gates,

And striking all within with Fear and Horror ?

Mef. These Women, *Thoas*, have with Lyes deceiv'd me,

And sought to send me hence, reporting falsely

Thou from the Fane wert hastily departed.

Tho. From such a Fraud to them what Gain accrues ?

Mef. That will I shew hereafter : Now attend

To what is now more urgent. The young Virgin,

Who at *Diana's* Altars here presides,

Young *Iphigenia*, with the *Grecian* Strangers,

Is flying from this Shore, and with her bears

The venerable Image of our Goddess.

Th' Ablutions, she pretended, were a Cheat.

Tho. How say'st thou, what bad Dæmon hath possess'd her ?

Mef. Know then, fresh Matter for Astonishment,

She did it to preserve *Orestes'* Life.

Tho. Whom ? what *Orestes* ? *Clytæmnestra's* Son ?

Mef. The Victim, whom she feign'd to purify.

Tho.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 225

Tho. A Miracle! I cannot style it less!

Mef. Fix not thy Thoughts on that; but list to me,
And when thou shalt have heard, and weigh'd my
Tale,

Advise how to pursue and take these Strangers.

Tho. Say on; thou counsel'st well; no narrow Frith
Have they to pass, that soon they should expect
To fly beyond the Reach of my strong Spear.

Mef. When to the Sea-beat Shore we now arriv'd,
Where undescry'd *Orestes'* Vessel lay,
The Daughter of *Atrides*, *Iphigenia*,
As she were then beginning to perform
Some mystick Sacrifice, or solemn Rite
Of Expiation, which with earnest Care
She seem'd to be preparing, with a Nod
Commanded us, who, as thou didst enjoin,
Attended her, and led the Pris'ners bound,
Back to retire; and taking in her Hand
Their Chains, march'd on, herself conducting them.
This seem'd indeed suspicious, but thy Slaves,
O *Thoas*, acquiesc'd in her Commands.

Some short Space after, that she might appear
Still in her Mysteries engag'd, she scream'd
Aloud, and chaunted forth some barb'rous Strain,
As the dread Act of holy Expiation
That Instant were perform'd — But when in vain
Long time we sat expecting, in our Minds
A sudden Fear arose, lest those *Greek* Strangers,

226 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Bursting their Fetters, might attempt to slay
 The Virgin Priestess, and escape by Flight.
 Yet cautious of surveying what the Gods
 Ordain to be conceal'd, we silent fate :
 At length, by common Vote it was decreed
 To go, altho' forbidden, to the Place :
 There we no sooner came, but we descry'd
 A Grecian Gally, with her Oars like Wings
 Advanc'd, and flutt'ring for immediate Flight,
 With fifty jovial Sailors by her Sides,
 Rang'd on their Benches, and the two young *Greeks*
 Unbound, and standing on the lofty Poop :
 [1] Some *kept* the Prow with Staves, while on the *Bow*
 Some *stow'd* the Anchors, others to the Rocks,

[1] As the *Athenians* were a maritime People, *Euripides* might look upon the Detail he here enters into, and the *Sea Terms* which he makes use of, as a Kind of Complement to them upon their great Skill and Knowledge in Sea Affairs. It is certain, however that he spoke to them in a Language very well understood, few, or none of his Audience being wholly unacquainted with Navigation. By this Detail, therefore, of the *Operations* on board the Vessel of *Orestes*, he set before their Eyes a stronger and more lively Picture of the Hurry, as well as the Address of the Mariners, in getting their Vessel out to Sea, than any general Description could have given them. In this I thought myself obliged, as a Translator, to follow my Original as well as I was able, that is, by using Terms analogous to the *Greek*, and sometimes giving the *Sense* instead of the Words and Phrase of *Euripides*, as in the following Lines :

οἱ δὲ κλίμακα;

Σπυρόντες, ἥ οὐ διὰ χερσὶν ἀνὰ μνηστία.
 Πλῆτ' ὁ δὲ δόντες τὰς ἑῶν καθίσταν.

That

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 227

That butted o'er the Main, with nimble Feet
 On Ladders climbing, by the Hausers drew
 The Vessel to the Shore, to take on board
 The Virgin Priestess, to the Deck beneath,
 Now o'er the Billows hasting to descend.
 But we perceiving then their treacherous Schemes,
 Regardless of all Danger, on her seiz'd,
 And grasping fast the Hausers, boldly leapt
 Upon the Stern, and tore the Rudder off;
 And thus expostulating with them, said:
 On what Pretence, O Strangers, sail ye hither
 O'er the wide Ocean, from our Shrine to steal,
 And bear away our Priestess and our Image?
 What Right hast thou to force this Virgin hence,
 Like a bought Slave? and whence? and who art thou?
 To this he quick reply'd, "That thou mayst know,

which literally translated run thus: *Others, running hastily up the Ladders [Steps or Bridges] drew or passed through their Hands the Stern-Cables or Hausers, and committing the Virgin Stranger [Iphigenia] to the Sea, let her down, viz. into the Ship.* From these Words it is plain that the Vessel was at some small Distance from the Shore, and that the Sailors, by drawing in the Hausers, endeavour'd to get it nearer the Shore, which from the Word *κατίεσαν*, *let down*, appears to have been higher than the Bark: for which Reason they got out their Ladders or Steps to enable *Iphigenia*, who stood upon the Shore, to pass over the Sea into the Ship. That *κλίμακας* signifies *Ladders, Steps, or Bridges*, used among the *Greeks* to pass from one Ship to another, or from the Ship to the Shore, may be seen in *Potter's Antiquities*. I thought proper to give this Comment upon these Words to justify my Translation, which, I flatter myself, exhibits the true Meaning of *Euripides*, not very obvious, and mistaken both by the *Latin* and *French* Translators.

228 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

" I am *Orestes*, Brother to this Virgin,
 " The Son of *Agamemnon*, hither come
 " Home to convey my Sister, lost so long."
 Yet fast we held the Virgin still, and fain
 Wou'd have compell'd her to return to thee;
 Whence many a Bruise and Buffet soon ensu'd;
 For Weapons we had none, but carried on
 The Fight with Nature's Arms, which in our Sides
 And Breasts the two young Strangers darted fierce,
 Till ev'ry Limb was batter'd and with Toil
 Forespent: Then flying on a craggy Cliff
 We mounted, bearing on our Heads and Eyes
 The bloody Marks of Violence and Strife.
 There more at Ease the Battle we renew'd
 From the high Rocks, and batter'd them with Stones
 But thence the Archers standing on the Deck
 Soon drove us, and compell'd us to retire.
 Mean while (for then a mighty Wave roll'd in,
 Wafting the Gally nearer to the Shore)
Orestes boldly plunging in the Sea
 (The Crew all seeming fearfull and unwilling)
 His Sister seiz'd, and placing on his Back,
 Safe thro' the Waves transported her aboard.
 Then too the Statue of the *Jove*-born Maid,
 The sacred Image, that fell down from Heav'n,
 [2] In the Mid-Gally utter'd thus her Voice:

[2] This miraculous Speech of the sacred Image serves two Pur-
 poses; first, to encourage the *Greeks*, by assuring them that the Goddess

" Haste,

did no
 but ha
 Words

Second
 given,
 went v
 taction

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 229

“ Haste, haste, ye jovial Mariners of *Greece*, [Foam :
 “ Now ply your Oars, and spread the Waves with
 “ Now have we gain’d those Points for which we sail’d
 “ The stormy *Euxine* and dire *Bosphorus* !”

Whereat the Crew, forth carolling at once
 Their toil-begotten Note, each other chear’d,
 And beat with lusty Oars the dashing Brine ;
 While yet within the Bay the Gally swam,
 She ran a head amain, but passing out,
 A mighty Swell she met, that heav’d her back ;
 And a brisk Gale arising suddenly
 Still lock’d her in the Port, while all in vain
 The struggling Oar essay’d to stem the Wave,
 That drove them ever backward on the Shore.
 Then stood the Daughter of *Atrides* forth,
 And to *Diana* thus address’d her Pray’r :
 “ O Daughter of *Latona*, save me, save
 “ Thy Priestesses, flying from this barb’rous Land
 “ To her own native *Greece*, and O forgive
 “ My pious Theft ! Thou, Goddess, lov’st thy Brother,
 “ Allow me then to love my Brother too !”

did not only approve of their carrying off her Image and her Priestesses,
 but had concurred and co-operated with them, which is implied in these
 Words:

Now have we gain’d those Points for which we sail’d, &c.

Secondly, to deter the *Scythians*, among whom the Alarm was now
 given, from molesting or pursuing the *Greeks*, by shewing them, that she
 went willingly along with them, and had taken them under her Pro-
 tection.

230. IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

To this the Virgin's Pray'r the Sailors all
 Reply'd with Pæans loud, and to the Oar
 Their broad bare Arms applying, toil'd and sung.
 Yet nearer to the Rocks the Gally drew :
 Which noting, some into the Billows plung'd,
 While some more prudent got their Anchors out.
 Mean time I hither was dispatch'd, O King,
 To make Relation of these strange Events.
 Then haste, provide us Manacles and Chains !
 For if the Waves abate not of their Rage,
 All Hopes of Safety to the *Greeks* are lost.
 The Ruler of the Sea is *Ilion's* Friend,
 The Foe profess'd to the whole Race of *Pelops*,
 And will again deliver to our Hands,
 As is most meet, the Son of *Agamemnon*,
 With his false Sister ; who no longer seems
 To bear in Mind the Sacrifice in *Aulis*.

Cho. Unhappy *Iphigenia*, thou, alas !

Thou and thy Brother, should our mighty Lord
 Once more attach you, must together perish,

Tho. Natives of *Scythia*, all, attend my Summons !

Why mount ye not your Steeds, and on the Shore
 Fly to receive the Freight of this *Greek* Vessel
 Now cast upon our Coast ? *Diana's* self
 Shall lend you Wings to chace these impious Wretches.
 Haste others, and with speed launch your swift Barks,
 That whether on the Land or Ocean seiz'd

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 231

We may or cast them headlong from the Rocks,
Or fix their Bodies on the painful Stake.
For you, th' Accomplices of these vile Schemes,
Ye wretched Women, when Occasion fits,
You shall receive your Punishment. At present
Affairs of greater haste demand our Care.

[3] MINERVA descends.

Min. Hold, *Thoas*! whither hastest thou to lead
Thy furious Squadrons? Lift! *Minerva* speaks.
Stay thy Pursuit! nor rouse the Waves of War!

[3] The Intervention of *Minerva* will be found to be strictly agreeable to the Rule laid down by *Horace*,

nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus

Inciderit.

if we consider that, notwithstanding the Protection and Concurrence of *Diana*, the *Greeks* were still prevented from making their Escape, by *Neptune*, who had apparently declared against them, and by raising a Storm had driven them back upon the Coast of *Scythia*. This at least is what the *Scythians* pretended to believe, and were, in Consequence of that Belief, preparing to pursue them as sacrilegious Wretches, delivered by Heaven into their Hands. The Interposition therefore of some other Deity was absolutely necessary to bring about the Escape of *Orestes*, and to stop the Fury of the *Scythians*. And no one could be so proper as *Minerva*, the tutelary Goddess of *Athens*, to which City *Orestes* was going to convey the sacred Image of *Diana*. *Minerva* accordingly applies herself in the first Place to *Neptune*; and having by her Intreaties gained him to favour the Escape of *Orestes*, she then addresses herself to *Thoas*, King of *Scythia*; who was arming his Subjects, in order to pursue the *Greeks* both by Land and Sea. Him she stops, not only by shewing him that it would be in vain to pursue them, since *Neptune* had at her Request waisted them out of his Reach, but by taking from him all Cause of Resentment against *Orestes* and *Iphigenia*, telling him that what they

232 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

For by *Apollo's* Oracles enjoin'd
Orestes hither came, to shun at once
 The persecuting Furies' vengeful Ire,
 His Sister back to *Argos* to convey,

had done proceeded from the express Orders of *Apollo*. But the Poet had still a farther View in bringing *Minerva* here upon the Stage: The *Chorus*, consisting of *Græcian* Women, who had been taken by Pyrates out of their own Countries, and sold for Slaves into *Scythia*, ought not, in Justice, to be left to perish there, for their Fidelity to their Mistress *Iphigenia*, to whom they belonged, having been presented to her by *Thoas*, King of that Country. And yet, as it was apparent from their Behaviour to the Messenger who came to inform the King of the treacherous Designs of *Iphigenia*, that they were acquainted with that Secret, Death or some other grievous Punishment must inevitably have attended them, as Accomplices in that Treason; for so *Thoas* considers them, and threatens them accordingly: Here then again the Interposition of *Minerva* was both proper and necessary. To these two Reasons for introducing *Minerva* upon this Occasion may be added another, which undoubtedly had great Weight with *Euripides*; since it presented him with a fair Opportunity of ingratiating himself with his Audience, the People of *Athens*, by giving in the Name and Person of *Minerva* the Sanction of a divine Original to the Institution of several religious Rites and Ceremonies then observed in that City. This is visibly the Design of the far greater Part of the Speech, which he here puts into the Mouth of *Minerva*: and though what she says upon this Occasion, does not, strictly speaking, belong to his Subject, and regards the Audience more than any of the Personages of the Drama then upon the Stage (who were only the *Chorus* and the *Scythians*) yet he has with great Art and Judgment connected and interwoven it with the Body of the Piece, by making *Minerva* address her Words, and direct her Orders to *Orestes* though absent; and give a Reason for so doing, which at the same time justifies her Conduct, and in a very striking manner expresses her Divinity:

Tho' absent, thou canst bear the Voice divine.

And

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 233

And to my City bear the sacred Image.
 Thus much to thee, O *Thoas*; as for him,
 Whom intercepted by the swelling Surge
 Thou thoughtest to have slain, the young *Orestes*,
 Him o'er the level and unruffled Deep
 At my Request hath *Neptune* wafted far.
 And now, *Orestes*, listen to my Voice!
 (Tho' absent thou canst hear the Voice divine)
 Proceed now with thy Sister and the Goddess:
 But when to Heav'n-built *Athens* thou shalt come,
 There on her utmost Confines is a Spot,
 Adjoining to the high *Carysian* Shore,
 Deem'd holy, and my People call it *Ale*:
 There shalt thou raise a Temple, and enshrine

All this could not fail of sensibly affecting an *Athenian* Audience, ever much addicted to Superstition, and always accustomed to be flattered by their Orators and Poets.

I shall close these Remarks, in which I have endeavoured to point out some particular Instances of the Art and Judgment of *Euripides* in the Conduct of this Play, with the Words of *Monf. Brumoy*, who concludes his *Reflections* upon this Piece with the following Observation. "It is impossible (says that learned Jesuit) not to take Notice of a certain Air of Truth and Reality peculiar to the *Greek* Taste, which runs throughout this whole Piece, and which consists in making the Spectator believe that the Event did really happen in the Manner in which he sees it represented on the Stage, and that it could not have happened otherwise. A thing, adds he, that cannot so precisely be affirmed of the greater Part of our *French* Tragedies, which, when they succeed, most commonly excite in the Minds of the Audience an Admiration rather of the Art of the Poet, than any Impression of Truth and Reality, with regard to the Action represented."

234 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

The heav'nly Image, which shall bear the Name
 Of *Scythian Artemis*, to future Times
 A lasting Monument of all the Woes
 Which in thy devious Travels thou didst bear,
 When the fell Furies hunted thee thro' *Greece*.
 There Mortals shall henceforth their Off'rings bring,
 And celebrate in Hymns the *Taurick* Maid.
 This Custom also shalt thou institute,
 That when my People hold the solemn Feast
 Memorial of thy having here escap'd
 The deadly Altar, shall a Man be brought,
 And to his Throat the sacrificing Knife
 The Pontiff shall present, and draw his Blood
 An Off'ring to the Goddess, that she lose
 No Portion of her customary Honours.
 There also, *Iphigenia*, still shalt thou
 Continue on her Altars to attend,
 The Guardian of the rich *Brauronian* Shrine.
 And there, when thou art dead, shalt thou be laid,
 And to thy Tomb, as Off'rings, shall be brought
 Silk-broider'd Mantles of all curious Woofs,
 Such as unhappy Matrons, in the Pangs
 Of Travail dying, shall behind them leave.
 Moreover, this Injunction do I lay
 On thee, *Orestes*, from this barb'rous Land
 That to their Homes thou bring these *Grecian* Women:
 An equitable Law; for I preserv'd

Thy

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. 235

Thy Life, and in thy Favour Sentence gave,
When at thy Trial on the Hill of *Mars*
The Votes were equal found; and 'tis my Will
That in whatever Cause the Votes henceforth
In Number shall be equal, on the Side
Of Mercy shall the Judgment be presum'd.
And, Son of *Agamemnon*, now sail on!
Sail with thy Sister from this barb'rous Shore!
And thou, O *Thoas*! mitigate thy Rage.

Tho. O *Pallas*! mighty Goddess! heav'nly Queen!
Fond and unwise is he, who doth refuse
To hearken to the high Behests of Heav'n.
Nor 'gainst *Orestes*, tho' he bear from hence
The venerable Image of our Goddess,
Nor 'gainst his Sister, in my Breast henceforth
Shall harbour any Rage! For mortal Man
To struggle with the mighty Gods, is vain.
Then may they safely to thy Land transport
The sacred Image, and enshrine it there.
And farther in Obedience to thy Voice,
These Women will I send to Heav'n-lov'd *Greece*,
And lay aside the Spear and hostile Bark,
Prepar'd the flying *Greeks* to intercept,
Whatever thou commandest, I applaud.
It is most meet that Heav'n's high Will prevail.

Min. Go, gentle Gales, and favourably waft,
Waft young *Orestes* to th' *Athenian* Shore!

Myself

236 IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Myself will also go with you along,
In Person to convoy my Sister's Image.
And, Mortals, ye whom Heav'n's protecting Hand
Hath wonderfully sav'd, depart in Joy !

[MINERVA re-ascends.

Cho. Virgin *Pallas* ! Child of *Jove* !
By the Gods rever'd above !
And by Mortals fear'd below !
To thy sov'reign Will we bow !
Thy Behest, celestial Maid,
Shall with Rev'rence be obey'd !
Joys not ev'n in Hope attain'd
Hath thy heav'nly Voice ordain'd,
Virgin *Pallas* ! Child of *Jove*,
Fear'd below, rever'd above !

The End of the Fifth Act.



THE

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF THE
GOUT.

Translated from the Greek of

LUCIAN.

Tellere nodosam nescit Medicina Podagram. OVID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GODDESS of the GOUT.

MESSENGER.

OCYPUS.

MOUNTEBANKS.

PHYSICIAN.

CHORUS.

NURSE.

SPIRITS.

Scene lies in *Thebes*.

THE

T H E

Triumphs of the G O U T.

SCENE, *a Chamber.*

Enter OCYPUS lame, and leaning on the Nurse.

[1] *Ocp.* **W**HENCE, without Wound proceeds this horrid Pain,

That robs me of the Assistance of my Feet ?
While, like a Bow-string by the forcefull Arm
Of some bold Archer strain'd, the cracking Sinews
Labour and stretch ; and force me to complain,
That Length of Time but strengthens the Disease.

Nur. Raise thyself up, my Son, nor bear so hard,
Left, helpless as thou art, with thee I fall.

[1] *Ocyus* the Son of *Podalirius* and *Astasia*, was eminent for his Strength and Beauty, a great Lover of Hunting, and all Gymnastick Exercises. This young Man having been accustomed to insult and deride whomsoever he saw grievously afflicted with the Gout, telling them at the same time, that their Pains were nothing, brought upon himself the Indignation of the Goddess, who presides over that Distemper, and was at last, by the Violence of the Disease, driven to a Recantation. *Lucian* had composed an entire Drama upon this Subject ; but as only the Beginning of this Piece remains, I have translated it, and with very little Alteration in either, have made it a Part of his other Drama, whose Subject is the Triumph of the Gout over Physick.

Ocp.

Ocy. Less weighty then, to humour thee, I'll lean,
And rest upon my Foot, and bear my Pain.
For Shame it is, that Youth should ask the Aid
Of such a prating, old, decrepit Wretch.

Nur. Forbear, vain Boy, thy scoffing Insolence.
Nor vaunt too much thy Youth; for well thou know'st,
In Sicknefs Youth is impotent as Age.
Be govern'd; for this Arm should I withdraw,
Thou fall'st, while my old Feet unshaken stand.

Ocy. But if thou fall'st, thro' Age thou fall'st, not Sicknefs:
Old Age is weak, tho' prompt and willing ever —

Nur. Leave arguing; and tell me by what Chance
This Pain hath got Possession of thy Toe.

Ocy. As in the Course I exercis'd, awry
My Ankle turn'd, and thence the Pain ensu'd.

Nur. Why, as the Fellow said, who careless sat
Clipping his grisley Beard, then run again.

Ocy. Or wrestling might I not the Hurt receive,
When lock'd together were our grappling Limbs?

Nur. A trusty Champion by my Troth thou art,
If all thy Fury light upon thyself.
But this is a meer Circle of Evasions.
And I myself the like Discourse have held
In former times, and try'd to varnish o'er,
E'en to my dearest Friends, th' unpleasing Truth;
But now when ev'ry swelling Member speaks,
And burning Dolours torture thy whole Body —

Enter

Enter Physician.

Phy. O! where is *Ocypus*, illustrious Youth?

For lame, I hear, are his victorious Feet.

And therefore to assist him am I come.

But see! where careless on the Couch diffus'd,

Supine he lies!—Heav'n grant thee Health, my Son,

And to thy Feet restore their wonted Strength.

Declare to me, O *Ocypus*, the Cause

Of thy Complaint: perhaps my pow'rful Art

May for thy Anguish find some quick Relief.

Ocyp. Intolerable Pain my Foot consumes.

Phy. Whence came it? how? what Accident? explain.

Ocyp. Or in the straining Race, or happ'ly while

My Gymnick Exercises I perform'd,

Some Hurt from my Companions I receiv'd.

Phy. Then where's the sore and angry Inflammation?

And why no Fomentation on the Part?

Ocyp. The woollen Bandage I abhor.

Nur.

Alas!

How baneful is the Pride of handsome Looks!

Phy. What therefore must be done? shall I lay open

Thy tumid Foot? But, *Ocypus*, be sure

If once I seize upon it, I shall drain,

At many bleeding Wounds, thy Arteries.

Ocyp. Put all thy new Devices now in Practice,

So from this horrid Pain my Foot be freed.

Phy. Then lo! my steely Instrument I draw,

This crooked, sharp, blood-thirsting Instrument.

VOL. I.

Q

Ocyp.

Ocy. Hey! ho!

Nur. Phyfician, what doft thou intend?

Wou'dft thou with sharp Incifions vex him more?

And, without knowing why, his Foot endanger?

He hath abus'd thee with an idle Tale.

For neither in the ftraining Race, nor while

His Gymnack Exercifes he perform'd,

From his Companions did he Hurt receive.

Then liften to my Tale. Healthfull he came,

And all unwounded home; and greedily

The Ev'ning Feaft devour'd, and drain'd the Bowl;

Then falling on the Couch securely fleep.

But at Mid-night awaking, loud he roar'd,

As fmitten by fome God: Fear feiz'd us all.

And, Oh! he cried, whence came this dire Mifchance?

Some torturing Dæmon feizes on my Foot.

Thus on his Couch up-fitting all Night long

His Foot in fad Solemnity he moan'd.

But when the Cock's shrill-founding Trump proclaim

The dawning Day, lamenting forth he comes,

And on my Shoulder leans his fev'rifh Hand,

While his difabled Footfteps I upheld.

All that he told thee is a forg'd Device

To veil the Secret of his dire Difafe,

Which now in ev'ry Limb begins to rack him,

Nor yet is able to extort the Truth.

Ocy. Old Age is ever arm'd with mighty Words;

Vaunting in Speech, but impotent in Action.

He, who when sick his nursing Friends deceives,

Like the starv'd Wretch that hungry [2] Mastick
chews,

But cheats himself, and fosters his Disease.

Phy. Thou cheatest all ; now that, now saying this,
Confessing Pain, but not explaining what.

Ocyp. And how shall I explain it ? I indeed
Know that I suffer Pain ; and that is all.

Phy. When Pain, without apparent Cause, invades
The swelling Foot, a Man may please himself
In hunting after this and that Solution,
But can't mistake the Nature of his Evil.
And now hear this, howe'er unpleasing Truth,
At length, with Vengeance due, it's come upon thee:

Ocyp. It ? what ? alas ! what terrible Disease,
That needs such Preface to its horrid Name ?

Nur. The Gout, O wretched *Ocypus*, whose Pangs
And gnawing Tortures thou didst once deride.

Ocyp. But what, O skilfull Artist, what say'st thou ?

Phy. Farewell, to serve thee I neglect myself.

Ocyp. What Accident or Business calls thee hence ?

Phy. Into a cureless Evil thou art fall'n.

[2] Mastick is a great Strengtheners of the Stomack, and consequently promotes Appetite, which to a Man dying of Hunger is so far from being a Relief, that it rather increases his Complaint: this I take to be the meaning of this Passage.

Ocy. Must I then ever lame, tormented ever,
 Drag on a Life of everlasting Woe?

Phy. Fear not; thou shalt not be for ever lame.

Ocy. What worse have I to fear?

Phy. On either Leg

Her galling Fetters will the Goddess bind.

Ocy. Alas! in t'other sympathizing Foot

Methinks I feel a new unusual Pain,

Or am I motionless? Or wherefore dread I [*rising up*]

To place these once so nimble Feet on Earth?

Seiz'd like a Child with vain and sudden Fear:

Now by the Gods, th' immortal Gods, I beg,

If ought thy Art suggest of Aid or Comfort,

Thy friendly Help impart, and heal my Pain,

Or surely I shall die: within I feel

The secret Venom, and the thrilling Arrow

That pierces thro' my Feet, and tears my Sinews.

Phy. Not to amuse thee with unmeaning Words,

Like some of those who call themselves Physicians,

But of the healing Science nothing know,

I'll briefly shew the State of thy Complaint:

An unfurmountable and strong Disease

Is fall'n upon thee: Bonds more hard and stubborn

Than those Steel-temper'd Shackles, which the Hand

Of Justice fixes on the bold Offender:

A dreadful, undiscover'd, secret Ill,

Whose Burden human Nature scarce can bear.

Ocy.

[3]
 Word,

Ocy. Alas ! oh ! oh ! what inward Smart is this,
That penetrates my Foot ? oh ! on thy Arm
Support me, ere I fall, and lead me on
As the young Satyrs reeling *Bacchus* lead.

[falls on the Couch.

Phy. There leave him on the Couch ; refreshing Sleep
His much exhausted Spirits will recruit.

Exeunt Nurse and Physician.

OCYPUS solus.

Ocy. O horrid Name ! detested by the Gods !
Gout, ruefull Gout ! of sad [3] *Cocytus* born !
Whom in the mirky Caves of *Tartarus*
The Fiend *Megara* in her Womb conceiv'd,
And nourish'd at her Breast : *Alecto* too
With her fell Milk the wayward Infant fed.
But oh ! what God brought thy disastrous Pow'r
To taint this Light, and harrafs human Kind ?
If Punishment condign pursue the Dead,
For Crimes committed in their Days of Nature,
What need was there in *Pluto's* dreary Realms
With Streams forbidden *Tantalus* to vex ?
To whirl *Ixion* on the giddy Wheel ?
And weary *Sisyphus* with fruitless Toil ?

[3] *Cocytus*, one of the Rivers in Hell ; so named, from a *Greek*
Word, which signifies to lament.

Cocytus, nam'd from Lamentation loud
Heard on the reful Stream.

Milt. P. L. B. ii.
It

It sure had been sufficient Punishment
 Had each Offender the sharp Pains endur'd,
 That tear this meagre miserable Carcase :
 While thro' th' obstructed Pores the struggling Vapour
 And bitter Distillation force their Way.
 E'en thro' the Bowels runs the scalding Plague,
 And wastes the Flesh with Floods of eddying Fire.
 So rage the Flames in *Ætna's* sulph'rous Womb :
 So 'twixt *Charybdis* and vex'd *Scylla* rave
 Th' imprison'd Tides, and in wild Whirlpools tofs'd
 Dash 'gainst the mould'ring Rocks the foaming Surge.
 O Evil unexplor'd ! how oft in vain
 We fondly try to mitigate thy Woes,
 And find no Comfort, by false Hopes abus'd. [*Sleeps.*]

SCENE *changes, and discovers the Chorus, consisting of
 of Gouty Men and Women, marching in Procession to the
 Temple of the Gout, with Musick and Dancing.*

Chorus. To tender [4] *Attis*, beardless Boy,
 The howling *Phrygian* Throng
 On *Cybele's* high Mountain chant
 Th' enthusiastick Song.

[4] *Attis*, a beautifull Boy, beloved by *Cybele* the Mother of the
 Gods : She made him one of her Priests, and enjoined him Chastity ;
 but he having lain with the Nymph *Sangarites*, she in Anger struck
 him with Madness, &c. After his Death he was worshipped with
Cybele on *Dindymus*, a Mountain in *Phrygia*.

On

On yellow *Tmolus*' flow'ry Top
 The *Lydian* Youth around
 For [5] *Comus* mix the warbling Voice
 And Flute's melodious Sound.

With clashing Arms, in frantick Mood,
 The mad *Idæan* Train
 Attemper to the *Cretan* Dance
 Their holy ritual Strain.

To *Mars*, the furious God of War,
 The swelling Trumpets breathe,
 Preluding to contentious Strife,
 To Battle, Blood, and Death.

But we, O Gout, afflictive Pow'r !
 We thy sad Votaries,
 In Sighs and Groans to thee perform
 Our annual Sacrifice :

When usher'd by the blushing Hours
 The genial Spring appears ;
 And ev'ry Flow'r-embroider'd Vale
 Its verdant Mantle wears :

When Zephyr on each pregnant Tree
 Calls forth the tender Leaves ;
 And her sad Nest the Swallow builds
 Beneath the friendly Eaves :

[5] *Comus*, the God of Revelling and Debauchery,

When in the Grove, at Midnight Hour,
 Disconsolate, alone,
 For [6] *Itys* lost th' *Athenian* Bird
 Renews her plaintive Moan.

[*Exit* Chorus.

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Ocypus solus.

Ocyp. Come, O my Comfort, my Supporter, come,
 My Staff, my third best Leg, O! now uphold
 My tott'ring Footsteps, and direct my Way,
 That lightly on the Earth my Foot may tread.
 Wretch, from thy Pallet raise thy heavy Limbs,
 And quit the cover'd Closeness of the Room.
 Dispell the Cloud, that weighs thy Eyelids down,
 In open Day, and in the golden Sun
 On purer Air thy enliven'd Spirit feast.
 For now my willing Mind invites me forth;
 But the weak Flesh refuses to comply.
 Be resolute, my Soul; for well thou know'st,

[6] *Itys*, the Son of *Tereus* and *Progne*, who was slain by his Aunt *Philomela*, and served up at Table to his Father *Tereus*, at the instigation of his Mother *Progne*, whose Husband *Tereus* had ravished *Philomela* and cut out her Tongue: but she found Means to discover it to her Sister. *Philomela* was turned into a Nightingale, and *Itys* into a Pheasant,

The

OF THE GOUT. 249

The Gouty Wretch, that wou'd but cannot move,
Ought to be number'd with th' inactive Dead.
Come on.

Exit OCYPUS.

SCENE *changes.*

Enter OCYPUS, who discovers the Chorus before a Temple offering Sacrifices to the Gout, with Musick and Dancing. Dance.

Ocyp.—But who are they, whose Hands with Crutches fill'd,
Whose tossing Heads with Eldern Garlands bound,
Seem in wild Dance some Feast to celebrate?
Do they to thee, *Apollo*, Pæans sing?
Then wou'd the *Delphick* Laurel shade their Brows.
Or chant they rather *Bacchanalian* Hymns?
Then wou'd their Temples be with Ivy wreath'd.
Whence are ye, Strangers? speak: the Truth declare.
Declare, O Friends, what Deity ye worship.

Cho. But who art thou, that mak'st us this Demand?
Thou too, as from thy Crutch may be inferr'd,
And hobbling Pace, thou art a Votary
Of the Invincible Divinity.

Ocyp. I am; nor am unworthy of the Name.

Chorus. When *Cyprian* [7] *Venus*, Queen of Love,
In pearly Dews fell from above,

[7] *Venus* is said to have been born of the Froth of the Sea.

Nereus

THE TRIUMPHS

Nereus amass'd her scatter'd Frame,
And form'd the fair-proportion'd Dame,

Fast by the Fountains of the Deep,
Where on their Owze the Surges sleep,
On her broad Bosom *Tethys* laid
The Partner of *Jove's* Regal Bed.

Minerva, Virgin bold and wise,
From the great Monarch of the Skies,
Saturnian Jove, her Birth receiv'd,
In his immortal Brain conceiv'd.

But old [8] *Ophion*, hoary God,
Our Goddess first embrac'd ;
First in his fond Paternal Arms
The mighty Infant plac'd.

What Time primæval Chaos ceas'd,
And Night eternal fled ;
Bright rose the Morning, and the Sun
His new-born Radiance shed.

Then from the Womb of Fate sprung forth
The Gout's tremendous Pow'r,
Heav'n with portentous Thunders rung,
And hail'd her natal Hour.

[8] *Ophion*, a God older than *Saturn* the Father of *Jupiter*.

Clotho receiv'd and swath'd the Babe,
Thence at the streaming Breast
Of Wealth by fost'ring *Plutus* fed,
Her awfull Force increas'd.

Ocy. Say by what Rites mysterious to her Altar
Doth the dread Pow'r her Votaries admit ?

Cho. Nor [9] with the biting Steel ourselves we wound,
Or sprinkle with our Blood the hallow'd Ground :
Nor are our Necks with galling Collars worn ;
Or livid Backs with founding Scourges torn :
Nor at the Altar, when the Victim dies,
Gorge we the raw and bleeding Sacrifice :
But when the Spring the rising Sap impells,
And the young Elm with genial Moisture swells,
When in the Hedges on the budding Spray
The Blackbird modulates her various Lay :
Then unperceiv'd she drives her piercing Dart,
And wounds the inmost Sense with secret Smart ;
The Hip, the nervous Thigh, the Ankles swell,
The bending Knee, and firm supporting-Heel :
The strong-knit Shoulder and the sinewy Arm,
And Hand mechanick feel th' intestine Harm,
Thro' ev'ry Joint the thrilling Anguish pours,
And gnaws, and burns, and tortures, and devours ;
Till Length of Suff'ring the dire Pow'r appease,
And the fierce Torments at her bidding cease.

[9] The *Chorus* hear allude to several Religious Ceremonies performed by several Priests to their Gods. The Scripture mentions the Priests of *Baal* cutting and flasing themselves with Knives, &c.

Ocy.

Ocyph. Unweeting then her Votary am I;

Thou, Goddess, gentle and benign, approach!

And I, with these thy Vot'ries, will begin

Thy sacred, solemn, customary Song.

[*Dance.*

Chorus. Thou Air, be still, thou, Sky serene;

Thy Groans, thou, gouty Wretch, forbear,

Propt on her Staff, behold the Queen

Deigns at our Altars to appear!

[*The Goddess of the Gout descends or enters.*

Chorus. Hail! gentlest of the heav'nly Pow'rs!

Propitious on thy Servants smile;

And grant in Spring's fermenting Hours

A quick Deliv'rance from our Toil.

Godd. Lives there on Earth to whom I am unknown,

Unconquerable Queen of mighty Woes?

Whom nor the fuming Censer can appease,

Nor Victim's Blood on blazing Altars pour'd.

Me not *Apollo's* Self with all his Drugs,

High Heav'n's divine Physician, can subdue;

Nor his learn'd Son, wise *Æsculapius*.

Yet ever since the Race of Man begun,

All have essay'd my Fury to repell,

Racking th' Invention of still-baffled Physick.

Some this Receipt 'gainst me, some that explore.

Plantane they bruise, the Parsley's odorous Herb,

The lenient Lettice, and the Purslain wild.

These bitter Horehound, and the watry Plant

That

That on the verdant Banks of Rivers grows ;
 Those Nettles crush, and Comfrey's viscid Root,
 And pluck the Lentils in the standing Pools.
 Some Parsnips, some the glossy Leaf apply
 That shades the downy Peach, benumbing Henbane,
 The Poppies soothing Gum, th' emollient Bulb,
 Rind of the *Punick* Apple, Fleawort hot,
 The costly Frankincense, and searching Root
 Of potent Hellebore, soft Fenugreek
 Temper'd with Rosy Wine, Collamphacum,
 Nitre and Spawn of Frogs, the Cypress-Cone,
 And Meal of bearded Barley, and the Leaf
 Of Colworts unprepar'd, and Ointments made
 Of pickled Garus, and (O vain Conceit !)
 The Dung of Mountain-Goats, and human Ordure,
 The Flow'r of Beans, and hot Sarcophagus.
 The pois'nous [1] Ruddock some, and Shrew-Mouse
 boil,
 The Weasel some, the Frog, the Lizard green,
 The fell Hyæna, and the wily Fox,
 And branching [2] Stone-buck bearded like a Goat.
 What kind of Metals have ye left untry'd ?
 What Juice ? what weeping Tree's medic'nal Tear ?
 What Beasts ? what Animals have not bestow'd
 Their Bones, or Nerves, or Hides, or Blood, or Marrow,

[1] Ruddock is a kind of red Land-Toad.

[2] The Stone-buck is a Beast with shaggy Hair and a Beard like a Goat, but otherwise like a Stag.

Or Milk, or Fat, or Excrement, or Urine ?
 The Draught of Four Ingredients some compose,
 Some Eight, but more from Seven expect Relief ;
 Some from the purging Hiera seek their Cure,
 On mystick Verses vainly some depend ;
 The tricking *Jew* gulls other Fools with Charms ;
 While to the cooling Fountains others fly,
 And in the crystal Current seek for Health.
 But to all these fell Anguish I denounce,
 To all who tempt me ever more severe.
 But they who patiently my Visit take,
 Nor seek to combat me with Anodynes,
 Still find me gentle and benevolent.
 For in my Rites whoe'er participates,
 His Tongue with Eloquence I straight endow,
 And teach him with facetious Wit to please,
 A merry, gay, jocose Companion boon :
 Round whom the noisy Croud incessant laugh,
 As to the Baths the crippled Wretch is borne.
 For that dire [3] *Até*, of whom *Homer* sings,
 'That dreaded pow'rful Deity am I :
 Who on the Heads of Men insulting tread,
 And silent, soft, and unobserv'd approach.
 But as from me the acid Drop descends,
 'The Drop of Anguish, I the Gout am call'd.
 Now then, my Vot'ries all, my Orgies sing,
 And praise with Hymns th' unconquerable Goddess:

[3] *Até*, see *Homer's Iliad*, B. xix. towards the Beginning.

Chorus;

Chorus. Hear stubborn Virgin, fierce and strong,

Impracticable Maid!

O listen to our holy Song!

And grant thy Servants Aid!

Thy Pow'r, imperious Dame, dismays

The Monarch of the Dead,

And strikes the Ruler of the Seas,

And thund'ring *Jove* with Dread.

Thee soft reposing Beds delight

And Flannels warm Embrace,

And bandag'd Legs nor swift in Flight,

Nor Victors in the Race.

Thy Flames the tumid Ankles feel,

The Finger maim'd, the burning Heel,

And Toe that dreads the Ground.

Thy Pains unclos'd our Eyelids keep,

Or grant at best tumultuous Sleep

And Slumbers never found.

Thy Cramps our Limbs distort,

Thy Knots our Joints invade:

Such is thy cruel Sport!

Inexorable Maid!

Enter Messenger with two Mountebanks bound.

Mef. O! Mistress, opportunely art thou met.

Attend; no vain or idle Tale I bring.

But

But well supported by authentick Facts.
 As thro' the Town (for so thou didst enjoin)
 With slow and gentle Pace I lately rang'd,
 Searching if haply I might chance to find
 A Mortal bold enough to brave thy Pow'r;
 There quiet all, and patient I beheld,
 Subdu'd, O Goddess, by thy mighty Arm.
 All but these two presumptuous daring Wretches,
 Who to the gaping Crowd with Oaths deny'd
 To pay due Reverence to thy Deity,
 Boasting that they wou'd banish thee from Earth:
 Wherefore with Fetters strong their Legs I bound
 And after five Days March have brought them hither,
 A weary March of twice Five hundred Feet.

Godd. Swift hast thou come, my winged Messenger,
 Say, from what Regions, thro' what rugged Paths,
 Hast thou thy tedious longsome Way pursu'd?
 Explain, that I may comprehend thy Speed?

Mes. Five Stairs, whose weak and dislocated Frame
 Trembled beneath my Tread, descending down,
 First to the level Pavement I arriv'd,
 That 'gainst my Feet its jarring Surface turn'd;
 Which having with uneasy Footsteps cross'd,
 I enter'd next the rough and flinty Street,
 Whose pointed Stones the Gouty Foot abhors:
 Here meeting with a smooth, tho' slipp'ry Path,
 I hurried on, but with back-sliding Haste,
 The trodden Slime my tott'ring Ankle turn'd.

Thus

Thus as I journey'd, down on ev'ry Side
 The streaming Sweat descended, and my Legs
 Faint and relax'd no longer firmly trod.
 Thence lab'ring in each Limb, and overtoil'd,
 A broad, but dang'rous Way receiv'd me next :
 For on each Hand the whirling Chariots flew,
 And urg'd, and press'd, and drove me faster on :
 But I with nimble Action ply'd my Feet,
 And quick into an Alley stept aside,
 Till ev'ry rattling hasty Wheel was pass'd.
 For, as to thee, O Goddess, I belong'd,
 Thy Votary, I ought not, cou'd not run.

Godd. Servant, thou hast not well perform'd in vain,
 Nor shall thy prompt Obedience want Reward.
 In Recompence this pleasing Boon receive,
 Three Years of light and gentler Pains to bear.
 But ye, most impious Heav'n-abandon'd Villains,
 What and whence are ye, that so proudly dare
 The Lists to enter with the mighty Gout,
 Whose Pow'r not *Jove* himself can overcome ?
 Speak, Wretches—Many a Hero have I tam'd,
 As all the wise and learn'd can testify.
Priam [4] was gouty, as old Poets sing,

[4] *Priam was gouty, &c.*] *Lucian* had this Circumstance from some secret Histories that are not come down to us ; or possibly there may be some Conceit which we do not understand, since one cannot help thinking that he alludes to the Lameness of *Philoctetes*, which he got by the fall of one of *Hercules's* Arrows on his Foot ; and to the Wound which

And by the Gout the swift *Achilles* fell.
Bellerophon, and *Thebes*' unhappy Lord,
 The mighty *Oedipus*, my Prowess own'd,
 And, of maim'd *Pelops*' Race, young *Plishtenes*.
 He too, who led to *Troy* his warriour Bands,
 The halting Son of *Pæas*, felt my Dart,
 And by my Dart the [5] Lord of *Ithaca*,
 Not by the pois'nous Trygon's Bone expir'd.
 Wherefore, ill-fated Wretches, be assur'd,
 Your wicked Deeds shall meet their due Reward.

1st Mo. *Syrians* we are, in fair *Damascus* born,
 But urg'd by Want and hungry Poverty,
 O'er Earth and Sea like Vagabonds we roam,
 And with this Ointment, which our Father gave,
 We comfort and relieve the Sick and Lame.

Godd. What is your Ointment, say, and how prepar'd?

2d Mo. We dare not tell, to Secrecy oblig'd
 Both by the solemn Oath of our Profession,
 And last Injunctions of a dying Father;
 Who charg'd us to conceal the pow'rfull Virtue
 Of this our Med'cine, whose strong Efficacy,
 O Gout, can e'en thy madding Fires allay.

Achilles received in his Heel from *Paris*, which Wound was the Occasion
 of his Death.

[5] *Telegonus*, the Son of *Ulysses* by *Circe*, coming to *Ithaca* to see his
 Father, was denied Entrance by the Servants; upon which a Quarrel en-
 sued, in which he unfortunately slew his Father *Ulysses* with a Spear or
 Arrow, pointed with the Bone of a Trygon, a poisonous Fish.

Godd.

Godd. Ha ! miserable Wretches, say ye so ?

Is there on Earth a Med'cine, whose Effect
My Pow'r is not sufficient to controul ?
Come on, upon this Issue let us join.
Let us experience now the Prevalence
Of your strong Med'cine or my raging Flames.
Hither, tormenting Spirits, who preside
O'er my distracting Sorrows, hither come.

Spirits descend.

Godd. Thou from the tender Sole to ev'ry Toe

Round all the Foot the burning Anguish spread.
Thou in the Heel shalt settle, from the Thigh
Thou on the Knee shalt pour the bitter Drop.
And each of you a Finger shall torment.

Spi. Behold, O Queen, thy Orders are perform'd.
See ! where the Wretches maim'd and roaring lie,
Their Limbs distorted with our fierce Attack.

Godd. Now, Friends, inform us of the Truth ; declare

If ought your boasted Ointment now avail.
For if my Forces it indeed subdue,
Far, to the dark Recesses of the Earth,
The Depths profound of *Tartarus* I'll fly,
Henceforth unknown, unhonour'd, and unseen.

Mo. Behold the Ointment is apply'd ! but, oh !

The Flames relent not. Oh ! I faint, I die !
A secret Poison all my Leg consumes.

R. 2

Not

Not so pernicious is the Bolt of *Jove* :
 Nor rages so the wild tempestuous Sea :
 Nor more resifless is the Lightning's Blast.
 Sure three-mouth'd *Cerberus* my Sinews gnaws :
 Or on my Flesh some pois'nous Viper preys ;
 Or to my Limbs th' envenom'd [6] Mantle clings,
 Drench'd in the Centaur's black malignant Gore !
 O Queen, have Mercy ! freely we acknowledge
 That, nor our Ointment, nor ought else on Earth,
 Thy unresisted Fury can restrain,
 O mighty Conquerers of human Kind !

Ocyp. " I too, O potent Goddess, Grace implore.

" Once in the wanton Pride of vig'rous Youth,
 " Vain of my beauteous Limbs, and active Strength
 " I mock'd thy Dolours, and thy Pow'r defy'd.
 " But now chastis'd by thy afflictive Arm,
 " And by thy nearer Influence subdu'd,
 " My impious Vaunts, O Goddess, I retract,
 " Adore thy Might, and deprecate thy Wrath."

[6] The Mantle of the Centaur *Nessus*, who having profered *Hercules* his Service to carry his Wife over the River *Euenus*, when he had her on the other Side would have forced her. Whereupon *Hercules* shot him with an Arrow. *Nessus*, seeing he must die, in Revenge presents *Deianira* with his Mantle stain'd with his own Blood, telling her it was a Charm for Love. She believing this, when *Hercules* was sacrificing in Mount *Oeta*, sent him this Mantle to put on, which he did sooner did, but the Poison work'd so strongly that he grew mad, and threw himself into the Fire,

Godd. Spirits, forbear, and mitigate their Woes.

See they repent 'em of the dire Contention.

Now let the World confess my stubborn Pow'r,

Nor mov'd by Pity, nor by Drugs subdu'd.

Goddeſs and Spirits re-aſcend.]

Cho. In vain with mimick Flames [7] *Salmoneus* strove

To emulate the Bolts of thund'ring *Jove*;

To deepeſt Hell with ſcorching Light'ning driv'n,

Too late he own'd the ſtronger Pow'r of Heav'n.

The Satyr [8] *Marſyas* blew his boaffull Reed,

And, *Phæbus*, ſtrike, he cry'd, thy rival Strings.

Stript of his Skin he mourns the impious Deed,

While round the bleeding Trophy *Pythius* ſings.

Robb'd of her Children, in eternal Woe,

In Streams eternal while her Sorrows flow,

Sad [9] *Niobe* laments the fatal Hour,

That urg'd her to provoke *Latona's* Pow'r.

[7] *Salmoneus*, in Imitation of Thunder, cauſed a brazen Bridge to be built, over which he drove his Chariot, and for Lightning threw flaming Torches; but for this Impiety was ſtruck dead with real Lightning.

[8] *Marſyas* having challenged *Apollo* to a Trial of Skill, was by him ſlay'd alive.

[9] *Niobe* had ſix, ſome ſay ſeven Sons, and as many Daughters, all of whom were ſlain by *Apollo* and *Diana*, as a Punishment for the Pride of their Mother, who had preſumed to compare herſelf with the God-

Thee

Thee, *Pallas*, skill'd in ev'ry Work divine,
 Foolish [1] *Arachne* at the Loom defy'd;
 Incessant thence she draws the filmy Twine,
 Memorial of her fond presumptuous Pride.

Taught by the Veng'ance of the Gods above,
Latona, *Pallas*, *Pythian Phæbus*, *Jove*,
 To Mortals be this sage Instruction giv'n,
 "That Man, tho' bold, is not a Match for Heav'n."

[Dance.

Cho. O awfull Gout, whose universal Sway
 The trembling Nations of the Earth obey,
 Our Torments, gracious Sov'reign, O assuage!
 Be short our Pangs, be moderate thy Rage!

Many, various are the Woes
 That this Scene of Life compose,
 Use with reconciling Balm
 Can our throbbing Sorrows calm;
 Can our sharpest Pains beguile,
 And bid Gouty Wretches smile.
 Hence, Companions of my Care,
 Learn with patient Hearts to bear,
 To expect with Souls unmov'd
 Ills, ye have already prov'd.

defs *Latona*, and even to insult her, because she had not so large an Offspring as herself. *Niobe* was turned into a Stone, that always weeps.

[1] *Arachne* was turned into a Spider.

If

If severer Woes invade,
Heav'n will grant ye Strength and Aid.
Who, impatient of his Pain,
Bites, and gnaws, and shakes the Chain,
Laughter he, and Scorn shall move.
Such is the Decree of *Jove*.



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TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE
ARGONAUTICKS
OF
APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

THE
Song of Orpheus,
AND THE
Setting out of the Argo.

THEN too the [1] jarring Heroes to compose
Th' enchanting Bard, *Oeagrian Orpheus* rose,
And thus, attuning to the trembling Strings:
His soothing Voice, of Harmony he sings.

In the Beginning how Heav'n, Earth, and Sea
In one tumultuous Chaos blended lay ;

[1] The Names of these Heroes were *Idmon* and *Idas*, two of the *Argonauts*, the latter of whom having been reprimanded by the former for speaking too presumptuously and arrogantly of himself, and too disrespectfully of the Gods, being heated with Wine, of which he had drunk a large Quantity, fell into a great Rage, and from Reproaches and Threats was going to proceed to Blows, had he not been restrained by the rest of the *Argonauts* and their Leader *Jason*. Then *Orpheus*, *rose*, &c.

Till

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Till Nature parted the conflicting Foes,
 And beauteous Order from Disorder rose :
 How roll'd incessant o'er th' etherial Plain
 Move in eternal Dance the Starry Train ;
 How the pale Orb of Night, and golden Sun,
 Thro' Months and Years their radiant Journeys run ;
 Whence rose the Mountains clad with waving Woods,
 The rushing Rivers, and resounding Floods,
 With all their Nymphs ; from what celestial Seed
 The various Tribes of Animals proceed.
 Next how *Ophion* held his ancient Reign,
 With his fam'd Consort, Daughter of the Main :
 On high *Olympus*' snowy Head enthron'd,
 The new-created World their Empire own'd :
 Till Force superior, and successless War
 Divested of their Crowns the regal Pair ;
 On *Saturn's* Head *Ophion's* Honours plac'd,
 And with his Consort's Glories *Rhea* grac'd.
 Thence to old Ocean's watry Kingdoms hurl'd
 Thus they resign'd the Scepter of the World :
 And *Saturn* rul'd the bless'd *Titanian* Gods,
 While Infant *Jove* possess'd the dark Abodes
 Of *Diète's* Cave ; his Mind yet uninform'd
 With heav'nly Wisdom, and his Hand unarm'd :
 Forg'd by the *Cyclops*, Earth's Gigantick Race,
 Flam'd not as yet the Lightning's scorching Blaze,

Nor

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 269

Nor roar'd the Thunder thro' the Realms above,
The Strength and Glory of Almighty *Jove*.

This said, the tunefull Bard his Lyre unstrung,
And ceas'd th'enchanting Musick of his Tongue.
But with the Sound entranc'd th' attentive Ear
Thought him still singing, still stood fix'd to hear.
In silent Rapture ev'ry Chief remains,
And feels within his Heart the thrilling Strains.
Forthwith the Bowl they crown with rosy Wine,
And pay due Honours to the Pow'r divine.
The pure Libations on the Fire they pour,
While rising Flames the [2] mystick Tongues devour.

Now fable Night ascends her starry Throne,
And *Argo's* Chiefs her drowsy Influence own.
But when the bright-ey'd Morning rear'd her Head,
And look'd o'er *Pelion's* Summits ting'd with Red;
Light skimm'd the Breezes o'er the watry Plain,
And gently swell'd the fluctuating Main.
Then [3] *Tiphys* rose, and summon'd by his Care
Embark the Heroes, and their Oars prepare.

[2] It was the Custom of the Ancients at their solemn Festivals before they went to rest, to sacrifice the Tongues of the Victims to *Mercury*, pouring on them a Libation of Wine.

[3] *Tiphys* was the Pilot of the *Argo*.

270 TRANSLATION FROM

Portentous now along the winding Shores
 Hoarse-sounding *Pagæan Neptune* roars.
 Impatient *Argo* the glad Signal took,
 While from her vocal Keel loud Murmurs broke ;
 Her Keel of sacred Oak divinely wrought
Itonian Pallas from *Dodona* brought.

On their allotted Posts now rang'd along
 In seemly Order sat the princely Throng :
 Fast by each Chief his glitt'ring Armour flames ;
 The midmost Station bold *Anceus* claims,
 With great *Alcides*, whose enormous Might
 Arm'd with a massy Club provokes the Fight,
 Now plac'd beside him : in the yielding Flood
 The Keel deep-sinking feels the Demi-God.

Their Hausers now they loose, and on the Brine
 To *Neptune* pour the consecrated Wine.
 Then from his native Shores sad *Jason* turns
 His oft-reverted Eye, and silent mourns.
 As in *Ortygia*, or the *Delphick* Fane,
 Or where *Ismenus* laves *Bæotia's* Plain,
Apollo's Altars round, the youthfull Choir,
 The Dance according with the founding Lyre,
 The hallow'd Ground with equal Cadence beat,
 And move in Measure their harmonious Feet ;

Together

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 271.

Together so *Theſſalia's* Princes ſweep
 With well-tim'd Oars the ſilver-curling Deep.
 While, raiſing high the *Thracian* Harp, preſides
 Melodious *Orpheus* and the Movement guides.
 On either Side the daſhing Surges broke,
 And fierce remurmur'd to each mighty Stroke ;
 Thick flaſh the brazen Arms with ſtreaming Light,
 While the ſwift Bark purſues her rapid Flight,
 And ever as the Sea-green Tide ſhe cleaves,
 Foams the long Track behind, and whitens all the Waves :
 So ſhines the Path, acroſs ſome verdant Plain
 Trac'd by the Footſteps of the Village Swain.

Jove on that Day from his celeftial Throne,
 And all th' immortal Pow'rs of Heav'n look'd down,
 The Godlike Chiefs and *Argo* to ſurvey
 As thro' the Deep they urg'd their daring Way.
 Then too on *Pelion's* cloud-top'd Summits ſtood
 The Nymphs and Fauns and Siſters of the Wood,
 With Wonder viewing the tall Pine below,
 That ſhaded once the Mountain's ſhaggy Brow,
 Now fram'd by *Pallas* o'er the ſounding Sea
Theſſalia's mighty Heroes to convey.
 But, lo ! from *Pelion's* higheſt Clift deſcends,
 And downward to the Sea his Footſteps bends
 The Centaur *Chiron* ; on the Beach he ſtood
 And dip'd his Fetlocks in the hoary Flood.

Then

227 TRANSLATIONS FROM

Then waving his broad hand, the Bark he hales,
And speeds with prosp'rous Vows the parting Sails,
With him advanc'd his Consort to the Shore ;
The young *Achilles* in her Arms she bore :
Then raising high in Air the pleasing Load,
To his fond [3] Sire the smiling Infant shew'd.

[3] *Peleus*, the Father of *Achilles*, was one of the *Argonautes* ; and
I need not tell the Reader that the Centaur *Chiron* was the Tutor of
Achilles.



The

The Story of Phineus.

THE following Day *Bithynia's* Coast they reach,
 And fix their Haufers to the fhelt'ring Beach.
 There on the Margin of the beating Flood
 The mournful Manfions of fad *Phineus* flood,
Agenor's Son ; whom Heav'n ordain'd to bear
 The grievous Burden of unequall'd Care.
 For taught by wife *Apollo* to defcry
 Th' unborn Events of dark Futurity,
 Vain of his Science the prefumptuous Seer
 Deign'd not *Jove's* awfull Secrets to revere ;
 But wantonly divulg'd to frail Mankind
 The facred Purpose of th' omnifcient Mind.
 Hence *Jove* indignant gave him length of Days,
 But quench'd in endlefs Shade his vifual Rays.
 Nor would the vengefull God permit him tafte
 The chearful Bleffings of the genial Feaft ;
 Tho' the large Tribute of the Nations round
 Their Prophet's Board with Wealth and Plenty crown'd.
 For, lo ! defcending fudden from the Sky,
 Round the pil'd Banquet fhrieking Harpies fly,
 Who with rapacious Claws inceffant tear
 Forth from his famifh'd Lips th' untafte Fare.

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Yet

274 TRANSLATIONS FROM

Yet would some slender Pittance oft remain,
 What might suffice to keep up Life and Pain.
 But then such Odours the foul Scraps exhal'd,
 That with the Stench the loathing Stomach fail'd.
 Aloof the hungry Guests and wondring stood
 While their sick Hearts abhorr'd the putrid Food.

But now the princely Crew approaching near,
 The welcome Sound invades the Prophet's Ear.
 Taught by th' inspiring God that now was come
 The long-wish'd Period of Heav'n's vengefull Doom,
 That by these Heroe's destin'd Aid restor'd,
 Peace shou'd thenceforward blefs his feastfull Board.
 Then heaves he from the Couch his haggard Head,
 Like some pale, lifeless, visionary Shade,
 And leaning on his Staff with fault'ring Steps,
 Along the Walls his Way exploring creeps.
 Diseas'd, enfeebled, and by Age unbrac'd,
 Trembled his tott'ring Limbs as forth he pass'd.
 Shrunk was his Form, adust with Want and Care,
 And bursting thro' his Hide the pointed Bones appear.
 But faint and breathless as he reach'd the Gate,
 Down on the Threshold over-toil'd he sate.
 In dizzy Fumes involv'd his Brain runs round,
 And swims beneath his Feet the solid Ground.
 No more their Functions the frail Senses keep,
 And speechless sinks the Seer in death-like Sleep.

This

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 275

This saw the Chiefs amaz'd, and gather'd round ;
When from his labouring Lungs a hollow Sound,
With Breath and Utt'rance scarce recover'd broke,
And thus th'enlighten'd Seer prophetick spoke :

“ Princes of *Greece*, attend ; if ye be they
Whom o'er the Main *Theſſalia's* Pines convey,
And *Jaſon* leads to *Colchos'* magick Land,
Such is your cruel Tyrant's ſtern Command.
Yes, ye be they ; for yet my mental Eye
Undim'd paſt, preſent, future, can deſcry.
Thanks to thy Son, *Latona*, who beſtows
This Grace, this only Solace of my Woes.
By *Jove*, to whom the Suppliant's Cauſe belongs,
Who hates the Merc'leſs, who avenges Wrongs,
By *Phæbus*, by *Saturnia* Wife of *Jove*,
By all the bleſs'd immortal Pow'rs above,
Who lead you o'er the Main with watchfull Care,
O help ! O ſave from Famine and Deſpair
A Wretch ill-fated, to Affliction born,
Nor leave me here unpitied, and forlorn.
For not theſe Orbs alone depriv'd of Sight
Vindiſtive Heav'n hath veil'd in dolefull Night ;
But to extreme old Age his cruel Law
Dooms me th'unwaſting Thread of Life to draw.
Nor end my Sorrows here ; a heavy Chain
Of Woes ſucceeds, and Pain ſtill link'd to Pain.

276 TRANSLATIONS FROM

From secret Haunts aërial, unexplor'd,
 Flights of devouring Harpies vex my Board.
 Swift, instantaneous, sudden they descend
 And from my Mouth the tastefull Morfel rend.
 Mean while my troubled Soul with Woes oppress'd,
 No Means of Aid, no Comfort can suggest.
 For when the Feast I purpose to prepare,
 They see that Purpose, and prevent my Care.
 But cloy'd and glutted with the luscious Spoil
 With noisome Ordure parting they defile
 Whate'er remains, if ought perchance remain,
 That none approaching may the Stench sustain,
 Tho' his strong Heart were wrapt in plated Mail,
 The filthy Fragments such dire Steams exhale :
 Yet me fell Hunger's all subduing Pain
 Compells reluctant, loathing to remain ;
 Compells the deadly Odours to endure
 And gorge the craving Maw with Food impure.
 From these Invaders (so hath Fate decreed)
 By *Boreas*' Offspring shall my Board be freed.
 Nor on a Stranger to your House and Blood,
 O Sons of *Boreas*, is your Aid bestow'd.
Phineus behold, *Agenor*'s hapless Son,
 Once for prophetick Skill and Riches known ;
 Who, while I sway'd the *Thracian* Sceptre, led
 Your dower'd Sister to my spousal Bed.

Here

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 277

Here *Phineus* ceas'd, each pitying Hero groans,
But chief, O *Boreas*, thy relenting Sons
Feel kind Compassion swelling in their Souls,
While down their Cheeks the gen'rous Torrent rolls:
Then *Zetes* near approaching, closely pres'd
His Hand, and thus the lab'ring Seer address'd :

O most disastrous of all human Kind,
Whence sprung the Evils that o'erwhelm thy Mind ?
Hast thou, intrusted with the Book of Fate,
By Folly merited celestial Hate ?
Hence falls this Indignation on thy Head ?
Fain wou'd the Sons of *Boreas* grant thee Aid ;
Fain wou'd they execute what Heav'n ordains,
But awfull Dread their willing Hands restrains.
To frighted Mortals well thy Suff'rings prove,
How fierce the Vengeance of the Gods above.
Then swear, or never shall this righteous Sword,
Tho' drawn for thy Deliv'rance, aid afford,
Swear, that th' Assistance which our Arms shall lend,
Shall no immortal angry God offend.
He spoke ; when straight tow'rd Heav'n disclosing wide
His fightless Balls, the Senior thus reply'd :

My Son, th' Injustice of thy Tongue restrain,
Nor let such Thoughts thy pious Soul profane :
By *Phæbus*, heav'nly Augur, who inspires
My conscious Bosom with prophetick Fires ;

278 TRANSLATIONS FROM

By this my wretched Lot of Woe and Care
 These Eyes involv'd in dark'ning Clouds, I swear,
 By the fell Dæmons of the Realms below,
 Whom ever unpropitious may I know,
 From their Resentments not in Death secure,
 If falsly their dread Godheads I adjure :
 That your assisting Hands shall never move
 Wrath or Displeasure in the Pow'rs above.

Then acquiescing in the solemn Pray'r,
 To aid the Prophet *Boreas*' Sons prepare.
 The ready Youth a Banquet spread, the last
 That those fell Harpies were decreed to taste :
 Nigh stand the Brothers, ardent to oppose
 With glitt'ring Faulchions their invading Foes.
 But scarce the first sweet Morfel *Phineus* took,
 When from the Clouds with swift Prevention broke,
 Swift as the Light'ning's Glance, or stormy Blast
 Whose rapid Fury lays the Forest waste,
 Shrill clam'ring for their Prey the Birds obscene,
 The watchfull Heroes shouting rush'd between ;
 But they with speediest Rage the Cates devour'd,
 And round intolerable Odours pour'd ;
 Then o'er th'*Ægean* far away they flew ;
 Upspringing swift with threat'ning Blades pursue
 The feather'd Chiefs. That Day *Saturnius* steel'd
 Their vig'rous Nerves with Force untaught to yield ;

And

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 279

And did not *Jove* their wearying Strength sustain,
 Their flitting Pinions had they spread in vain :
 For when to *Phineus* furious they repair,
 Or quitting *Phineus* seek the Fields of Air,
 The light-wing'd Monsters, fleetier than the Wind,
 Leave the impetuous Zephyrs far behind.
 As when the Hound experienc'd in the Chace,
 Thro' some wide Forest o'er the scented Grass
 A bounding Hind or horned Goat pursues,
 And near his panting Prey and nearer views ;
 Eager he stretches the short Space to gain,
 And snapping, grinds his gnashing Fangs in vain !
 So ever-near th'insulting Chiefs pursu'd ;
 The Harpies so their catching Hands elude.
 But now far off in the *Sicilian* Main,
 By the wing'd Brothers, Sons of *Boreas*, slain,
 The Race of Harpies (tho' Heav'n disallow'd)
 Had stain'd the *Plotian* Isles with sacred Blood ;
 Their fore Distress had *Iris* not survey'd,
 And darting from the Skies the Heroes staid.
 O Sons of *Boreas*, the dread Laws above
 Permit ye not to wound the *Dogs* of *Jove*.
 And, lo ! my Oath I pledge, that never more
 Shall those fell *Dogs* approach *Bithynia's* Shore.
 This said, adjuring the tremendous Floods,
 Most fear'd, most honour'd by th'immortal Gods :

280 TRANSLATIONS FROM

By the flow-dripping Urn of *Styx* she swore,
 The Prophet's peacefull Mansions evermore
 From those rapacious Spoilers shou'd be free ;
 Such was the fatal Sisters' fixt Decree.
 The Goddes sware, the Brothers straight obey,
 And back to *Argo* wing their airy Way.
 The [1] *Strophades* from thence derive their Name,
 The *Plotian* Islands styl'd by antient Fame.
 Then part the Harpies and *Thaumantian* Maid,
 In thousand various mingling Dyes array'd.
 These to the Grots retir'd and dark Retreat
 Of *Diote's* Caverns in *Minoian Crete*.
 While the gay Goddes of the watry Bow
 Gain'd in a Moment high *Olympus'* Brow.

Mean while the Princes in the cleansing Wave
 With purifying Rites the Senior lave.
 Next from the Spoil, which on *Bybrycia's* Shore
 From vanquish'd *Amycus* stern *Pollux* tore,
 A Victim they select with pious Care ;
 And soothe the Gods with Sacrifice and Pray'r.
 Then in the Palace each heroick Guest
 Partakes the Pleasures of the sumptuous Feast.

[1] The Word *Strophades* is derived from a *Græek* Verb, that signifies to turn ; these Islands therefore were named *Strophades*, because near them the Sons of *Boreas* left off pursuing the Harpies, and turn'd back, or return'd to the House of *Phineus*.

With

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 283

With them fate *Phineus*, and refresh'd his Soul
With fav'ry Viands and the chearing Bowl.
Unfatiated he feeds, and bathes in Streams
Of Extasy *beyond the Bliss of Dreams.*



The

The Hymn of ^[1] Cleanthes.

OUNDER various sacred Names ador'd !
 Divinity supreme ! all-potent Lord !
 Author of Nature ! whose unbounded Sway
 And Legislative Pow'r all Things obey !
 Majestick *Jove* ! all hail ! To Thee belong
 The suppliant Pray'r, and tributary Song :
 To Thee from all thy mortal Offspring due ;
 From Thee we came, from Thee our Being drew ;
 Whatever lives and moves, great Sire ! is thine,
 [2] Embodi'd Portions of the Soul divine.
 Therefore to Thee will I attune my String,
 And of thy wondrous Pow'r for ever sing.

[1] *Cleanthes*, the Author of this Hymn, was a Stoick Philosopher, a Disciple of *Zeno*. He wrote many Pieces, none of which are come down to us, but this and a few Fragments, which are printed by *H. Stephens*, in a Collection of Philosophical Poems. This Hymn was translated at the Request of a very learned and ingenious Friend of mine, who was pleased to find such just Sentiments of the Deity in a Heathen, and so much Poetry in a Philosopher.

[2] The original Reading was ἵχς μέμημα λαχόντες, *Echus imitationem sortiti*, which not standing in the Verse, *Stephens* changed the Word ἵχς to ὄχς, which signifies a Vehicle, such as some of the Philosophers look'd upon the Body to be to the Soul, which they esteem'd to be a Portion of the Deity, the great Soul of the Universe. This Reading I have followed, not being able to make any Sense of the former.

The

HYMN OF CLEANTHES. 283

The wheeling Orbs, the wandring Fires above,
 That round this earthly Sphere incessant move,
 Through all this boundless World admit thy Sway,
 And roll spontaneous where thou point'st the Way.
 Such is the Awe impress'd on Nature round
 When through the Void thy dreadful Thunders sound,
 Those flaming Agents of thy matchless Pow'r :
 Astonish'd Worlds hear, tremble, and adore.
 Thus paramount to All, by All obey'd,
 Ruling that Reason which thro' All convey'd
 Informs this gen'ral Mass, Thou reign'st ador'd,
 Supreme, unbounded, universal Lord.
 For nor in Earth, nor earth-encircling Floods,
 Nor yon æthereal Pole, the Seat of Gods,
 Is ought perform'd without thy Aid divine ;
 Strength, Wisdom, Virtue, mighty *Jove*, are thine !
 Vice is the Act of Man, by Passion tost,
 And in the shoreless Sea of Folly lost.
 But Thou, what Vice disorders, canst compose ;
 And profit by the Malice of thy Foes ;
 So blending Good with Evil, Fair with Foul,
 As thence to model one harmonious Whole :
 One universal Law of Truth and Right ;
 But wretched Mortals shun the heav'nly Light ;
 And, tho' to Bliss directing still their Choice,
 Hear not, or heed not Reason's sacred Voice,
 That common Guide ordain'd to point the Road
 That leads obedient Man to solid Good,

Thence

284 HYMN OF CLEANTHE.

Thence quitting Virtue's lovely Paths they rove,
 As various Objects various Passions move.
 Some thro' opposing Crowds and threatning War
 Seek Pow'r's bright Throne, and Fame's triumphal Carr.
 Some, bent on Wealth, pursue with endless Pain
 Oppressive, sordid, and dishonest Gain :
 While others, to soft Indolence resign'd,
 Drown in corporeal Sweets th' immortal Mind.
 But, O great Father, Thunder-ruling God !
 Who in thick Darkness mak'st thy dread Abode !
 Thou, from whose Bounty all good Gifts descend,
 Do Thou from Ignorance Mankind defend !
 The Clouds of Vice and Folly, O controul ;
 And shed the Beams of Wisdom on the Soul !
 Those radiant Beams, by whose all-piercing Flame
 Thy Justice rules this universal Frame.
 That honour'd with a Portion of thy Light
 We may essay thy Goodness to requite
 With honorary Songs, and grateful Lays,
 And hymn thy glorious Works with ceaseless Praise,
 The proper Task of Man : and sure to sing
 Of Nature's Laws, and Nature's mighty King
 Is Bliss supreme. Let Gods with Mortals join !
 The Subject may transport a Breast divine.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME,



rr.

